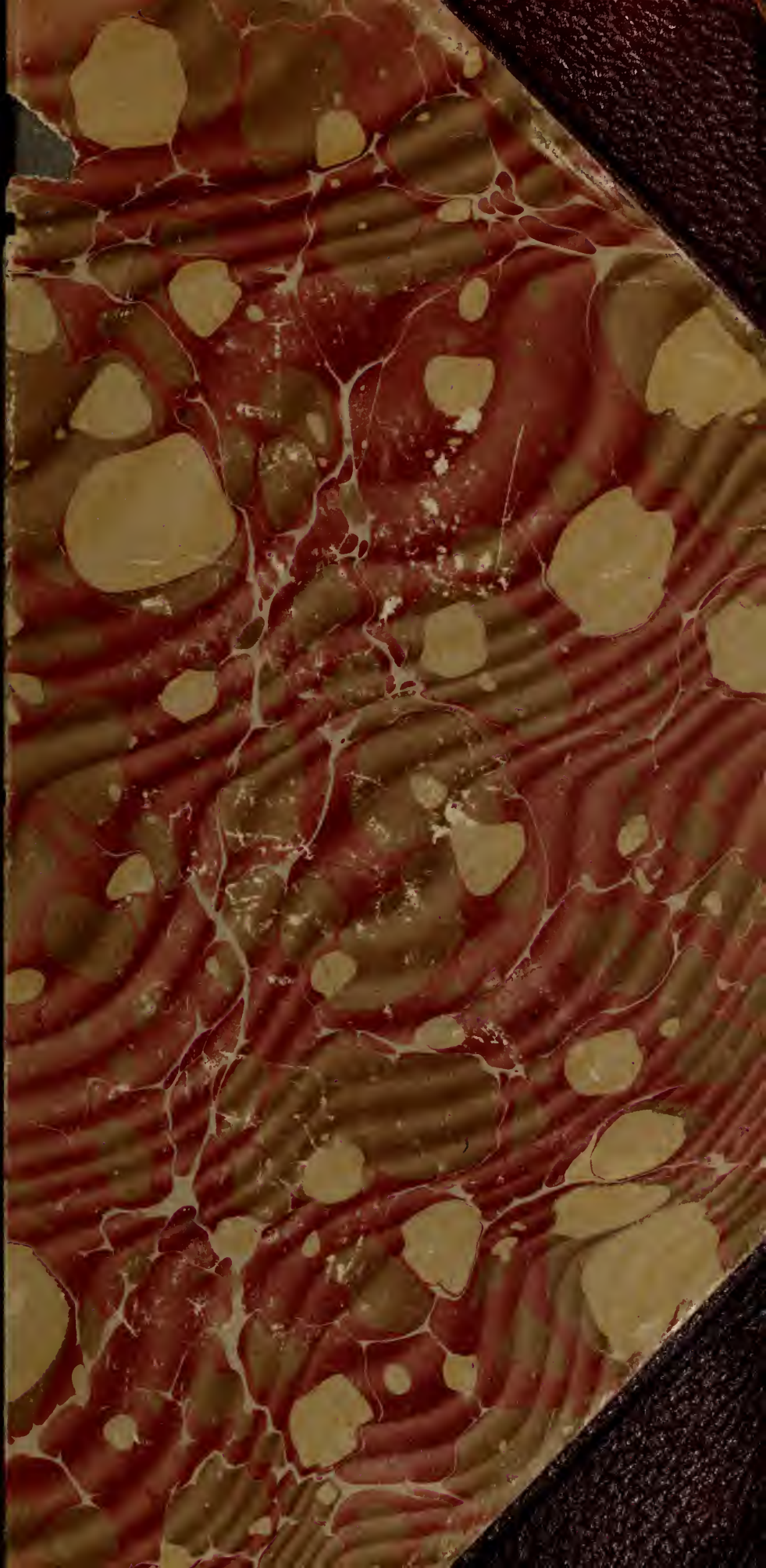

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THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

" How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust?"

III. 1 JULIUS CÆSAR

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Volume 15

Julius Caesar
Twelfth Night

THE NOTTINGHAM SOCIETY
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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Julius Cæsar was first published in the Folio of 1623. It was printed with exceptional care, and its text is so accurate, that (as the Cambridge editors rightly observe) it may perhaps have been printed from the original manuscript of the author. In this respect it contrasts strongly with the play preceding it in the Folio, the tragedy of *Timon of Athens.* It would seem that the printing of *Julius Cæsar* was proceeded with before the Editors had procured the copy for *Timon.*

The play is mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, under date of November 8, 1623, as one of sixteen plays not previously entered to other men.

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

Shakespeare derived his materials for *Julius Cæsar* from Sir Thomas North's famous translation of Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans,* and more especially from the Lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony. In this play, as in the case of *Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra,* it is impossible to over-estimate Shakespeare's debt to North's monumental version of the work which has been described as "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men in all ages." In *Julius Cæsar,* as in the other Roman plays, the dramatist has often borrowed

North's very expressions,[1] while "of the incident there is almost nothing which he does not owe to Plutarch." Nevertheless, a comparison of the play with its original reveals the poet's transforming power; he has thrown "a rich mantle of poetry over all, which is not wholly his own." [2]

The literary history of North's book is briefly summarized on its title-page:—"*The Lives of the Noble Grecians, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer* PLUTARKE OF CHÆRONIA, *translated* out of Greek into French by JAMES AMYOT, *Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Council, and great Amner of France, and now out of French into English by* THOMAS NORTH. 1579." [3]

Specially noteworthy is Shakespeare's compression of the action, for the purposes of dramatic representation, *e. g.* (i) Cæsar's triumph is made coincident with the *Lupercalia* (historically it was celebrated six months be-

[1] One example will suffice to show the correspondence of the verse and prose:—

"I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself."

(V. iv. 21–25.

Cp. "I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken or shall take Marcus Brutus alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune: for wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself" (North's *Life of Brutus*).

[2] *Vide* Trench's *Lectures on Plutarch* (pp. 64–66).

[3] The best modern edition is in Mr. Nutt's *"Tudor Translations"*; Vol. I. contains an excellent introductory study by Mr. Wyndham.

Prof. Skeat's *Shakespeare's Plutarch* (Macmillan) is a valuable and handy book for students.

It is impossible to say which edition of North's *Plutarch* was used by Shakespeare: new editions appeared in 1595, 1603, and 1612. As far as *Julius Cæsar* is concerned the choice is limited to the first and second editions. The Greenock 1612 edition, with the initials W. S. and with some suggestive notes in the *Life of Julius Cæsar,* was certainly not used for the present play.

fore); (ii) the combination of the two battles of Philippi (the interval of twenty days being ignored); (iii) the murder, the funeral orations, and the arrival of Octavius, are made to take place on the same day (not so actually).

Again, Shakespeare departs from Plutarch in making the Capitol the scene of the murder, instead of the *Curia Pompeiana*. In this point, however, he follows a literary tradition, which is already found in Chaucer's *Monk's Tale*:—

> "In the Capitol anon him hente (*i. e.* seized)
> This falsë Brutus, and his other foon,
> And stikked him with bodëkins anoon
> With many a wound, and thus they let him lie."

(It will be remembered that Polonius in his student-days "did enact Julius Cæsar," "*I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.*" "*It was a brute part,*" observed Hamlet, "*to kill so capital a calf there,*" *Hamlet*, III, ii, 115–116).

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

Perhaps the most valuable piece of external evidence for the date of *Julius Cæsar* is to be found in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, printed in 1601; the following lines are obviously a direct reference to the present play:—

> "The many-headed multitude were drawn
> By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious.
> When eloquent Mark Antonie had shewn
> His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

Similarly, Drayton's *Barons' Wars*—a revised version made before 1603 of his *Mortimeriados*, 1596—contains what may possibly have been a reminiscence of Shakespeare's famous lines:—

> "His life was gentle and the elements
> So mixed in him," etc.[1]

This external evidence, pointing to *circa* 1601 as the date of the play, is borne out by general considerations

[1] It is remarkable that the 1619 edition of *The Barons' Wars*, con-

of style and versification.[1] The paucity of light-endings and weak-endings (10 of the former, and none of the latter) contrasts with the large number found in the other Roman plays (71 and 28, respectively, in *Antony;* 60 and 44 in *Coriolanus*).

An interesting suggestion connects *Julius Cæsar* with the political affairs of 1601, to wit, Essex' reckless conspiracy. It is probably saying too much to make the play a political manifesto, but the subject would certainly "come home to the ears and hearts of a London audience of 1601, after the favorite's out-break against his sovereign. *Et tu, Brute!* would mean more to them than to us" (Dr. Furnivall, *Academy*, Sept. 18, 1875).

JULIUS CÆSAR AND HAMLET

Brutus and Hamlet are, as it were, twin-brothers,—idealists forced to take a prominent part in the world of action, when they would fain contemplate the actions of others; action brings ruin alike to the reckless philosopher

taining a further revision of the passage, comes very near indeed to the passage in Shakespeare, *e. g.*:—

> "As that it seem'd, when Nature him began
> She meant to show all that might be a man."

[1] Mr. Fleay thinks that the present form of the play belongs to the year 1607, and that it represents an abridgment of a fuller play; hence "the paucity of rhymes, the number of short lines, and the brevity of the play." The same critic holds that Ben Jonson abridged the play. "Shakespeare and Jonson probably worked together on *Sejanus* in 1602–1603. He having helped Jonson then in a historical play, what more likely than that Jonson should be chosen to remodel Shakespeare's *Cæsar,* if it needed to be reproduced in a shorter form than he gave it originally? And for such reproduction (after Shakespeare's death, between 1616 and 1623) to what author would such work of abridgment have been entrusted except Shakespeare's critical friend Jonson? Fletcher would have enlarged, not shortened" (*cp. Shakespeare Manual,* pp. 262–270). But would the learned Jonson have permitted such errors as "Decius" Brutus, and the like? The student should contrast the archæologically "correct," but lifeless, *Sejanus,* with Shakespeare's living characters infused with the Roman spirit.

and to the irresolute blood-avenger. Shakespeare recognized the kinship of the two characters, and it would seem, from internal evidence, that his mind was busy with the two conceptions at about the same time. Polonius, as has already been pointed out, prides himself on his personation of *Julius Cæsar*, while at the University; Horatio, who is "more an antique Roman than a Dane," sees in the apparition of "the buried majesty of Denmark" the precurse of fierce events, even as

> "In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
> A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets";

Hamlet, in the graveyard, moralizes on "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to dust"; when the King, watching "the poison of deep grief" in poor Ophelia, reproaches himself for having done but greenly "*in hugger-mugger*" to inter her father, who can doubt that the strange phrase is a reminiscence of North's *Life of Brutus?* [1]

THE SPEECH OF BRUTUS

If, as is most probable, *Julius Cæsar* preceded *Hamlet*, it is not altogether surprising to find in the latter play these striking references to the former subject. It would, however, prove a matter of greater interest and importance were we to discover in *Julius Cæsar* some direct connection with the subject of Hamlet. The present writer ventures to think that he may have found some such connection. Brutus' famous address to the assembled Romans (Act III, sc. ii) has an irresistible fascination for the student of the play. Its curtness is said to be in imitation of the speaker's "famed laconic brevity," whereof Shakespeare found a vivid account in North's *Life of Brutus*,[2] but one looks

[1] "Antony thinking good that Cæsar's body should be honorably buried, and not in hugger-mugger."

[2] "When the war began he wrote unto the Pergamenians in this sort: 'I understand you have given *Dolabella* money; if you have

in vain for any suggestion of the speech in any of the *Lives*.[1]

The original of the speech, according to the theory here hazarded, is perhaps to be found in Belleforest's *History of Hamlet*. Chapter VI (in the earliest extant English version) tells, "*How Hamlet, having slain his Uncle, and burnt his Palace, made an Oration to the Danes to shew them what he had done*"; etc. The situation of Hamlet is almost identical with that of Brutus after he has dealt the blow, and the burden of Hamlet's too lengthy speech finds an echo in Brutus' sententious utterance. The verbose iteration of the Dane has been compressed to suit "the brief compendious manner of speech of the Lacedæmonians." [2]

done so willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, shew it then by giving me willingly.' Another time again unto the Samians: 'Your councils be long, your doings be slow, consider the end'" (*Life of Brutus*).

[1] Similarly, no direct source for Antony's speech to the citizens (Act III. Scene ii.) is to be found in *Plutarch*. It is just possible that a few bare hints were derived from Appian's *History of the Civil War*, which had been translated, from Greek, into English before 1578.

[2] I draw attention to the following sentences taken at random from the English translation (dated 1608), without entering into the question of Shakespeare's acquaintance with Belleforest in the original French:—"If there be any among you, good people of Denmark, that as yet have fresh within your memories the wrong done to the valiant King Horvendile, let him not be moved, etc. . . . If there be any man that affecteth fidelity . . . let him not be ashamed beholding this massacre. . . . The hand that hath done this justice could not effect it by any other means. . . . And what mad man is he that delighteth more in the tyranny of Fengon than in the clemency and renewed courtesy of Horvendile? And what man is he, that having any spark of wisdom, etc. I perceive you are attentive, and abashed for not knowing the author of your deliverance." (The whole speech should be read in Collier's Reprint of the *History of Hamlet*, *Shakespeare Library*.)

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of *Julius Cæsar* is six days represented on the stage, with intervals, arranged as follows:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i, ii. *Interval.*
Day 2. Act I, sc. iii.
Day 3. Acts II, III. *Interval.*
Day 4. Act IV, sc. i. *Interval.*
Day 5. Act IV, sc. ii, iii. *Interval.*
Day 6. Act V.

The historical period extends from Cæsar's Triumph, October, 45 B.C., to the Battle of Philippi, in the autumn of the year 42 B.C.

PLAYS ON "JULIUS CÆSAR"

(i) There is no doubt as to the popularity of the subject of *Julius Cæsar* on the English stage before the appearance of Shakespeare's play, though it is extremely doubtful whether the latter owes anything to its predecessors, unless it be the phrase "*Et tu, Brute,*" which may indirectly have been derived from Dr. Eedes' play of *Cæsaris Interfecti*, acted at Oxford in 1582. Gosson, in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions *Cæsar and Pompey;* while from Machyn's *Diary* it is inferred that *Julius Cæsar* was represented at Whitehall as early as 1562, but this is somewhat doubtful.

According to Henslowe's *Diary*, "*the Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey; or Cæsar's Revenge*" was produced in 1594.

(ii) The present play evidently called forth rival productions, and gave a fresh interest to the subject,[1] for we find that a play entitled *Cæsar's Fall* was, in 1602, being prepared by Munday, Drayton, Webster, Middleton, and

[1] The popularity of Shakespeare's play is in all probability attested by Leonard Digges' verses prefixed to the First Folio (1623):—

"Or till I hear a scene more nobly take
Than when thy half sword parlying Romans spake," etc.

others. In 1604 William Alexander, Lord Stirling, published in Scotland his "*Julius Cæsar,*" which was re-published in England some three years later.

A droll or puppet-show on the same subject is mentioned by Marston in 1605, and by Jonson in 1609.

Cæsar's Tragedy acted at Court, April 10, 1613, was possibly Shakespeare's play (*vide* Note, *supra*).

(In Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy* (*circa* 1608) the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is imitated).

(iii) After the publication of the First Folio we have Thomas May's Latin Play, 1625, and George Chapman's "*Cæsar and Pompey: a Roman Tragedy, declaring their wars, out of whose events is evicted this proposition that only a just man is a free man.*"

(iv) In 1719 Davenant and Dryden published their alteration of Shakespeare's play, adapting it to the tastes of their day. To about the same period belongs Voltaire's *Le Brutus*, an interesting document illustrative of the slow appreciation of Shakespeare on the Continent; its introductory essay on "Tragedy" is almost as instructive as the text. No play of Shakespeare's has been more popular, and probably none has become more widely known, translated into strangest dialects, so that the words spoken by Cassius have a prophetic significance in a sense other than that intended by their inspired author:—

> "How many ages hence
> Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
> In states unborn and accents yet unknown."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar was printed with remarkable clearness and accuracy, the acts being regularly marked, but not the scenes, in the folio of 1623, where it stands the sixth in the division of Tragedies. Perhaps no play in the volume has fewer troublesome readings, or presents less occasion for editorial ingenuity in ascertaining the text; for which cause it has suffered comparatively little from the mendings and tamperings of modern editors. Notwithstanding, some accidental omissions and some needless changes have been made.

We have no clear authority towards fixing the date of the composition. External evidence there is none whatever, on which any great reliance can be placed for this purpose. Malone assigned the year 1607 as the probable time of the writing; his only ground for doing so being the supposition that it was written after the appearance of a tragedy on the same subject by Lord Sterline; which tragedy he supposed to have been first published in 1607. But, in the first place, there is no reason for inferring the date of either of these tragedies from that of the other; they have nothing in common but what would naturally result from using a common authority; while at the same time the subject had been too often treated dramatically to warrant the argument of either play having been suggested by the other: in the second place, Lord Sterline's tragedy is now known to have been published as early as 1604.

Mr. Collier thinks there is good ground for believing that the play in hand was acted before 1603. We shall set

forth his argument as succinctly as possible. In the last speech but one of the play, Antony speaks of Brutus thus:

> "His life was gentle; and *the elements*
> *So mix'd in him,* that *Nature* might stand up,
> And say to all the world, *'This was a man!'* "

In Drayton's *Barons' Wars*, as published in 1603, occurs the following stanza, speaking of Mortimer:

> "Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
> In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
> In whom in peace *the elements all lay*
> *So mix'd,* as none could sovereignty impute;
> As all did govern, yet all did obey:
> His lively temper was so absolute,
> That 't seem'd, when Heaven his model first began,
> In him it show'd *perfection in a man.*"

Mr. Collier thinks Italic type is hardly wanted to prove that one poet borrowed not only the thought but the very words of the other. The question is, who was the borrower? The *Barons' Wars* first appeared in 1596; but what is said of Mortimer in that edition bears no likeness whatsoever to the speech of Antony. Drayton afterwards recast the whole poem, and put forth an edition in 1603, containing the stanza quoted above. Mr. Collier's argument is, that Drayton, having before that date seen the play in manuscript or heard it at the theater, caught and copied the idea and words of Shakespeare, without being conscious of it; and hence the resemblance in question. And he thinks this conclusion is further strengthened by the fact, that in the later editions of the poem, in 1605, 1608, 1610, and 1613, the stanza remained the same as in that of 1603; while in that of 1619, after Shakespeare's death and before the tragedy was published, the resemblance was made still closer, thus:

> "He was a man, then, boldly dare to say,
> In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit,
> In whom *so mix'd the elements did lay,*
> That none to one could sovereignty impute;

As all did govern, so did all obey:
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seem'd, when *Nature* him began,
She meant to show *all that might be in man.*"

We give this argument for what it is worth, and hope it has lost none of its proper force in our statement. Nevertheless, we have to own that we can make nothing out of it for the purpose. Nay, of the two, we should rather conclude from the premises here furnished, that the indebtedness, if there be any, lies the other way. For we believe, not only that Shakespeare was in fact the greatest thief of mental treasure in his time, but that he could therefore all the better afford to borrow from others, forasmuch as he had so much more of his own than any body else, and forasmuch as his own was so much better than anybody's else. And indeed we hold it to be one of his highest merits, that his genius sucked in whatever of good there was in the intellectual atmosphere where it moved, and then reproduced it in just the right place, and applied it exactly where and as it would best fit. But in this case the thought, however just and happy it may seem to us, or may be in itself, was really but a philosophical commonplace among the writers of Shakespeare's time; who held that all things both in the world of matter and of mind were composed of the four original elements, earth, water, air, and fire; and that harmony and felicity of mind and character lay in these elements being rightly mixed: these standing together in due proportion, order and excellence were the result; otherwise, the result was eccentricity or defect. Images and expressions implying this theory are often met with in the Poet's works, and hardly less often in other writers of that age. If, however, there were in this case any thing more than a mere coincidence of thought and language, the most likely conclusion would seem to be, that Shakespeare, having read Drayton's poem, borrowed his matter, and that then Drayton, having heard Shakespeare's play, borrowed his improvement of it.

Other critics of great and well-seasoned judgment, and

from whose conclusions we are very reluctant to dissent, refer this drama to the Poet's latest period, placing it, as to the time of writing, in the same class with *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Coriolanus*. Among those so judging are found the high names of Coleridge, Campbell, and Verplanck. And their judgment herein is avowedly grounded, not on the qualities of style and versification, but on what they consider the more calm and ripened tone of philosophic thought pervading the play. The point need not be better stated than in the words of Campbell: "I cannot, on the whole, but remark a more matured tone of philosophy in the classical and later, than in the earlier and romantic, dramas of Shakespeare. By his classical dramas I mean the three great ones, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*. The philosophy that illuminates *Hamlet* has, possibly from the hero being neither entirely in his perfect mind nor entirely out of it, a certain vagueness and obscurity, unlike the deep and clear insight into human nature displayed in the classical dramas which I have named. I attribute this difference, not to the influence of classical or unclassical subjects, but to the ripened growth of the Poet's mind."

Now, for ourselves, we cannot discover, in *Julius Cæsar*, quite that serene and mellow philosophy, that entire and absolute aloofness of self from the representation, that pure and perfect transparency of mind,—like the light of heaven, revealing every thing it looks upon, yet remaining itself unseen,—which especially distinguishes the dramas that we reckon of the Poet's latest period. On the contrary, we seem to feel, in this play, somewhat of the same enthusiasm—a chaste and well-regulated enthusiasm, we grant, that scarce disturbs the balance of dramatic justice, and such as an angel need not blush to acknowledge—which discovers itself in *Hamlet* and other plays written between 1600 and 1605. To go no further, there are several speeches put into the mouth of Cæsar, which cannot be regarded as historically characteristic; and which certainly do not give a just impression of that greatest of all

the Romans, and who was perhaps the man of the highest and most varied powers and accomplishments, that ever figured in the political history of the world. In this part of the drama at least, we seem to miss somewhat of that wonderful calmness and elevation of soul, which discloses itself in *Coriolanus* and *The Tempest*, as if the Poet had looked on too many things, and seen into them and through them, to be at all captivated to or from the special interests of any one of them; having reached that stage and perfection of art,—if indeed it be not something higher than the highest art, and which but uses art as an organ for discoursing the harmonies of truth,—that he could pass into and, as it were, become the very persons themselves whom he studied or created, reproducing all the thoughts and feelings that were in them, as if they were his own, and yet all the while remain firmly himself and firmly within himself.

Another sort of argument has been drawn from the political cast and complexion of the three "classical dramas," that they were written after the Poet's mind had been specially excited to inquiries of that nature, by the great questions of public right against royal prerogative, which grew into general agitation early in the reign of James I. We will give this point the benefit of Mr. Verplanck's clear and judicious statement. He is speaking of *Julius Cæsar:* "The composition of this drama, like that of *Coriolanus*, may with all reasonable probability be assigned to some of the seven or eight years subsequent to 1607;—that period of the author's life and of the history of English liberty, when the principles of popular rights were first distinctly and continuously brought into collision with the doctrine of divine regal power and prerogative. Not indeed that the English people had not long before, even under the Plantagenets, often been driven by wrong to assert their natural or chartered rights, and thus to preserve a larger share of personal liberty than was to be found elsewhere. But it was in the early years of James I that these great questions were first formally carried into the

elections, and made the subject of elaborate discussion, as well as of popular appeal, through the press and the action of the House of Commons. When the public mind had been roused to such inquiries, it was natural that the dramatic poet—as the experience of every age of revolution and strong political excitement has shown—should partake, in some way, of the spirit animating and pervading all about him. Shakespeare appears to have looked at and studied the phenomena of political strife, with the eye at once of an artist, as to their external appearance, and of a philosopher, as to their principles and moral causes; but with little of the spirit of a partizan."

And in another place, where he is speaking to the same subject, he mentions the years 1610 and 1613 as the time when these questions broke out into open legislative controversy, and came to be matter of formal debate and of steady concerted action in Parliament. But, in the first place, it stands to reason and experience that such agitations should be brewing in secret, mingling in the currents of private study and social converse, and entering largely into "the talk man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk of the mind's business," for some years before they could work and establish themselves into definite legislative and judicial issues. In the second place, they grew forth into such action and expression some years earlier than the time assigned. The very first Parliament after the accession of James was deeply charged with their spirit and efficacy, thus showing that they had for some time been gathering strength, and were then ready to leap forth into effect upon the first coming of opportunity. The proclamation convoking this Parliament was itself irregular, assuming it as the right of the crown to control the election and return of members. After the meeting, their first business was upon an issue with the king, which ended in establishing their right of exclusive jurisdiction in such cases. Then, the king having set himself, with that bungling and blundering wrong-headedness which was probably inherent in him, to dictate their privileges, and to make

the law subject to his will, the House of Commons planted itself in an attitude of firm resistance. And when the king took upon him to censure some parts of their course, this gave rise to a high-toned vindication, which was drawn up by a committee and in pursuance of an order of the House, setting forth a full and pertinent justification of the censured proceedings, and asserting, with respectful boldness and in explicit language, the constitutional rights and liberties of Parliament. This was in the spring of 1604. At the time fixed for the next session, which was in the fall of 1605, the struggle was on the point of being resumed, when it was arrested and postponed by the all-exciting discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. As soon as this excitement had in a measure passed off, the struggle was renewed in all its bitterness; and continued thenceforward through the whole of the reign. From all which it seems clear enough that the elements of this contest, so far from being asleep till 1610, were thoroughly prepared and marshaled for practical assertion even so early as the first year of James.

But, what seems still more decisive against the argument in hand, these classical dramas have not, that we can discover, any peculiarity in this respect but what would grow naturally from the subject-matter itself, as the Poet found it in Plutarch. Had he invented the collisions and struggles between public right and individual temper, which mark these plays, then indeed his course might fairly be derived from the special rising currents of popular thought at the time: but, in the instances here represented, and in all the main characters and circumstances attending them, with the single exception of "the mightiest Julius," he follows with remarkable closeness the narratives of the historian. The persons and events he took just as they were furnished to his hand; though it is indeed true, that, in selecting and ordering them for dramatic reproduction, he penetrated far more deeply than Plutarch did or could into the principles which underlie and determine the forms and workings of social and civil organization. For

it seems to have been a necessity of his genius, in reknitting the facts and characters of history, to evolve their inmost significance, and train them forth complicated with the largest and deepest insight of those living laws which gave them shape and made them what they were.

All which seems to clear up the ground for what we believe to be the only argument that will really hold touching the date of *Julius Cæsar*. This argument has reference solely to the diction and meter of the play, the general form and structure of the sentences, the cast and texture of the imagery; in all which respects the play relishes, to our mind, of the Poet's style during the first five years of the seventeenth century, the same period which gave us *Hamlet* and *Othello*, and when it will hardly be questioned that his insight of things was deep enough and his grasp of them large enough to fill up the measures of any criticism that has yet made its appearance. Shakespeare began with what may be regarded as a preponderance of the lyrical or poetic elements over the dramatic. As we trace the growth and course of his mind upward and onward, we may, it seems to us, discover a gradual rising of the latter elements into greater strength and prominence, until at last they had the former in complete subjection. Now, where external evidence is wanting, it is mainly from the relative strength of these elements in the composition, that we argue the probable date. And we submit, that in *Julius Cæsar* the versification is more free and flowing, the diction more gliding and continuous, the course of the sentence more even and regular, the imagery more round and amplified, than we find in the dramas confessedly of his latest period. So that, touching the date of the writing, we rest in much the same conclusion as Mr. Collier, though we come to it on very different grounds.

The historical materials of this drama were taken from the *Lives of Julius Cæsar*, *Brutus*, and *Antony*, as set forth in North's translation of Plutarch. We proceed to condense, retaining, however, as far as practicable the very

words of the translator, so much of the narratives as relates to the main action of the play.

Marcius Brutus, having framed his life by the rules of virtue and study of philosophy, and having employed his wit, which was gentle and constant, in attempting great things, methinks he was rightly made and framed unto virtue. So that his very enemies which wish him most hurt because of his conspiracy against Cæsar, if there were any thing noble done in this conspiracy, refer it wholly unto Brutus; and all the cruel and violent acts unto Cassius, who was Brutus' familiar friend, but not so well given and conditioned as he.

Marcus Cato the philosopher was brother unto Servilia, Marcus Brutus' mother; whom Brutus studied most to follow of all the Romans, and afterwards married his daughter. Touching the Grecian philosophers, there was no sect of them but he heard and liked; but above all he loved Plato's sect best, and did not much give himself to the New Academy.

When the Empire was divided into factions, and Cæsar and Pompey were in arms one against the other, it was thought that Brutus would take part with Cæsar, because Pompey not long before had put his father to death. But Brutus, preferring the respect of his country before private affection, and persuading himself that Pompey had juster cause to enter into arms than Cæsar, took part with Pompey; though oftentimes meeting him before he thought scorn to speak to him. It is reported that Pompey, when he saw him come, rose out of his chair, and went and embraced him before them all, and used him as honorably as he could have done the noblest man that took his part. Brutus, being in Pompey's camp, did nothing but study all day long, except he were with Pompey. Furthermore, when others slept, or thought what would happen the morrow after, he fell to his book, and wrote all day long till night.

Now, when Cæsar took sea to go into Africa against Cato and Scipio, he left Brutus governor of Gaul in Italy,

which was a great good hap for that Province. For, while others were spoiled by the insolence and covetousness of governors, Brutus was a comfort and rest unto them. But he referred it wholly unto Cæsar's grace and goodness. When Cæsar returned, and progressed up and down Italy, the things that pleased him best to see were the cities under Brutus' charge, and Brutus himself, who honored Cæsar in person, and whose company also Cæsar greatly esteemed. Now, there were divers sorts of Prætorships in Rome, and it was looked for that Brutus and Cassius would make suit for the chiefest Prætorship, called the Prætorship of the city; because he that had that office was a judge to minister justice unto the citizens. Therefore they strove one against another, though they were allied together, Cassius having married Junia, Brutus' sister; and the place was so sought of either party, that one of them put another into suit of law. Cæsar, when he had heard them both, told his friends,—"Indeed, Cassius hath alleged best reason, yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus." Thus Brutus had the first Prætorship, and Cassius the second; who thanked not Cæsar so much for that he had, as he was angry with him for that he lost.

The chiefest cause that made Cæsar mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king; which first gave the people just cause, and next his secret enemies honest color, to bear him ill-will. Notwithstanding, they that procured him this honor gave out that it was written in the Sibylline prophecies, how the Romans might overcome the Parthians, if they made war with them and were led by a king, but otherwise they were unconquerable. And they were so bold, besides, that, Cæsar returning to Rome from the city of Alba, when they came to salute him they called him king. But, the people being offended, and Cæsar also angry, he said he was not called king, but Cæsar.

Now, when Cassius felt his friends and did stir them up against Cæsar, they all agreed to take part with him, so Brutus were the chief of their conspiracy. For they told him that so high an enterprise did not so much require

men of courage to draw their swords, as to have a man of such estimation as Brutus, to make every man think that by his presence the fact were holy and just. Therefore Cassius, considering this matter, did speak to Brutus for the first time since the suit they had for the Prætorship. So, when he was reconciled to him, he asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the first day of March, because he heard that Cæsar's friends should move the council that day that Cæsar should be called king by the Senate. Brutus answered, he would not be there. "But what if we be sent for," said Cassius, "how then?" "For myself, then," said Brutus, "I mean not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die than lose my liberty." Cassius replied, "Why, what Roman is he alive that will suffer thee to die for thy liberty? What, knowest thou not that thou art Brutus? Thinkest thou that they be cobblers, tapsters, and such like base mechanical people, that write these bills and scrolls which are found daily in thy Prætor's chair, and not the noblest men and best citizens that do it? No; be thou well-assured, that of other Prætors they look for gifts, and for common plays, and to see fencers fight at the sharp; but at thy hands they specially require the taking away of the tyranny, being fully bent to suffer any extremity for thy sake, so thou wilt show thyself to be the man thou art taken for and that they hope thou art." Thereupon he kissed Brutus and embraced him; and so, each taking leave of other, they went both to speak with their friends about it.

Amongst Pompey's friends there was one called Caius Ligarius, who had been accused unto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey, and Cæsar discharged him. Therefore Brutus went to see him being sick in his bed, and said unto him,—"Ligarius, at what a time art thou sick!" Ligarius, rising up and taking him by the right hand, said unto him,—"Brutus, if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole." After that time they began to feel all whom they trusted, and did not only pick out their friends, but those also whom they thought

stout enough to attempt any desperate matter, and not afraid to lose their lives. For this cause they durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly and trusted best; for they were afraid that he, being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, would quite turn their purpose and quench the heat of their enterprise. Furthermore, only the name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to consent; who, not taking or giving any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, all kept the matter so secret, and so cunningly handled it, that, notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed.

Now, a day being appointed for the meeting of the Senate, at what time they hoped Cæsar would not fail to come, the conspirators determined then to put their enterprise in execution; and the rather, that all the noblest and chiefest men of the city would be there; who, when they should see such a great matter executed, would every man set to their hands for the defense of their liberty. They thought also that the place where the council should be kept was chosen of purpose by Divine Providence. For it was one of the porches about the theater in the which there was a place full of seats; where also was set up the image of Pompey, which the city had made and consecrated in honor of him. In this place was the assembly of the Senate to be, just on the fifteenth day of March, which the Romans call *Idus Martius;* so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought Cæsar thither to be slain for revenge of Pompey's death.

When the day was come, Brutus went out of his house with a dagger by his side under his long gown. The other conspirators were all assembled at Cassius' house, and from thence they came all together unto Pompey's porch, looking that Cæsar would come straight thither. Notwithstanding, there fell out many misfortunes, enough to have

marred the enterprise. The first and chiefest was Cæsar's long tarrying; for, because the sacrifices appeared unlucky, his wife kept him at home, and the Soothsayers bade him beware he went not abroad. The second cause was, a senator called Popilius Lena, after he had saluted Brutus and Cassius, rounded softly in their ears,—"I pray the gods you may go through with that you have in hand; but, despatch, for your enterprise is bewrayed." He presently departed, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out.

When Cæsar came, Popilius Lena went unto him, and kept him a long time with talk. Wherefore, the conspirators, not hearing what he said to Cæsar, were afraid, every man of them; and it was easy to see they were all of a mind, that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves. And when Cassius and certain others clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them, Brutus, marking the countenance and gesture of Lena, said nothing, but with a pleasant look encouraged Cassius. Immediately after Lena went from Cæsar and kissed his hand; which showed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk. All the senators being entered into the place where the council should be kept, Trebonius drew Antony aside as he came into the house, and held him with a long talk. So, Cæsar coming in, all the Senate stood up on their feet to do him honor. When he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them one Metellus Cimber, who made humble suit for the calling home of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Cæsar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. Cæsar at the first simply refused their entreaties, but afterwards, perceiving that the more they were denied the more they pressed upon him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber with both hands plucked Cæsar's gown over his shoulders, and Casca, that stood behind him, drew his dagger, and strake Cæsar in the neck,

but gave him no great wound. But Cæsar, turning straight unto him, caught hold of his hand and held it hard, and cried out in Latin,—"O, traitor Casca, what doest thou?" Casca, on the other side, cried in Greek,—"Brother, help me." At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed at the sight they had no power to fly, neither to help him, nor so much as once to make an outcry. They, on the other side, that had conspired his death, compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn, that Cæsar turned him nowhere but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hackled and mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them, that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this murder. Men report that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body; but, when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn, he pulled his gown over his head, and made no more resistance, and was driven against the base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore blood till he was slain. It is reported that he had three-and-twenty wounds upon his body; and, so many swords lighting on him, one hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, and all the rest were every man of them bloodied.

Cæsar being slain in this manner, Brutus, standing in the midst of the house, would have stayed the other senators to tell them the reason why they had done this fact. But they, as men both afraid and amazed, fled one upon another's neck in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them. For it was agreed between them that they should kill no man but Cæsar only, and intreat all the rest to defend their liberty. All the conspirators but Brutus thought it good also to kill Antony; but Brutus would not agree to it; first, for that it was not honest, secondly, because there was hope of change in him. For he did not mistrust but that Antony, when he should know that Cæsar was dead, would willingly help his country to re-

cover her liberty. So he saved Antony's life, who at that time disguised himself, and stole away. But Brutus and his consorts went straight to the Capitol. There, a great number of men being assembled, Brutus made an oration unto them, to win the favor of the people, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol: whereupon they came down to the market-place. The rest followed, but Brutus went foremost, honorably compassed about with the noblest men of the city, who brought him to the pulpit for orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehells of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir; yet, being ashamed to do it for the reverence they bare unto Brutus, they kept silence to hear what he would say. Howbeit, immediately after, they showed that they were not all contented with the murder: for when another called Cinna would have spoken, and began to accuse Cæsar, they fell into a great uproar, and marvelously reviled him; insomuch that the conspirators returned to the Capitol. There Brutus, being afraid to be besieged, sent back the noblemen that came thither with him, thinking it no reason that they who were no partakers of the murder should be partakers of the danger.

The next morning, the Senate being assembled, it was decreed to pardon and forget all that was past, and to establish friendship and peace again; and Antony, to put them in heart, sent them his son for a pledge. Upon this assurance, they came down from the Capitol, where every man saluted and embraced each other, among whom Antony himself bade Cassius to supper, and Lepidus bade Brutus, and so one bade another, as they had friendship and acquaintance together. The next day they came to talk of Cæsar's will and testament. Then, Antony thinking good his testament should be read openly, and that his body should be honorably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, lest the people might take occasion to be worse

offended; Cassius stoutly spake against it, but Brutus went with the motion: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For when Cæsar's testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen seventy-five drachmas, and left his gardens and arbors unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber, the people then loved him, and were marvelous sorry for him. Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antony, making his funeral oration, and perceiving that his words moved the people to compassion, framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and, taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open in the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny that there was no more order kept amongst them. For some cried, "Kill the murderers"; others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls, and, having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places; and, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murderers' houses, to set them on fire. Howbeit, the conspirators, foreseeing the danger, provided for themselves and fled.

The state of Rome standing thus, there fell out another change when young Octavius Cæsar came to Rome. He was the son of Julius Cæsar's niece, whom he had adopted and made his heir by his last will and testament. When Julius Cæsar was slain, he was in the city of Apollonia where he studied; but when he heard of his death he returned to Rome, where, to curry favor with the people, he took upon him his adopted father's name, and made distribution of the money which his father had bequeathed unto them. After that, these three, Octavius Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus, made an agreement, and by those articles divided the provinces belonging to the Empire among themselves; and did set up bills of proscription and out-

lawry, condemning two hundred of the noblest men of Rome to suffer death, and among that number Cicero was one.

Whilst Brutus and Cassius were together in the city of Smyrna, Brutus prayed Cassius to let him have some part of his money, whereof he had great store. Cassius' friends hindered this request, persuading him that it was no reason that Brutus should have the money, which Cassius had gotten together by sparing and levied with great ill-will of the people, to bestow liberally on his soldiers, and by this means win their good wills. Notwithstanding, Cassius gave him a third part of the total sum. Some time after, Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the city of Sardis, and so he did. Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, having many friends and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a-weeping. Their friends that were without, hearing them loud and angry between themselves, were amazed and afraid, lest it would grow to a further matter.

The next day, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and note Lucius Pella, who had been a Prætor of the Romans, for that he was convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked Cassius, because, not many days before, two of his friends having been convicted of the like offense, he had openly cleared them. Therefore he greatly reproved Brutus, that he would show himself so straight and severe, in such a time as was meeter to bear a little than to take things at the worst. Brutus answered, that he should remember the Ides of March, at which time they slew Julius Cæsar, who neither pilled nor robbed the country, but was a favorer of them that did. And if there were any cause

why they might set aside justice and equity, they should have had more reason to suffer Cæsar's friends to do what wrong they would, than to bear with their own men.

When they raised their camp, there came two eagles that lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns, and followed the soldiers, who gave them meat, until they came near to the city of Philippi; and there one day before the battle they flew away. Octavius Cæsar came not thither till ten days after; and Antony camped against Cassius, and Brutus on the other side against Cæsar. Brutus first of all mustered his army, and did purify it in the fields, according to the manner of the Romans. It is reported that, while occupied about this purification, there chanced certain unlucky signs unto Cassius. For one of his sergeants that carried the rods before him brought him the garland of flowers turned backward, the which he should have worn on his head in the time of sacrificing. Yet further, there was seen a marvelous number of fowls of prey, that feed upon dead carcasses; and bee-hives also were found in a certain place within the camp, which began somewhat to alter Cassius' mind from Epicurus' opinions. Thereupon he was of opinion not to try this war at one battle, but rather to draw it out, considering that they were the stronger in money and the weaker in men. But Brutus did desire nothing more than to put all to the hazard of a battle as soon as might be, to the end he might either quickly restore his country to her liberty, or rid him forthwith of this miserable world. Thereupon it was determined they should fight the next day. So Brutus all supper-time looked cheerful, like one that had good hope, and talked wisely of philosophy, and after supper went to bed. But, touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped in his tent with a few friends, and that all supper-time he looked very sadly and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature; and that after supper he took him by the hand, and told him in Greek,—"Messala, I protest unto thee and make thee my witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will, as

Pompey the Great was, to put the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battle. Yet we must be lively and of good courage, although we follow evil counsel." Messala writeth that Cassius, having spoke these last words, bade him farewell, and willed him to come to supper the next night, because it was his birth-day.

The next morning by break of day the signal of battle was set out in their camp, which was an arming scarlet coat; and both the chieftains spake together in the midst of their armies. There Cassius began to speak first, and said,—"The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after live quietly one with another. But since the greatest things amongst men are most uncertain, and if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do, to fly or to die?" Brutus answered,—"I trust, I know not how, a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame Cato for killing himself, as being no lawful act, touching the gods, nor, concerning men, valiant; not to yield to Divine Providence and patiently take whatsoever it pleaseth Him to send us, but to draw back and fly. But now, being in the midst of danger, I am of a contrary mind. For, if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither make any new supply for war, but will rid me of this miserable world: for I gave up my life for my country on the Ides of March." Cassius fell a-laughing, to hear what he said, and, embracing him, said,—"Come on, then, and let us go and charge our enemies with this mind; for either we shall conquer, or we shall not need to fear the conquerors."

After this talk, they fell to consultation for the ordering of the battle. Then Brutus prayed he might have the leading of the right wing. Cassius gave it him, and willed that Messala should also be in that wing. Brutus sent little bills to the colonels and captains, in which he wrote the word of battle. By this means very few of them understood what the word was, and the most part never tarried

to have it told them, but ran with great fury to assail the enemies; whereby the legions were marvelously scattered. Then, being very earnest to follow them that fled, they ran into their camp, and Brutus among them. But that which the conquerors thought not of, occasion showed to them that were overcome; and that was, the left wing left naked of the right, who were strayed too far off. So they gave a hot charge, and overcame the wing where Cassius was, beating them into their camp, the which they spoiled. So that Brutus had conquered all on his side, and Cassius had lost all on the other: for nothing undid them, but that Brutus went not to help Cassius, thinking he had overcame, as himself had done; and Cassius tarried not for Brutus, thinking he had been overthrown, as himself was. Now, Brutus, returning from the chase, wondered much not to see Cassius' tent standing up high as it was wont. This made him mistrust what had happened: so he appointed a number of men to keep the camp he had taken, and sent for those that yet followed the chase, thinking to lead them to the aid of Cassius.

On the other side, Cassius was angry to see how Brutus' men ran to give charge and tarried not for the word of battle, and grieved, besides, that the men, after they had overcome, fell straight to spoil, and were not careful to compass in the rest of the enemies behind. By reason of this delay, Cassius found himself compassed in with the right wing of his enemies: whereupon his horsemen brake and fled; and he, perceiving his footmen also to give ground, did what he could to keep them from flying, and took an ensign from one of the ensign-bearers that fled, and stuck it fast at his feet. At length he also was compelled to fly, with a few about him, to a little hill, from whence they might see what was done in the plain. Howbeit, Cassius himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving how the enemies spoiled his camp, and also a great troop of horsemen whom Brutus sent to aid him. These he thought were his enemies that followed him; yet he sent Titinius to go and know who they were. Brutus'

horsemen saw him coming afar off, and when they knew he was one of Cassius' friends they shouted for joy; and some 'lighted from their horses and went and embraced him, others compassed him round with songs of victory and great rushing of harness, so that they made all the field ring again. But this marred all. For Cassius, thinking that Titinius was taken of the enemies, then spake these words: "Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face." After that, he got into a tent where nobody was, and took Pindarus with him, a bondman whom he reserved for such a pinch ever after the battle of the Parthians; then, casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pindarus, gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body; but after that time Pindarus was never seen. By and by, they knew the horsemen, and saw Titinius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came with great speed unto Cassius: but, when he perceived by the cries and tears of his friends the misfortune that had chanced, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and slew himself presently in the field. Brutus in the mean time understood that Cassius had been overthrown, but knew nothing of his death till he came near to his camp. So, when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of the Romans, it being impossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man; he sent his body to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals in the camp should cause great disorder. Then he called his soldiers together, and did encourage them again.

Now, after Brutus had brought his army into the field, he paused a long time before he gave the signal of battle. In that place where himself fought in person he had the better, and brake into the left wing of his enemies. But the others, when the captains would have had them march, were afraid of being compassed in behind, and therefore did spread themselves; whereby having weakened them-

selves, they could not withstand the enemies, but turned tail and fled. And those that had put them to flight came in straight to compass Brutus behind, who in the midst of the conflict did all that was possible for a skillful captain and valiant soldier for the obtaining of victory. There was the son of Marcus Cato slain, valiantly fighting among the lusty youth. For, notwithstanding he was very weary and over-harried, yet would he not fly, but, manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name and also his father's name, he was beaten down among many of his enemies whom he had slain about him. So there were slain all the chiefest gentlemen and nobility, who ran into any danger to save Brutus' life; amongst whom was one of his friends called Lucilius, who, seeing a troop of men going right against Brutus, told them he was Brutus, and prayed them to bring him to Antony. The men, being very glad of this good hap, carried him in the night, and sent some before to tell Antony of their coming. When Lucilius was brought to him, he said with a bold countenance,—"Antony, I dare assure thee that no enemy hath taken or shall take Marcus Brutus alive: God keep him from that fortune. But wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself." Antony, on the other side, looking upon them that had brought him, said,—"My friends, I think you are sorry you have failed of your purpose; but I assure you, you have taken a better booty than you followed. For, instead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend; and if you had brought me Brutus alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him. For I had rather have such men as this my friends than mine enemies." Then he embraced Lucilius, and delivered him to one of his friends in custody; and Lucilius ever after served him faithfully, even to his death.

Now, Brutus, having passed a little river environed on either side with high rocks, and shadowed with great trees, went no further, but stayed at the foot of a rock with certain friends that followed him; and, looking up to the

firmament that was full of stars, sighing, he rehearsed two verses. Within a little while, naming his friends that had been slain in battle before his eyes, he fetched a greater sigh than before. He thought there were not many of his men slain; and, to know the truth of it, one called Statilius promised to go through the enemies, and, if all were well, to lift up a torch-light in the air, and then return with speed to him. The torch-light was lift up as he had promised. A good while after, Brutus, seeing that he came not, said,—"If Statilius be alive, he will come again." But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he fell into the enemies' hands and was slain. Now, the night being far spent, Brutus, as he sat, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear. The other answered not, but fell a-weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanius, and said somewhat also to him. At last he came to Volumnius, and, speaking to him in Greek, prayed him, for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others; and amongst the rest, one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but they must needs fly. Then Brutus, rising up, said,—"We must fly indeed, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet." Then, taking every man by the hand, he said,—"It rejoiceth my heart, that not one of my friends hath failed me; and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake; for I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of virtue and honesty." Having so said, he prayed every man to shift for himself, and then went a little aside with two or three only, among the which was Strato, who, at his request, held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and presently died.

Messala, that had been Brutus' great friend, was reconciled afterwards to Octavius Cæsar; and shortly after he

brought Strato unto him, and, weeping, said,—"Cæsar, behold, here is he that did the last service to my Brutus." Then Cæsar received him; and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any Grecian else he had about him. Now, Antony, having found Brutus' body, caused it to be wrapped up in one of the richest coat-armors he had; and afterwards he sent the ashes of his body unto his mother Servilia. It was said that Antony spake it openly divers times, that the thought that of all them that had slain Cæsar there was none but Brutus that was moved to do it, as thinking the act was commendable of itself; but that all the others did conspire his death for some private malice or envy, that they did bear unto him.

From the foregoing abstract it will be seen that in all the leading incidents of the play the Poet followed the narrator very closely and minutely; though in a number of cases he worked out those incidents with an amazing wealth of poetry and invention. Perhaps it should be remarked, further, that the time of the play is as follows: In February, the year B. C. 44, the festival called Lupercalia was held in honor of Cæsar, when the crown was offered him by Antony. On the following March 15 he was slain. In November of the next year the Triumvirs, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, met on a small island near Bononia, and there made up their bloody proscription. In the year B. C. 42, the civil war was finished by the defeat of Brutus and Cassius near Philippi. So that the events of the drama cover a period of something over two years.

The title of this play is really a misnomer; for, as was remarked long ago by Gildon, and more recently by Schlegel, Brutus is the true hero of the piece, Cæsar being brought forward only just so much and in such a way as might serve to advance and set off that prince of the conspirators. And probably the design of the play required some such sacrifice of the greater to the less. For, had Cæsar been represented any thing like as he really was, the course of Brutus, however justifiable as it stood in his own

mind, could not have been made to draw in that current of sympathy which is due alike to his character as a man and to the place assigned him in the drama. Such, at all events, is the best excuse we can think of for the treatment here put upon Cæsar: for "the last infirmity of noble minds" is in truth the only point of his character that is fairly set forth in the play; all those colossal gifts and virtues, which placed him at the summit of heathen antiquity, being withheld from the scene, or at least thrown so far into the back-ground that their proper effect is all but lost. For he is represented as little better than a grand, strutting piece of puff-paste, and made to speak very much in the style of a glorious vaporer and braggart, full of lofty airs and mock thunder; than which nothing could possibly be further from the truth of the man, whose character, even in its faults, was as compact and solid as adamant, and at the same time as ductile and limber as the finest gold. Certain critics have seized and worked upon this, as proving that Shakespeare must have been very green in classical study, or else very careless in the use of his authorities. To our mind, it proves neither the one nor the other; but only that he was somewhat deeper in nature than in Greek and Latin. We have no doubt it was all done in the full knowledge of what great Cæsar really was, "the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times"; and because, upon the plan of making Brutus a dramatic hero, the laws of artistic propriety required it.

Coleridge has thrown out a very pertinent doubt as to what sort of a character Shakespeare meant his Brutus to be. For it is remarkable that in his thinking aloud, a little after the breaking of the conspiracy to him, he avowedly bottoms his purpose, not at all on any thing Cæsar has done nor on what he is, but simply on what he *may become* when crowned. He has "no personal cause to spurn at" Cæsar; nor has he "known when his affections sway'd more than his reason"; but "he would be crown'd: how that might change his nature, there's the question"; and,

"Since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus,—that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities."

So then, according to this, the upshot of the whole seems to be, that Brutus enters into and heads a plot for assassinating the man who, besides being clothed with the awful sanctions of law as the highest representative of the state, has stood as his personal friend and benefactor, not on any ground of fact, but on a sort of theoretical probability, as he views it, that the wearing a crown will prove in some way a sacrament of evil, and cause him to be quite other than the whole course of his life has shown him to be.

And yet the character of Brutus in the play, as in history, is full of beauty and sweetness; high-minded, generous, brave; in all the relations of life upright, gentle, and pure, his honor as white as new-coined snow; of a sensitiveness and delicacy of principle that cannot bosom the slightest stain; scorning to bind his promise with an oath, as one who will sooner die than swerve a hair from his lightest word; his mind enriched and fortified with the best extractions of philosophy; in his habitual demeanor cheerfully grave and genially severe; clothed with all the virtues which, in public and private, at home and in the circle of friends, win respect and charm the heart; a real patriot, every inch of him, able alike to adorn his country in the Senate and in the field, and willing alike to serve her with his life and with his death.

Now, the practice, too common of late, of strangling the Poet's conceptions under a fine net-work of critical theories, in order to approve his depth of wisdom, is not much to our taste: nevertheless, it appears to us that in this play the leading idea was, to give these two sides, however seemingly incompatible, a dramatic reconcilement, and by so doing to show how they might be and in fact were practically reconciled in the Brutus of history. To do this, was indeed a high task for art, even in the hands

of such an artist as Shakespeare; yet he has done it. Herein, we think, lies the chief merit of the performance; and, regarded in this light, it can hardly be overpraised. The delineation of Brutus deserves a place near, if not among, his masterpieces.

Of course, as here represented, Brutus could only be what he was and yet do what he did under some kind of delusion. And so indeed it is. Yet this very delusion may be justly said to have the effect of ennobling and beautifying his character, forasmuch as it takes him and works upon him only through his virtues. A genuine though perhaps too absorbing patriotism is the mainspring of his action. But his patriotism is mainly of a speculative kind, and dwells, where his whole character has been chiefly formed, among the ideals of a sort of philosophical and poetical dreamland. He is an ardent and enthusiastic student of books: Plato has been his favorite teacher, and he has studiously framed his life and tuned his thoughts to the grand and pure conceptions won from that all but divine source: Plato's genius and spirit walk with him in the Senate, sit with him at the fire-side, go with him to the war, and still hover about his tent.

Nevertheless, or perhaps we should rather say *therefore*, he does not really see where he is and what lies about him, has no clear eye for the drift and temper of the times, the circumstances and aptitudes amidst which he lives. The characters of those who act with him are too far below the region of his principles and habitual thinkings for him to take the true cast of them. Himself incapable of such motives as prompt their action, he therefore cannot understand them: he but projects and suspends his ideals in them, and then misreckons upon them as answering to and realizing the men of his own brain. So, also, he clings to the idea of the great and free republic of his fathers, the old Rome that has ever stood to his feelings touched with the consecrations of time, and glorified by the high virtues that have grown up under her cherishing. But, in the long reign of tearing faction and

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civil butchery, that which he worships has been substantially changed, the reality lost. Cæsar, already clothed with the title and the power of Imperator for life, would but change the form so as to agree with the substance, the name so as to fit the thing. But the mind of Brutus is so filled with the idea of that which has thus passed away never to return, that he thinks to save or to recover the whole thing by preventing such formal and nominal change.

And so his whole course is that of one acting rather on his own ideas than on the facts that are before and around him. He is content to do that by which he thinks his country *ought to be* benefited; giving the go-by, apparently, to the question whether his country is actually in a state to be benefited thereby. As the killing of Cæsar stands dressed in his purpose, he and his associates are to be "sacrificers, but not butchers": they are to "carve him as a dish fit for the gods." But, in order to any such effect as he hopes for, it is necessary that his countrymen generally should regard the act in the same light as he intends it. That they will actually so regard it, is the very thing which he has, *in fact*, no reason or right to conclude: notwithstanding, because it is so *in his idea*, therefore he trusts that, the deed "so appearing in the common eye," they will "be call'd purgers, not murderers." Meanwhile the plain truth is, that if his countrymen had been capable of regarding the deed as a sacrifice, they would not have made or permitted any occasion for the doing of it. It is certain that unless so construed the act must prove fruitful of evil: all Rome is full of things proving that it cannot be so construed; but this is what Brutus has not the practical discernment to see, because his wisdom and virtue, noble and beautiful as they are, were born of the ideal, not of the hard, stern realities about him. So, again, in the deeply characteristic oration, when he undertakes to "show the *reason* of our Cæsar's death": he speaks, in calm and dispassionate manner, just those things which, according to his idea, ought to set the people

right, and himself right in their eyes; practically forgetting, all the while, that such an act cannot but stir up passion, and that passion is a thing that cannot be met by reason, because the two hold no proportion to each other. And for the same cause he will give no place to the thought of despatching Antony, or of denying him a chance of speaking to the people. To do thus, would be unjust, and so would overthrow the whole nature of the enterprise as it lives in his mind and purpose. If he had conceived the fall of Cæsar as drawing on a necessity of such further acts, he would have had no hand in it. And, because in his idea it ought so to be, he trusts that Antony will make Cæsar's death the occasion of strengthening those who killed him; not perceiving or not heeding the strong likelihood, which so soon passes into a fact, that in cutting off Cæsar they have taken away the only check on Antony's ambition; and that Antony, so far from being drawn to their side when Cæsar is out of the way, will rather seek to work himself into Cæsar's place by ruining them.

And so, because Brutus acts without any right understanding of his whereabout, therefore his action has no effect but to set on foot another civil war, which of course ends, as such wars have always ended, in aggravating the evil he sought to remove. He confides in the goodness of his cause, not seeing or not thinking, that the better the cause, the poorer its chance with bad men. Conscious of being honest himself, he therefore thinks others so; feels safe in putting trust in others, because he knows they can safely put trust in him: the singleness of his own eye makes him believe that others will see as he sees, the purity of his own heart, that others will feel as he feels. Thus he still works with instruments that bear no fitness or proportion to the matter; as if one, because a razor is the keenest of tools, should therefore go to hewing rocks with it.

The characters of Brutus and Cassius, though without any seeming effort or care, are discriminated with great

subtlety and depth of art; scarce a word falling from either but what relishes some how of their distinctive qualities. Cassius is much the better conspirator, but much the worse man; and therefore the better conspirator, because the worse man. For Brutus engages in the conspiracy on the grounds of abstract and ideal justice: but Cassius, from his very principles of action, regards it as both a wrong and a blunder to go about such a thing but with strong hopes of success. This, accordingly, is the end for which he plans and works, choosing and shaping his means with a view to compass it, minding little whether, in themselves, they be just or not. Withal he is more impulsive and quick, because less under the self-discipline of moral principle. His motives, too, are of a much more mixed and various quality, because his habits of thinking and acting have grown by the measures of experience: he studies to understand men as they are; Brutus is content to understand them as they ought to be, and must needs act with them as if they were what he would have them. Hence, in every case where Brutus crosses Cassius, he is wrong, and Cassius right; right, that is, if success be the proper crown of their undertaking. Still Brutus overawes him by his moral energy, and elevation of character, and by the open-faced rectitude and nobleness of his principles. It is observable that Cassius catches a sort of inspiration and is raised above himself by contact with Brutus.

It is a noteworthy point, also, that Cassius is too practical, too much of a politician, to see any ghosts. Though acting on far lower principles than his leader, and such as the latter would consider both wicked and base, still he does no violence to his own heart in screwing it up to the sticking-place appointed by his head: on the contrary, his heart is all along the prompter of his head. The mind of Brutus, on the other hand, from the very wrenching that his heart has suffered, still reverts to and dwells upon the moral complexion of his first step. It seems not unlikely that the Poet meant to give the impression that the killing of Cæsar planted in his upright and gentle nature a germ

of remorse, which, gathering strength from whatever adversities befall him, comes to embody itself in sounds and visions heard and seen by none but himself; the Spirit of Justice, made an ill angel to him by his own sense of wrong, hovering in the back-ground of his after life, and haunting his solitary moments in the shape of Cæsar's ghost.

The delineation of Portia, completed in a few brief but most expressive strokes, is indeed an exquisite piece of workmanship. Once seen, the portrait ever after stands as an old and honored acquaintance of the reader's heart. Like some women we have known, Portia has strength enough to do and to suffer for others, but very little for herself. As the daughter of Cato and the wife of Brutus, she has set in her eye a pattern how she ought to think and act, being "so father'd and so husbanded"; but still her head floats merged over the ears in her heart; and it is only when affection speaks that her sensibilities are hushed into that listening which she would fain have wait upon the speech of reason. She has a clear idea of the stoical calmness and fortitude which appear so noble and so graceful in her Brutus; it all lies faithfully reproduced in her mind; she knows how to honor and admire it; yet she cannot work it into the texture of her character; she can talk it like a book, but she tries in vain to live it. Plutarch gives one most touchingly-characteristic passage respecting her, which the Poet did not use; though he transfused the sense of it into those which he did. It occurred some time after the death of Cæsar, and while the elements of civil war were gathering to a head: "Brutus, seeing the state of Rome would be utterly overthrown, determined to go out of Italy, and went unto the city of Elea, standing by the sea. There Portia, being ready to depart from her husband and return to Rome, did what she could to dissemble the grief and sorrow she felt. But a certain painted table bewrayed her in the end, although until that time she showed a constant and patient mind. The device of the table was taken out of the Greek stories, how

Andromache accompanied her husband Hector, when he went out of the city of Troy to go to the wars, and how Hector delivered her his little son, and how her eyes were never off him. Portia, seeing this picture, and likening herself to be in the same case, fell a-weeping; and, coming thither oftentimes in a day to see it, she wept still." Even so the self-inflicted wound she takes without flinching and bears without a murmur, to support and comfort her husband, and translates its pains into smiles so long as this purpose gives law to her action, because there her heart perfectly keeps touch with her head. But when this is withdrawn, the weakness (if indeed that be the right word) of her woman's nature rushes full upon her; her feelings rise into an uncontrollable flutter, and run out at every joint and motion of her body; she goes into a spasm of anxiety which nothing can arrest until affection again whispers her into the composure of reason, lest she should spill something that may hurt or endanger one whom she loves. O, noble Portia! Well may Campbell say,—"For the picture of that wedded pair, at once august and tender, human nature and the dignity of conjugal faith are indebted."

As a whole, this play is several degrees inferior to *Coriolanus.* Admirable as is the characterization regarded individually, still in respect of dramatic combination the play does not to our mind stand among the Poet's masterpieces. But it abounds in particular scenes and passages fraught with the highest virtue of his genius. Among these may be specially mentioned the second scene in Act I, where Cassius lays the egg of the conspiracy in Brutus' mind, warmed with such a wrappage of instigation that he feels certain it will soon be hatched. Also the first scene in Act II, unfolding the birth of the conspiracy which has hitherto slept in embryo, and winding up with the interview, so charged with domestic glory, of Brutus and Portia. The oration of Antony in Cæsar's funeral is indeed a wonderful performance; being such an interfusion of artifice and passion, of fact and feeling, as

realizes the very perfection of its kind. Adapted at once to the comprehension of the lowest mind and to the delectation of the highest, and running its pathos into the very quick of them that hear it, it tells with terrible effect on the people; and when it is done we feel that Cæsar's blood is mightier than ever his genius and his fortune were. The quarrel of Brutus and Cassius is deservedly celebrated. Dr. Johnson thought it "somewhat cold and unaffecting." Coleridge thought otherwise: "I know," says he, "no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman, than this scene." We are content to err with Coleridge herein, if it be an error. But there is nothing in the play that seems to us more divinely touched than the brief dialogue of Brutus and his servant Lucius, near the close of Act IV. The gentle and loving nature of Brutus is here out in its noblest and sweetest transpiration.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

CÆSAR

The character of Cæsar in our play has been much blamed. He is declared to be unlike the idea conceived of him from his "Commentaries"; it is said that he does nothing, and only utters a few pompous, thrasonical, grandiloquent words; and it has been asked whether this be the Cæsar that "did awe the world"? The poet, if he intended to make the attempt of the republicans his main theme, could not have ventured to create too great an interest in Cæsar; it was necessary to keep him in the background and to present that view of him which gave a reason for the conspiracy. According even to Plutarch, whose biography of Cæsar is acknowledged to be very imperfect, Cæsar's character altered much for the worse shortly before his death, and Shakespeare has represented him according to this suggestion. With what reverence Shakespeare viewed his character as a whole, we learn from several passages of his works, and even in this play from the way in which he allows his memory to be respected as soon as he is dead. In the descriptions of Cassius we look back upon the time when the great man was natural, simple, undissembling, popular, and on an equal footing with others. Now he is spoiled by victory, success, power, and by the republican courtiers who surround him. He stands close on the borders between usurpation and discretion; he is master in reality, and is on the point of assuming the name and the right; he desires heirs to the throne; he hesitates to accept the crown which he would gladly possess; he is ambitious, and fears he may have betrayed this

in his paroxysms of epilepsy; he exclaims against flatterers and cringers, and yet both please him. All around him treat him as a master, his wife, as a prince, the senate allow themselves to be called *his* senate; he assumes the appearance of a king even in his house, even with his wife he uses the language of a man who knows himself secure of power, and he maintains everywhere the proud strict bearing of a soldier, which is represented even in his statues. If one of the changes at which Plutarch hints lay in this pride and haughtiness, another lay in his superstition. In the suspicion and apprehension before the final step, he was seized, contrary to his usual nature and habit, with misgivings and superstitious fears, which affected likewise the hitherto free-minded Calpurnia. These conflicting feelings divide him, his forebodings excite him, his pride and his defiance of danger struggle against them, and restore his former confidence, which was natural to him and which causes his ruin, just as a like confidence, springing from another source, ruined Brutus. The actor must make his high-sounding language appear as the result of this discord of feeling. Sometimes they are only incidental words intended to characterize the hero in the shortest way. Generally they appear in the cases where Cæsar has to combat with his superstition, where he uses effort to take a higher stand in his words than at the moment he actually feels. He speaks so much of having no fear, that by this very thing he betrays his fear. Even in the places where his words sound most boastful, where he compares himself with the north star, there is more arrogance and ill-concealed pride at work than real boastfulness. It is intended there with a few words to show him at that point when his behavior could most excite those free spirits against him. It was fully intended that he should take but a small part in the action; we must not, therefore, say with Scottowe that he was merely brought on the stage to be killed. The poet has handled this historical piece like his English historical plays. He had in his eye the whole context of the Roman civil wars for this single drama, not as yet

thinking of its continuation in *Antony and Cleopatra.* He casts a glance back upon the fall of Pompey, and makes it evident that Cæsar falls for the same reason as that for which he had made Pompey fall. In the triumph over him, men's minds rise up at first against Cæsar, the conspirators assemble in Pompey's porch, and Cæsar is slain in front of his statue. As his death arose out of the civil war, so civil war recommences at his death, and just as Antony predicts:—

> Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
> With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
> Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
> Cry *Havock,* and let slip the dogs of war.

In this symbolic sense Cæsar, after his death, has a share in the action of the play, which does not bear his name without a reason. That curse of Antony's, too, falls back upon himself in *Antony and Cleopatra,* because he had destroyed those who had spared him and offered him friendship, and even there the manes of Pompey interfere with continuous power, giving his history also the background of remoter histories, to which this drama is but an episode. —Gervinus, *Shakespeare-Commentaries.*

PORTIA

Portia, as Shakespeare has truly felt and represented the character, is but a softened reflection of that of her husband Brutus: in him we see an excess of natural sensibility, an almost womanish tenderness of heart, repressed by the tenets of his austere philosophy: a stoic by profession, and in reality the reverse—acting deeds against his nature by the strong force of principle and will. In Portia there is the same profound and passionate feeling, and all her sex's softness and timidity, held in check by that self-discipline, that stately dignity, which she thought became a woman "so fathered and so husbanded." The fact of her inflicting on herself a voluntary wound to try her

own fortitude, is perhaps the strongest proof of this disposition.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

BRUTUS

Brutus is the political Girondin. He is placed in contrast with his brother-in-law Cassius, the political Jacobin. Brutus is an idealist; he lives among books; he nourishes himself with philosophies; he is secluded from the impression of facts. Moral ideas and principles are more to him than concrete realities; he is studious of self-perfection, jealous of the purity of his own character, unwilling that so clear a character should receive even the apparent stain of misconception or misrepresentation. He is, therefore, as such men are, too much given to explanation of his conduct. Had he lived he would have written an Apology for his life, educing evidence, with a calm superiority, to prove that each act of his life proceeded from an honorable motive. Cassius, on the contrary, is by no means studious of moral perfection. He is frankly envious, and hates Cæsar. Yet he is not ignoble. Brutus loves him, and the love of Brutus is a patent which establishes a man's nobility:

> The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
> It is impossible that ever Rome
> Should breed thy fellow.

And Cassius has one who will die for him. Titinius crowns the dead brow of the conspirator:

> Brutus come apace,
> And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
> By your leave, gods—this is a Roman's part:
> Come Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

Cassius has a swift and clear perception of the fact. He is not, like Brutus, a theorist, but "a great observer," who "looks quite through the deeds of men." Brutus lives in the abstraction, in the idea; Cassius lives in the concrete, in the fact.—DOWDEN, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

Plutarch's character-drawing, like his narrative, suffers from his twofold rôle of historian and moralist. His Brutus is a compromise between the humane idealist whom he wished to portray and the grasping *doctrinaire* whom he was too honest wholly to efface. His lofty Stoic condescends to a vulgar rivalry with Cassius for the election to the prætor's chair; nay, at Pharsalia, the general whose humanity amazed friend and foe promises his soldiers "the sack of two cities if they fought like men,"—an embarrassing inconsistency for which his biographer rather awkwardly apologizes as the "only fault to be found in all Brutus' life, and that is not to be gainsaid." The faults of Shakespeare's Brutus are exposed with a far surer hand; he is nevertheless a loftier character: no soil of meanness, cruelty, or vulgar rivalry complicates the tragedy of his fate. The personal relation to Cæsar which he violates "for the general" (good) is a more intimate one. Rome calls him "Cæsar's angel." In Plutarch, Cæsar "did not trust him overmuch," and included him with Cassius in his dislike of "lean and whitely-faced" men. Brutus on his part was "incensed" by Cassius against the tyrant. The monologue which Shakespeare puts in his mouth is a marvel of fanatical self-deception. It is not any actual "tyranny" that moves him, for he owns that "the quarrel will bear no color for the thing" Cæsar "is"; it is not even the abstract name of king which moves him, but a "change of nature" which that might induce. "Then lest it may, prevent." Brutus, like Hamlet, is set in action by the bidding of a ghost; but his ghost is not the discloser of a crying wrong which he groans to be summoned to set right, but a true phantom which drives him headlong to the redress of wrongs which even his biased reason can only discover in a hypothetical futurity.—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

CASSIUS

Next we notice that another character in the play must suffer from Shakespeare's purpose of lending luster to the deed of Brutus, for Cassius, like Cæsar, is painted at the outset with colors that are unduly dark: we can have little respect for the man who deliberately seduces the honorable mettle of his friend, and still less when Brutus is that friend. Cassius, therefore, like Cæsar, will gain in dignity and glory when the play has run its half course: his petty jealousies, moreover, merge themselves in patriotism: and we are not altogether surprised that the honor reserved for him in death—"The last of all the Romans, fare thee well," should so nearly resemble the tribute paid by Antony to Brutus and Cæsar.

Apart from all this, Cassius is a foil to Brutus—a man of the world, and practical, as opposed to a man of the highest moral purity, and a dreamer. Antony is another man of the world, and another foil to Brutus: but he differs from Cassius in being fond of pleasure, and he is an adventurer rather than a politician. Both men, however, owe allegiance to a stronger and a grander nature than their own, Cassius to Brutus, Antony to Cæsar: and herein lies their chief virtue and their chief dramatic interest. But as in *Hamlet*, so also in *Julius Cæsar*, the poet takes refuge for one erring moment in that old treacherous doctrine: "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

It is Cassius who hatches the plot against Cæsar. Physically and mentally he is suited to the part of a ringleader. He is a spare man, with a lean and hungry look. He seldom smiles, loves no plays, and hears no music, being thus fit (as Shakspere had declared in *The Merchant of Venice*) for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils." On the other hand he reads much, and is a great observer, who looks quite

through the deeds of men. Cæsar's instinct is not at fault when he labels him "dangerous" on the ground that

> "Such men as he be never at heart's ease
> When they behold a greater than themselves."

His attitude towards the dictator thus springs in part from personal jealousy and mortification at being outstripped by a rival in the political race. But this is mingled with a sincere republican passion, which gives dignity to a character lacking in moral elevation. The distinction between Brutus and Cassius is thus not simply that between the idealist and the man of affairs. Cassius is an idealist in his own way. The principle of the equality of all men is as dear to him as abstract right is to his kinsman. Liberty, as he declares over and over again, is more to him than life:

> "I had as lief not be as live to be
> In awe of such a thing as I myself.
> I was born free as Cæsar."

Or, as he cries later in words of melancholy grandeur:

> "Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
> Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
> Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
> Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
> Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
> Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
> But life, being weary of those worldly bars,
> Never lacks power to dismiss itself."

Cassius' doctrine of liberty rests upon the simple axiom that every man, by the mere fact of his existence, is equal to every other. This finds its extreme expression in his singular piece of reasoning that Brutus and Cæsar must be on all points on a par because there is nothing to choose between their names as examples of the proper noun.

> "Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that 'Cæsar'?
> Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
> Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
> Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar.'"

Such an argument is an unconscious *reductio ad absurdum* of Cassius' own theory, and it is needless to say that, from a historical point of view, this decidedly primitive conception of democracy is curiously inapt on the lips of a Roman of the first century B. C. With Cassius' passionate conviction of the divine right of republicanism, he sees in Cæsar's ascendency nothing but a proof of the degeneracy of the times.

"Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?"

Cæsar has become a wolf, because the Romans are sheep; a lion, because they are hinds. Let the brood of Romulus recover its ancient spirit, and all will yet be well.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

He, at least, is determined not to be one of the petty men walking under the legs of the Colossus, and he starts the conspiracy for his overthrow. He is ready, if need be, to die in the cause of liberty, but he will first try what killing can do on its behalf.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

CASCA

Casca is the type of the aristocratic republican. No one could despise the mob more thoroughly than he. But his cynical contempt is not confined to the people. It is his pride to hate "humbug" of all kinds, whether it is in Cæsar or in the mob. Such a man is a mere tool in the hands of Cassius, while his genuine bravery and complete freedom from sentimentalism make him exactly the man for a conspirator.—Ransome, *Short Studies of Shakespeare's Plots.*

THE MARKS OF A MASTERHAND

The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is managed in a masterly way. The dramatic fluctuation of passion, the calmness of Brutus, the heat of Cassius, are admirably described; and the exclamation of Cassius on hearing of the death of Portia, which he does not learn till after their reconciliation, "How 'scaped I killing when I crost you so?" gives double force to all that has gone before. The scene between Brutus and Portia, where she endeavors to extort the secret of the conspiracy from him, is conceived in the most heroical spirit, and the burst of tenderness in Brutus—

> "You are my true and honorable wife;
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart"—

is justified by her whole behavior. Portia's breathless impatience to learn the event of the conspiracy, in the dialogue with Lucius, is full of passion. The interest which Portia takes in Brutus and that which Calpurnia takes in the fate of Cæsar are discriminated with the nicest precision. Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar has been justly admired for the mixture of pathos and artifice in it: that of Brutus certainly is not so good. The entrance of the conspirators to the house of Brutus at midnight is rendered very impressive.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

THE ORATION OF BRUTUS

Hazlitt, acute enough in general, appears to us singularly superficial in his remarks on this play:—"Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar has been justly admired for the mixture of pathos and art in it: that of Brutus certainly is not so good." In what way is it not so good? As a specimen of eloquence, put by the side of Antony's, who can doubt that it is tame, passionless, severe,

and therefore ineffective? But as an example of Shakspere's wonderful power of characterization, it is beyond all praise. It was the consummate artifice of Antony that made him say—

"I am no orator as Brutus is."

Brutus was *not* an orator. Under great excitement he is twice betrayed into oratory: when he addresses the conspirators—"No, not an oath"; and after the assassination —"Stoop, Romans, stoop." He is a man of just intentions, of calm understanding, of settled purpose, when his principles are to become actions. But his notion of oratory is this:—

"I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death."

And he does show the *reason*. The critics have made amusing work with this speech. Warburton says, "This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity than his times were like Brutus'." To this Mr. Monck Mason rejoins,—"I cannot agree with Warburton that this speech is very fine in its kind. I can see no degree of excellence in it, but think it a very paltry speech, for so great a man, on so great an occasion." The commentators have not a word of approbation for the speech of Antony to counterbalance this. There was a man, however, of their times, Martin Sherlock, who wrote 'A fragment on Shakspere,' in a style sufficiently hyperbolical, but who nevertheless was amongst the few who then ventured to think that "the barbarian," Shakspere, possessed art and judgment. Of Antony's speech he thus expresses his opinion:—"Every line of this speech deserves an eulogium; and, when you have examined it attentively, you will allow it, and will say with me that neither Demosthenes, nor Cicero, nor their glorious rival, the immortal Chatham, ever made a better." There may be exaggerations in both styles of criticism: the speech of Antony may not be equal

to Demosthenes, and the speech of Brutus may not be a very paltry speech. But, each being written by the same man, we have a right to accept each with a conviction that the writer was capable of making a good speech for Brutus as well as for Antony; and that if he did not do so he had very abundant reasons. It requires no great refinement to understand his reasons. The excitement of the great assertion of republican principles, which was to be acted over,

> "In states unborn, and accents yet unknown,"

had been succeeded by a momentary calm. In the very hour of the assassination Brutus had become its apologist to Antony:—

> "Our reasons are so full of good regard,
> That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
> You should be satisfied."

He is already preparing in mind for "the pulpit." He will present, calmly and dispassionately, the "reason of our Cæsar's death." He expects that Antony will speak with equal moderation—all good of Cæsar—no blame of Cæsar's murderers; and he thinks it an advantage to speak *before* Antony. He knew not what *oratory* really is. But Shakspere knew, and he painted Antony.—Knight, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

ANTONY'S ORATION

The oration of Antony is in the first place remarkable for the calculated difference of style which it displays. Here we have no antitheses, no literary eloquence; but a vernacular eloquence of the most powerful demagogic type. Antony takes up the threat just where Brutus has dropped it, expressly assures his hearers at the outset that this is to be a speech over Cæsar's bier, but not to his glory, and emphasizes to the point of monotony the fact that Brutus and the other conspirators are all, all honorable men. Then the eloquence gradually works up, subtle and potent

in its adroit crescendo, and yet in truth exalted by something which is not subtlety: glowing enthusiasm for Cæsar, scathing indignation against his assassins. The contempt and anger are at first masked, out of consideration for the mood of the populace, which has for the moment been won over by Brutus; then the mask is raised a little, then a little more and a little more, until, with a wild gesture, it is torn off and thrown aside.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

THE UNITY OF INTEREST

What has been most censured in *Julius Cæsar* is that the piece suffers from a very undramatic form of composition inasmuch as it obviously falls into two halves, of which the one represents the death of Cæsar, the other the history of Brutus and Cassius. And certainly the external composition is defective, in so far as in the first half the action turns upon the fall of Cæsar and in the second upon the fate of Brutus and Cassius, and our interest, therefore, is divided, being at first fixed upon Cæsar, afterwards upon Brutus and Cassius. Yet both halves are nevertheless externally connected in so far as the subject of the action in the first part is not so much Cæsar's death, as, in reality, the conspiracy against his supreme power and the attempt to restore the Republic; in the second, we have the course and unhappy termination of this undertaking.

The unity of interest in a free dramatic poem, however, does not necessarily require to be a purely personal one; in this case the interest—just because it is dramatic—is first of all connected with the action, springs forth out of it, and rises and falls with it. And even though the free dramatic poem is the more perfect in form and composition, the more it manages to concentrate the interest of the action in the one person of the hero, still the historical drama is not bound by exactly the same laws as the freely invented composition. In the *historical* drama, the interest—if it is to be *historical*—must above all things

be truly historical, then it will be truly poetic as well. History, however, in a certain sense does not trouble itself about persons; its chief interest is in historical facts and their meaning. Now in *Julius Cæsar* we have absolutely only one point of interest, a true, but variously-jointed unity. One and the same thought is reflected in the fall of Cæsar, in the deaths of Brutus and Cassius, and in the victory of Antony and Octavius. No man, even though he were as mighty as Cæsar and as noble as Brutus, is sufficiently great to guide history according to his own will; every one, according to his vocation, may contribute his stone to the building of the grand whole, but let no one presume to think that he can, with impunity, experiment with it. The great Cæsar, however, merely experimented when he allowed the royal crown to be offered to him, and then rejected it thrice against his own will. He could not curb his ambition—this history might perhaps have pardoned—but he did not understand her, and attempted that which she, at the time at least, did not yet wish. The consequence of this error which was entirely his own, the consequence of this arrogant presumption which the still active republican spirit, the old Roman love and pride of freedom, stirred up against him, proved his downfall. But Brutus and Cassius erred also, by imagining that Rome could be kept in its glory and preserved from its threatening ruin simply by the restoration of the republic; as if the happiness, the power and the greatness of a state depended upon its form, and as if a single man could repair a nation's demoralization by a mere word of command. And as Cæsar had thought life unendurable without the outward dignity of the royal throne, so they imagined life not worth having without the honor of outward freedom, for they confounded outward with inward moral freedom, or, at all events, omitted to consider that the former can exist only as the result and expression of the latter. They too, experimented with history; Cassius trusted that his ambitious and selfish will, and Brutus, that his noble and self-sacrificing will, would be strong enough

to direct the course of history. For both felt that the moral spirit of the Roman nation had sunk too deep to be able in future to govern itself as a Republic; Cassius knew, Brutus suspected, that the time of the Republic was coming to an end. But in their republican pride, and feeling their republican honor hurt, they thought themselves called upon to make an attempt to save it, they trusted to their power to be able, as it were, to take it upon their shoulders and so keep its head above water. This was the arrogance which was added to the error, and which spurred them on not only to unreasonable undertakings but to commit a criminal act; and, therefore, they doubly deserved the punishment which befell them. Antony, on the other hand, with Octavius and Lepidus—the talented voluptuary, the clever actor and the good-natured simpleton—although not half so powerful and noble as their opponents, come off victorious, because, in fact, they but followed the course of history and knew how to make use of it. Thus in all the principal parts we have the same leading thought, the same unity in the (historical) interest, except that it is reflected in various ways. But it also shines forth in the secondary parts, in Portia's death, as well as in the fall of Cato, Cicero and the other conspirators; Portia and Cato perish with the noble but erring Brutus, who desires only what is good, the others with the selfish Cassius, who thinks only of himself. All perish because they do not understand, but endeavored arbitrarily to make history, or, as arbitrarily, went round the problem which had to be solved in its own time and "spoke Greek." Thus history appears represented from one of its main aspects, in its inner autocratic, active and formative power, by which, although externally formed by individual men, it nevertheless controls and marches over the heads of the greatest of them.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDY

Shakespeare was an idealistic artist, but he lived in the center of the actual. The tragedy of moral struggle, or of heroic failure, or of love are rare things comparatively, but the tragedy of weakness is everywhere. The tragedy of mere weakness, however, is apt to be sordid. It is never so with Shakespearean tragedy. Shakespeare's tragic heroes, though they are none of them heroic, are all finely or even splendidly endowed. Every one of them has great qualities, and most of them are men of great intellect. Coriolanus, Antony, Hamlet, even Lear, are all men of commanding intellect; men whose intellect is beyond that of the common man of genius. If Shakespeare had died in the year 1600, we should know him as a great poet, a great humorist, a great artist, hardly to be matched in the realization of character, and the greatest of all dramatists. We should not know him as he revealed himself in the following years, as the greatest of all poets who have dealt with human life, as the poet of universal humanity, supreme, solitary, omnipotent.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

TYRANNICIDE

The justifiableness of Tyrannicide is a question which is capable of being so stated as to match any difficulty that casuistry can indulge in. The right and duty of insurrection against clear tyranny and usurpation none but slaves deny, and cases may be easily combined in which the assassination of the tyrant appears the only form of insurrection available, and also most promising of success; the tyrant, it may be urged, is self-outlawed,—he stands at open warfare with all the rights of humanity,—innocent lives are dropping daily while he walks in impunity, and what in such a case, it may be said, is covert conspiracy and sudden onset, but the laudable and prudential subtlety that is not simply excusable but incumbent in warfare.

To this, experience and history supply a rejoinder more decisive, and probably more influential than theory, or may guide to a theory afterwards. No instance can be adduced of justice in this wild irregular form having ever been effective; I do not believe that any tyrannous life has thus been forfeited that the tyrannical element did not survive: tyranny springs native from the corruption of states, and no accidental effort will eradicate the germ,—nothing less than such a summoning up of the vital spirit as reëstablishes healthy action throughout the organism, and throws off the infection by general reäction; or at least such a partial recovery as gains a preponderating force for the happier force of political energy. Little did it profit the Roman aristocracy to exchange the glorious clemency of Julius, for the precocious astuteness and cold heartedness of his adopted son, who reverted to clemency at last in policy and not from sensibility, and then not until he had taken security and more than security, by unsparing and deliberate extirpation of all but the very off-shoots of the entire order. Even war itself, the bitterest and most desperate, has some restraints imposed as much by experience as by theory or sentiment, and the poisoning of wells, poisoning of weapons, and subornation of assassins, are given up by tacit convention, not merely as barbarisms, but as blunders.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS, } *triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar*
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,
CICERO,
PUBLIUS, } *senators*
POPILIUS LENA,
MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS, } *conspirators against Julius Cæsar*
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA,
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes*
ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, *a teacher of Rhetoric*
A Soothsayer
CINNA, *a poet.* Another Poet
LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA,
Young CATO, } *friends to Brutus and Cassius*
VOLUMNIUS,
VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO, } *servants to Brutus*
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS,
PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius*

CALPURNIA, *wife to Cæsar*
PORTIA, *wife to Brutus*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighborhood of Sardis; the neighborhood of Philippi*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Cæsar returns victorious from his foreign wars and is escorted in triumph to the Capitol. On his way thither he is warned by a soothsayer to "Beware the ides of March." Antony offers him a crown three times and as many times does Cæsar refuse it. But while his friends are thus honoring him, his enemies are plotting against his life. Their leader is Cassius and they succeed in persuading Brutus, a truly noble Roman, to join them on the belief that Cæsar is a menace to his country's welfare.

ACT II

Remembering the warning of the soothsayer and unnerved by the dreams of his wife on the preceding night, Cæsar is inclined to stay at home on the ides of March. The conspirators were expecting this hesitancy and had planned to go in a body to his house and to urge him to go to the senate-house. Cæsar yields to their entreaties and goes with them.

ACT III

In the senate-house, one of their members presents a petition to Cæsar and the others press near. On his refusal to grant the request, the conspirators stab him one after another, beginning with Casca and ending with Brutus. Murmuring "Et tu, Brute? Then fall Cæsar," the great general dies. Antony flees at first but afterward he returns, pretending to approve of the assassination and

asking permission to address the people at the funeral. To this Brutus consents, only reserving for himself the right to speak first and exacting from Antony a promise to make no charges against them. These conditions are satisfactory to Antony. Brutus addresses the assembled citizens and his speech explaining why the conspirators had deemed Cæsar worthy of death wins great applause. Antony follows him in a speech lauding Cæsar, and although calling Brutus, Cassius, and the others "honorable men," he uses the expression in such a way that to the people it soon becomes synonymous with "traitors." The commons turn against Brutus and his friend and they are driven to flee the city.

ACT IV

Antony, Octavius Cæsar, and Lepidus form a triumvirate and gather together an army. Brutus and Cassius collect another army and the two parties encamp near the plains of Philippi. One night while Brutus was sitting in his tent trying to read and with his attendants sleeping around him he has a supernatural visitor—the ghost of Cæsar—who says to him, "Thou shalt see me at Philippi."

ACT V

At the battle of Philippi the triumvirs are successful. Cassius forces his slave Pindarus to redeem a promise made to him long before by slaying him. Later Brutus causes his servant Strato to hold out his sword and he runs upon it and is killed.

THE TRAGEDY OF
JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Rome. A street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?
First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.
Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you? 9
Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.
Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

3. "*you ought not walk,*" etc.; a regulation borrowed from English trade-guilds.—C. H. H.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow! 20

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handiwork. 30

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,

26. *"with awl. I"*; Ff., *"withal I"*; the correction was made by Farmer.—I. G.

38–61. Campbell makes a brief criticism on this passage, so just and so genial, that it ought always to go with the play: "It is evi-

To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! 41
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout, 50
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way

dent from the opening scene, that Shakespeare, even in dealing with classical subjects, laughed at the classic fear of putting the ludicrous and sublime into juxtaposition. After the low and farcical jests of the saucy cobbler, the eloquence of Marullus 'springs upwards like a pyramid of fire.' It can be no exaggeration to say that these lines in the speech of Marullus are among the most magnificent in the English language. They roll over my mind's ear like the lordliest notes of a cathedral organ; and yet they succeed immediately to the ludicrous idea of a cobbler leading a parcel of fools about the streets, in order to make them wear out their shoes, and get himself into more work."—H. N. H.

41. *"senseless"*; inanimate.—C. H. H.

51. *"her"*; the Tiber being always personified as a god, the feminine gender is here, strictly speaking, improper. Milton says: "The river of bliss rolls o'er Elysian flowers *her* amber streams." But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. Malone observes that Drayton describes the presiding powers of the rivers of England as females; Spenser more classically represents them as males.—H. N. H.

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague 60
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*
See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images, 70
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I 'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing

71. *"ceremonies"*; Plutarch says "diadems." In Plutarch's narrative, however, the offer of the "diadem" to Cæsar, which Shakespeare places in the following scene, has already occurred. With him, the crowning of the images was a second attempt to sound the popular disposition after the collapse of the first: Shakespeare treats it as preliminary to this.—C. H. H.

75. *"trophies"*; a passage in the next scene shows what these *trophies* were. Casca there informs Cassius that Marullus and Flavius, for pulling *scarfs* off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.—H. N. H.

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men 80
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A public place.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calpurnia!
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
Ant. Cæsar, my lord?
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd. 10
Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*
Sooth. Cæsar!

4. *"run his course"*; the course of the Luperci, or priests of Lupercus, the god of fertility, at the Lupercalia, through the streets of the city.—C. H. H.

Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Cæsar.' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face. 20
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.

19. The line is evidently to be read thus:—
"A soothsay'r bids you 'ware the ides of March."—I. G.

Coleridge has a remark on this line, which, whether true to the subject or not, is very characteristic of the writer: "If my ear does not deceive me, the metre of this line was meant to express that sort of mild philosophic contempt, characterising Brutus even in his first casual speech."—Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar* furnished the basis of the passage, thus: "There was a certaine Soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the Ides of March, which is the fifteenth of the month, for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar, going unto the Senate house, and speaking merily unto the Soothsayer, told him the Ides of March be come. So they be, softly answered the Soothsayer, but yet are they not past." —H. N. H.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; 30
I 'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference, 40
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus with himself at war
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. 50
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just:

40. *"passions of some difference"*; conflicting emotions.—C. H. H.

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus, 60
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of. 70
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Aye, do you fear it? 80
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, 90
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 100
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside

88–89. Coleridge makes the following comment on this somewhat obscure passage: "Warburton would read *death* for *both;* but I prefer the old text. There are here three things, the public good, the individual Brutus' honor, and his death. The latter two so balanced each other, that he could decide for the first by equipoise; nay,—the thought growing,—that honor had more weight than death. That Cassius understood it as Warburton, is the beauty of Cassius as contrasted with Brutus."—H. N. H.

And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed, 110
Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Æneas our great ancestor
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark 120
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his luster: I did hear him groan:
Aye, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world 130
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are

112. *"Æneas"*; regarded in Roman legend as the progenitor of the Roman people. He was said to have borne his father Anchises on his shoulders from the flames of Troy (Vergil, *Æn.* ii.).—C. H. H.

122. This is oddly expressed; but a quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colors, was intended.—H. N. H.

For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, 140
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed! 150
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say

155. *"walls"*; Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"walkes."*—I. G.

There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome 160
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time 169
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you 180
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

159. *"a Brutus once"*; Lucius Junius Brutus, who caused the expulsion of the last kings of Rome.—C. H. H.

163. *"aim"*; that is, guess. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:* "But fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err."—H. N. H.

174. *"As,"* according to Tooke, is an article, and means the same as *that, which,* or *it:* accordingly we find it often so employed by old writers; and particularly in our version of the *Bible.* Thus Lord Bacon also in his *Apophthegmes:* "One of the Romans said to his friend; what think you of such a one, *as* was taken with the manner in adultery?"—H. N. H.

Caes. "Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o'nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."

Julius Caesar. Act 1, Scene 2.

Re-enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. I will do so: but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.
Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Cæs. Antonius! 190
Ant. Cæsar?
Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he 's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Cæs. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid 200
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,

192–195. So in North's *Plutarch, Life of Julius Cæsar:* "Cæsar had Cassius in jelousie, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, 'What wil Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks.' Another time, when Cæsars friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them,—'As for those fat men, and smooth combed heads, I never reckon of them; but these pale visaged and carion leane people, I feare them most'; meaning Brutus and Cassius."—H. N. H.

193. *"Sleek-headed";* an excellent variant for North's matter-of-fact "smooth-combed."—C. H. H.

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous. 210
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his train but Casca.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Aye, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: 220 and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

226. *"They shouted thrice"*; in *Plutarch* the offer was made twice. —C. H. H.

Casca. Aye, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbors shouted. 230

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown: yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by 240

229–232. Plutarch's best account of this incident is given in the *Life of Antonius:* "The Romaines celebrated the feast called Lupercalia, and Cæsar, being apparalled in his triumphing robe, was set in the tribune where they use to make orations to the people, and from thence did behold the sport of the runners. Antonius, being one among the rest that was to run, leaving the old customes of that solemnity, ran to the tribune where Cæsar was set, and caried a laurell crowne in his hand, having a royall band or diademe wreathed about it, which was the ancient marke and token of a king. When he was come to Cæsar, he made his fellow-runners lift him up, and so he put the laurell crowne upon his head, signifying thereby that he deserved to be king. But Cæsar, making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The people were so rejoiced at it, that they al clapped their hands for joy. Antonius againe did put it on his head; Cæsar againe refused it: and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as Antonius did put this laurell crowne unto him, a few of his followers rejoiced at it; and as oft also as Cæsar refused it, all the people together clapped their hands. And this was a wonderfull thing, that they suffered al things subjects should do by commandment of their kings; and yet they could not abide the name of a king, detesting it as the utter destruction of their liberty."—H. N. H.

again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath 250 because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place and foamed at mouth and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness. 260

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theater, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he 270

260. "*'Tis very like: he hath*"; Theobald's emendation; Ff.,"*'Tis very like he hath.*"—I. G.

270.–285. The Poet here borrows an incident that is related by Plutarch as having taken place on another occasion some time before the offering Cæsar the crown in public: "When they had decreed divers honors for him in the Senate, the Consuls and Prætors,

perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four 280 wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there 's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Aye.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Aye, he spoke Greek.

accompanied with the whole Senate, went unto him in the market place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honors they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majestie, disdaining to rise up unto them, when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them, that his honors had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not onely offend the Senate but the people also, to see that he should so lightly esteeme of the magistrates; insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar rising departed home, and, tearing open his dublet coller, making his necke bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, that his throate was readie to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfit which have this disease of the falling evill, when standing on their feete they speake to the people, but are soone troubled with a trembling of their bodie, and a sodaine dimnesse and giddinesse."—H. N. H.

Cas. To what effect? 290

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I 'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca? 300

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Aye, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick metal when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise, 310
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

296–297. *"Marullus . . . silence";* this is related in *Plutarch* thus: "There were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diademes upon their heads, like kings. Those the two Tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled downe; and furthermore, meeting with them that saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them, rejoicing at it, and called them Brutes, because of Brutus who had in old time driven the kings out of Rome, and brought the kingdome of one person unto the government of the Senate and people. Cæsar was so offended withall, that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their Tribuneships, and spake also against the people, and called them Bruti and Cumani, to wit, beasts and fooles."—H. N. H.

Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you, or, if you will,
Come home to me and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see, 320
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore, it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night,

327. *"He should not humor me"; i. e.* "he (Brutus) should not influence me, as I have been influencing him"; others take "he" to refer to Cæsar, and Johnson explains the passage as follows:—"Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his (Cæsar's love) should not humor me, so as to make me forget my principles."—I. G.

To *humor* a man, as the term is here used, is to turn and wind and work him, by playing on his passions. There is some obscurity in the passage, it being not quite clear whether the last *he* refers to Cassius or to Cæsar. Warburton explains it thus: "If I were Brutus, and Brutus were Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him." Johnson's explanation runs thus: "Cæsar loves Brutus; but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not take hold of my affections, so as to make me forget my principles." It is not easy to say which of these is the better. The former is favored by what Cassius has just been saying about Brutus' being seduced from the honorable disposition of his nature. On the other hand, the latter best agrees with what the Poet read in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus:* "Brutus in many things tasted of the benefite of Cæsars favour in any thing he requested. For, if he had listed, he might have been one of Cæsars chiefest friends, and of greatest authoritie and credite about him.—H. N. H.

In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion 330
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*

Scene III

A Street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world too saucy with the gods
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you a thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand
Not sensible of fire remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20
Who glazed upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons: they are natural:' 30
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.
Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:

15–28. Plutarch, in the *Life of Julius Cæsar,* gives the following account of these wonders: "Touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and downe in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seene at noon daies sitting in the great market place, are not all these signes perhaps worth the noting in such a wonderfull chance as happened? But Strabo the Philosopher writeth, that divers men were seene going up and downe in fire; and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers, that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand; insomuch as they that saw it thought he had beene burnt, but when the fire was out it was found he had no hurt."—H. N. H.

30. *"These are their reasons"*; Jervis conj. *"These have their seasons"*; Collier MS., *"These are the seasons."*—I. G.

But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.* 40

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who 's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open 50
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble

When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder, 60
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning 70
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

64. That is, why birds and beasts deviate from their condition and nature.—H. N. H.

65. *"Why old men fool and"*; Mitford conj.; Ff., *"Why old men, Fools, and"*; Blackstone conj. *"Why old men fools, and."*—I. G.

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now 80
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mother's spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place save here in Italy.
Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius. 90
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*
Casca. So can I: 100
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,

What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate 110
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There 's a bargain made. 120
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favor 's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

Enter Cinna.

114. *"My answer must be made"*; I shall be called to account.—C. H. H.

121. *"moved"*; proposed to.—C. H. H.

126. *"Pompey's porch"*; "This porch was the actual scene of the assassination, which Shakespeare places on the Capitol; and the 'image' is that which he nevertheless makes Cæsar's body stain with blood (iii. 2. 196)." (North.)—C. H. H.

129. *"In favor's like"*; Johnson reads *"In favour's, like"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"Is Fauors, like"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Is Favours, like"*; Rowe, *"Is feav'rous, like"*; Capell, *"Is favour'd like,"* &c., &c.—I. G.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.
Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you. Who 's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could 140
But win the noble Brutus to our party—
Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he 's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me. 151
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theater.
[*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day

144. *"Where Brutus may but find it"*; where Brutus alone may find it.—C. H. H.

See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offense in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160
Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Rome. Brutus' orchard.

Enter Brutus

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part, 10
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there 's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;

"*Brutus' orchard*"; *orchard* and *garden* appear to have been synonymous with our ancestors. In *Romeo and Juliet* Capulet's *garden* is twice called *orchard*. The word was anciently written *hort-yard*.—H. N. H.

And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of
Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd 20
More than his reason. But 'tis a common
proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, 30
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatch'd would as his kind grew mis-
chievous,
And kill him in the shell.

30–34. The subtle casuistry of Brutus in finding out reasons for his foregone conclusion of patriotism, is thus commented on by Coleridge: "This speech is singular;—at least, I do not at present see into Shakespeare's motive, his *rationale,* or in what point of view he meant Brutus' character to appear. For, surely, nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed to him; namely, that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint I found
This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*
'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.

Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause, none in Cæsar's past conduct as a man? Had he not passed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate?—Shakespeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward. True; and this is just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?" —H. N. H.

40. *"the ides of March";* Theobald's correction of Ff., *"the first of March."*—I. G.

It is possible that Shakespeare may casually have written "first," the first of March having been originally fixed for the Senate meeting. He read in *Plutarch* that "Cassius asked (Brutus) if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the 1st day of the month of March, because he heard say that Cæsar's friends should move the council that day that Cæsar should be called king." But it is clear from i. 2. 19, that Brutus is meant here to be struck with the fulfillment of the soothsayer's prophecy.—C. H. H.

46–58. This passage is based upon the following from Plutarch's *Life of Brutus:* "But, for Brutus, his friends and countrimen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bils also, did openly call him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor, Junius Brutus, that drave the kings out

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress.
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.'
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up. 50
'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress.' Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days. 59
[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
[*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments

of Rome, they wrote,—'O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus!' and againe,—'That thou wert here among us now!' His tribunall or chaire, where he gave audience during the time he was Prætor, was full of such bils,—'Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed!'"—H. N. H.

59. *"fifteen"*; so Ff. Warburton (followed by many modern edd.) wrongly altered to "fourteen." It is, in fact, the dawn of the fifteenth, which Lucius may be supposed to include.—C. H. H.

Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, 70
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir: their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.
Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

67. *"state of man"*; the original reads, "the state of *a* man"; which is retained by Knight, Collier and Verplanck, while all other modern editions leave out the *a*. Mr. Dyce says,—"For my own part, I am convinced that *a* is the barbarous and impertinent addition of a transcriber or printer." It were indeed strange that the Poet should have thrust in an *a* here, to no end, apparently, but to spoil the meter.—H. N. H.

70. Cassius had married Junia, the *sister* of Brutus; hence the former is here spoken of as the latter's *brother*.—H. N. H.

83. *"For if thou path. thy native semblance on"*: so F. 2; Ff. 1, 3, 4, *"For if thou path thy . . ."*; Pope, *"For if thou march, thy*

Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here 90
But honors you; and everyone doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.* 100
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.

. . ."; Singer conj. "*For if thou put'st thy.....*," &c.; but there is no need to improve on the reading of F. 2.—I. G.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east 110
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be or we will fall for it?

114. *"the face of men";* Johnson thus explains this passage; in which, with a view perhaps to imitate the abruptness of discourse, Shakespeare has constructed the latter part without regard to the beginning: "The *face of men* is the *countenance,* the *regard,* the *esteem* of the public; in other terms, *honor* and *reputation:* or the *face* of men may mean the dejected look of the people."—H. N. H.

119. *"by lottery";* Steevens thinks there may be an allusion here to the custom of *decimation,* that is, the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier in a general mutiny for punishment.—H. N. H.

Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls 130
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. 140

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent, 160
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar? But, alas, 170
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 180
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:

And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die; 190
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*
Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night
And the persuasion of his augurers, 200
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humor the true bent, 210
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

188. *"And that were much he should"*; and that for him were much.—C. H. H.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him. 220
Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we 'll leave you, Brutus:
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said and show yourselves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep! It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber: 230
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?

218. *"go along by him"*; that is, by his house; make that your way home.—H. N. H.

234. The matter of this noble dialogue is thus delivered in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus:* "His wife Porcia was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus maried, being his cousin; not a maiden, but a

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across; 240
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,

young widow after the death of her first husband, Bibulus. This ladie, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise; because she would not aske her husband what he ayled before she had made some proofe by herselfe; took a little razour, and, causing her women to go out of her chamber, gave herselfe a great gash withall in her thigh; and incontinently after a vehement feaver tooke her, by reason of the paine of her wound. Then, perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and could take no rest, she spake in this sort unto him: 'I, being, O Brutus! the daughter of Cato, was maried unto thee; not to be thy bed-fellow and companion at board onely, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evill fortune. Now, for thyselfe, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match; but, for my part, how may I shew my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly beare a secret mischance or griefe with thee? I confesse that a womans wit commonly is too weake to keepe a secret safely: but yet good education and the company of vertuous men have some power to reforme the defect of nature. And, for myselfe, I have this benefite, moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. Notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things, until now I have found by experience, that no paine or griefe whatsoever can overcome me.' With these words, shee shewed him the wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herselfe. Brutus was amazed to heare what she sayd unto him; and, lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the goddes to give him the grace that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Porcia: so he then did comfort her the best he could." —H. N. H.

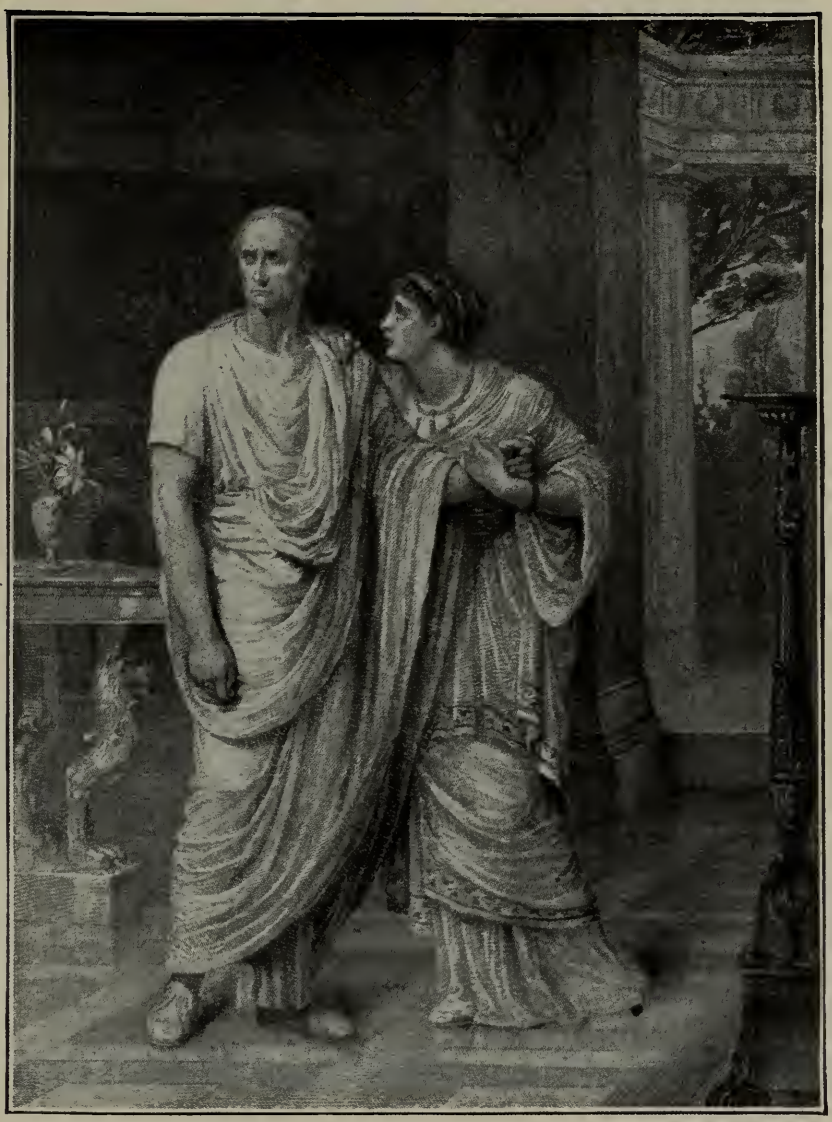
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor, 250
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed. 260

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offense within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, 270
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,



Por. "—— No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of:"

Julius Cæsar. Act 2, Scene 1.

Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it expected I should know no secrets 281
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. 290

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound 300
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius, who 's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Cæsar's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me 10
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol; 21
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.
Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;

19. *"fight"*; so Ff.; Dyce, *"fought"*; Keightley, *"did fight."*—I. G.
24. *"squeal"*; in Shakespeare's time still a dignified word.—C. H. H.

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes. 31

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:

31. This may have been suggested by Suetonius, who relates that a blazing star appeared for seven days together during the celebration of games, instituted by Augustus, in honor of Julius. The common people believed that this indicated his reception among the gods: his statues were accordingly ornamented with its figure, and medals struck on which it was represented.—H. N. H.

32–33. So in *Plutarch:* "When some of his friends did counsell him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him; he would never consent, but said it was better to die once, than alwayes to be afraid of death."—H. N. H.

41–48. Steevens observes, that any speech of Cæsar, throughout this scene, will appear to disadvantage, if compared with the following, put into his mouth by May in the seventh book of his *Supplement to Lucan:*

"Plus me, Calphurnia, luctus
Et lachrymæ movere tuæ, quam tristia vatum
Responsa, infaustæ volucres, aut ulla dierum
Vana superstitio poterant. Ostenta timere
Si nunc inciperem, quæ non mihi tempora posthac
Anxia transirent? quæ lux jucunda maneret?
Aut quæ libertas? frustra servire timori
(Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit)
Cogar, et huic capiti quod Roma veretur, aruspex
Jus dabit, et vanus semper dominabitur augur."—H. N. H.

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear 50
That keeps you in the house and not your own.
We 'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time, 60
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?

46. *"are"*; Upton conj.; Ff. 1, 2, *"heare"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"hear"*; Rowe, *"heard"*; Theobald, *"were."*—I. G.

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70
Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
Which like a fountain with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents 80
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. 90

76. *"statuë"*; in Shakespeare's time *statue* was pronounced indifferently as a word of two syllables or three. Bacon uses it repeatedly as a trisyllable, and spells it *statua,* as in his *Advancement of Learning,* 1633: "It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statuaes* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years." The measure evidently requires that it be a word of three syllables here, as also in Act iii. sc. 2,

"And at the base of Pompey's *statue.*"—H. N. H.

89. *"tinctures"*; at the execution of several of our ancient nobility,

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper 100
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?
Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.
Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? 110
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,

martyrs, &c., we are told that handkerchiefs were *tinctured* with their blood, and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of the deceased.—H. N. H.

104. That is, propriety of speech stands second, gives way to my love.—H. N. H.

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you; 121
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will. [*Aside*] And so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;
And we like friends will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! 10

Thy lover, Artemidorus.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live:
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*

16, 17. The Poet here follows Plutarch very closely: "One Artemidorus, born in the ile of Cnidos, a doctor of rhetorick in the Greeke tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with Brutus confederates, and therefore knew the most part of al their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a litle bill, written with his owne hand, of all that he meant to tel him. He, marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said,—'Cæsar, reade this me-

Scene IV

Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do? 10
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.

moriall to yourselfe, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly.' Cæsar took it of him, but could never reade it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but, holding it still in his hand keeping it to himselfe, went on withall into the Senate-house."—H. N. H.

Por. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumor like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is 't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I 'll get me to a place more void and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I must go in. Aye me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus, 40
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*

42. *"Brutus hath a suit";* these words Portia addresses to Lucius, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation.—H. N. H.

43–46. *"O, I grow faint,"* etc.; in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus* the incident of this scene is related as follows: "In the meane time, there came one of Brutus men post hast unto him, and told him his wife was dying. For Porcia, being very carefull and pensive for that which was to come, and being too weake to away with so great and inward griefe of mind, could hardly keepe within, but was frighted with every little noyse and crie she heard; asking every man that came from the market place what Brutus did, and sending messenger after messenger, to know what news. At length, Cæsars comming being prolonged, Porciaes weakness was not able to hold out any longer; and thereupon shee sodainly swounded, that she had no leysure to go to her chamber, but was taken in the middest of her house. Howbeit, she soone came to herselfe againe, and so was layd in her bed, and attended by her women. When Brutus heard these newes, it grieved him; yet he left not off the care of his countrie, neither went to his house for any newes he heard."—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

A crowd of people; among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Aye, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine 's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

1. In *Plutarch* these words form a private colloquy between Cæsar and the soothsayer: Cæsar addresses him "merrily," and he "softly" answers. Shakespeare's Cæsar does not unbend so far.—C. H. H.

8. *"ourself";* Shakespeare gives Cæsar the plural of modern royalty, unknown even to the emperors of Rome.—C. H. H.

Mr. Collier's second folio offers a shrewd change in this line, thus: *"That touches us? Ourself shall be last serv'd."* Nevertheless, we are not prepared to adopt it; the text making good enough sense as it stands.—H. N. H.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place. 10
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar goes up to the Senate-house, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cas. Casca,
Be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, 21
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss 31

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools, I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

36. Mr. Collier's second folio changes *"couchings"* into *crouchings,* and *"low-crooked,"* some lines below, into *low-crouched.* This seems an inadmissible modernizing of the Poet's language.—H. N. H.

39. *"law of children";* Johnson's emendation of Ff., *"lane of children";* Steevens conj. *"line of c.";* Mason conj. *"play of c."* Mr. Fleay approves of the Folio reading, and explains *"lane"* in the sense of "narrow conceits"; he compares the following lines from Johnson's *Staple of News:*—

> *"A narrow-minded man! my thoughts do dwell*
> *All in a lane."*—I. G.

47, 48. *"Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause Will he be satisfied";* there is an interesting piece of literary history connected with these lines. In Ben Jonson's *Sylva* or *Discoveries* occurs the famous criticism on Shakespeare, where Jonson, after speaking

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear 50
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star, 60
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire and every one doth shine;

of his love for Shakespeare "on this side of idolatry," expresses a wish "that he had blotted more." "His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, '*Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,*' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." Again in his *Staple of News* (acted 1625), a character says, "Cry you mercy, *you never did wrong, but with just cause.*" From these references it is inferred that in its original form the passage stood thus:—

"METELLUS. *Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.*
CÆSAR. *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong but with just cause,*
Nor without cause will he be satisfied."

It is impossible to determine whether Jonson misquoted, or whether (as seems more likely) his criticism effected its purpose, and the lines were changed by Shakespeare or by his editors.—I. G.

But there 's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he, 70
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*

Cæs. Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out 80
'Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement!'

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;

77. *"Et tu, Brute";* according to Plutarch, Cæsar called out in Latin to Casca, *"O vile traitor, Casca, what doest thou?"* Suetonius, however, states that Cæsar addressed Brutus in Greek:—"*καὶ σὺ, τέκνον,*" *i. e. "and thou, too, my son."* The words *"Et tu, Brute,"* proverbial in Elizabethan times, must have been derived from the Greek; they are found in at least three works published earlier than *Julius Cæsar:*—(i) Eedes' Latin play, *Cæsaris interfecti,* 1582; (ii) *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York,* 1595; (iii) *Acolastus, his Afterwitte,* 1600. In Cæsar's Legend, *Mirror for Magistrates,* 1587, these lines occurs:—

"O this, quoth I, is violence: then Cassius pierced my breast;
And Brutus thou, my son, quoth I, whom erst I loved best."

—I. G.

Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where 's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—
Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person, 90
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon. 100
Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

101–102. This speech was originally given to Casca, but has unaccountably been taken from him by modern editors, and transferred to Cassius. The sentiment is in strict keeping with what Casca says in Act i. sc. 3: "Every bondman in his own hand bears the power to cancel his captivity." Steevens justly remarks, upon the dismissal of Casca, that the Poet knew he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!' 110
Cas. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Aye, every man away:

individual in the crowd; and that Casca's singularity of manners would have appeared to little advantage amid the succeeding war and tumult.—H. N. H.

105–110. These lines are given to Casca by Pope.—I. G.

115. *"on Pompey's basis"*; at the base of Pompey's statue. This was the actual scene of the murder, according to Plutarch. Shakespeare appears to assume that it was by the Capitol.—C. H. H.

116–118. There is nothing in the play more puzzling to us than this and the two preceding speeches. It seems to us that the Poet either committed a great oversight in making his heroes talk thus, or else meant it as a very significant and characteristic passage. Did he mean to indicate a sort of sentimental hanging and brooding over their own virtue, to suck thereout self-solacement and self-assurance of fame, such as might naturally grow from making patriotism the special purpose and profession of their lives?—H. N. H.

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels 120
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving:
Say I love Brutus and I honor him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honor'd him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony 130
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place, 140
He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I 'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind

143. *"to friend"*; as our friend.—C. H. H.

That fears him much, and my misgivings still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, 151
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die: 160
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands

152. Johnson explains this: "Who else may be supposed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the public safety." So in the speech of Oliver in *As You Like It,* Act i. sc. 1, when incensed at the high bearing of Orlando: "Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your *rankness.*"—H. N. H.

And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome— 170
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 180
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:

174. *"in strength of malice"*; so Ff.; Pope, *"exempt from malice"*; Capell, *"no strength of malice"*; Seymour, *"reproof of malice"*; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, *"in strength of welcome"*; Badham conj. *"unstring their malice,"* &c. If any emendation is necessary, Capell's suggestion commends itself most; but *"in strength of malice"* may mean "in the intensity of their hatred to Cæsar's tyranny," and this, as Grant White points out, suits the context.—I. G.

Ib.; nerved with the hatred just displayed towards Cæsar, but which is innocuous to Antony.—C. H. H.

177–178. Mr. Blakeway observes, that Shakespeare has maintained the consistency of Cassius's character, who, being selfish and greedy himself, endeavors to influence Antony by similar motives. Brutus, on the other hand, is invariably represented as disinterested and generous, and is adorned by the Poet with so many good qualities, that we are almost tempted to forget that he was an assassin.—H. N. H.

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say? 190
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave heart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.

207–208. Coleridge gives out a strong opinion that these two lines were interpolated by some actor, and that we have but to read the passage without them, to see that they never were in it. He adds the following: "I venture to say there is no instance in Shakespeare fairly like this. Conceits he has; but they not only rise

How like a deer strucken by many princes
Dost thou here lie! 210

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all, 220
Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,

out of some word in the lines before, but also lead on to the thought in the lines following. Here the conceit is a mere alien: Antony forgets an image, when he is even touching it, and then recollects it, when the thought last in his mind must have led him away from it." We willingly give the Poet the benefit of this most subtle criticism, and should rejoice to be assured that Coleridge's opinion is right; for the lines are certainly a foul blemish in the passage: but, alas! to our thinking, they have too many brothers and sisters to admit of their being criticised out of the family.—H. N. H.

Speak in the order of his funeral. 230

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon:
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall 240
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going, 250
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, 259
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge, 270
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

262. *"limbs of men"*; so Ff.; Hanmer, *"kind of men"*; Johnson conj. *"lives of"* or *"lymmes of men"*; Jackson, *"imps of men"*; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, *"loins of men"*; Bulloch, *"limbs of Rome,"* etc.—I. G.

By *"men"* Antony means not mankind in general. The scope of the curse is limited by the subsequent words, *"the parts of Italy,"* and *"in these confines."*—H. N. H.

"limbs"; the commentators have stumbled at this word, and suggested in its place "line" (Warburton), "lives" or "lymmes," *i. e.* blood-hounds (Johnson), "minds" (Dyce), etc. But Antony contemplates the physical manglings and maimings of man which will be wrought by civil war.—C. H. H.

273. *"dogs of war"*; Steele, in the *Tattler,* No. 137, and some others after him, think that, by the *"dogs of war," fire, sword,* and *famine* are typified. So in the Chorus to Act I of *King Henry V:* "At his heels, *leash'd* in like *hounds,* should *famine, sword,* and *fire,* crouch for employment."—H. N. H.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth— 280
O Cæsar! [*Seeing the body.*
Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; 289
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.
[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

294. "*issue*"; deed (the "issue" of their minds).—C. H. H.

Scene II

The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.
First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.
Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered. 10
[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*
Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!
Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' 20 love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then

that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his

48–55. In this celebrated speech, which, to our taste, is far from being a model of style either for oratory or anything else, the

death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, 50
a place in the commonwealth; as which of
you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as
I slew my best lover for the good of Rome,
I have the same dagger for myself, when it
shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus. 60

First Cit. We 'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good Countryman, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.* 70

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Poet seems to have aimed at imitating the manner actually ascribed to Brutus. And Shakespeare's idea, as followed out in this speech, is sustained also by the *Dialogus de Oratoribus,* ascribed to Tacitus; wherein it is said that Brutus' style of eloquence was censured as *otiosum et disjunctum.* For, as Mr. Verplanck remarks, "the *disjunctum,* the broken-up style, without oratorical continuity, is precisely that assumed by the dramatist."—H. N. H.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We 'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you
[*Goes into the pulpit.*
Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
Third. Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that 's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him. 79
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,— 90
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept: 100
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know. 110
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place. 120

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir 130
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read— 140
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar' wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We 'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it; 149
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we 'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men 160
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend. 170

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

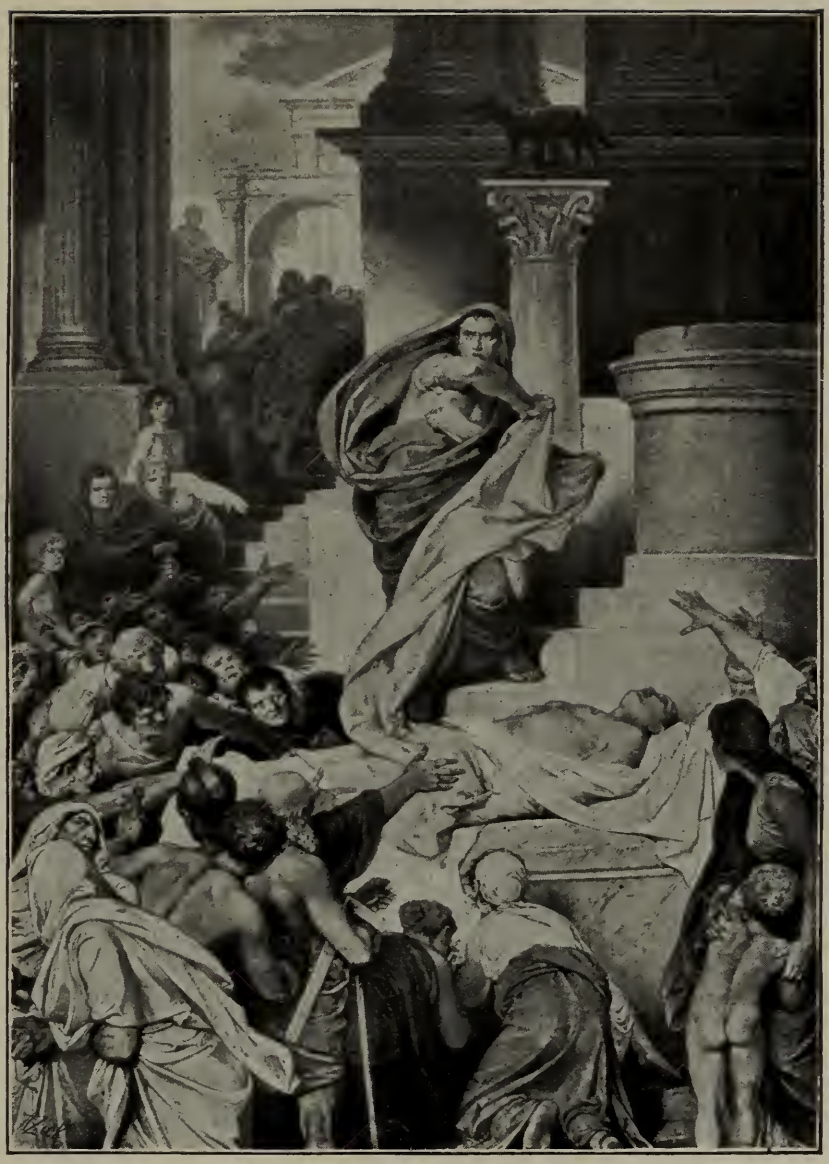
All. Stand back. Room! Bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent, 180
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him! 190
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. 200
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

196. *"statuë"* is here a word of three syllables.—H. N. H.

197. *"ran blood"*; the image seems to be that the blood flowing from Cæsar's wounds appeared to run from the statue. The words are from North's *Plutarch:* "Against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore of blood, till he was slain." —H. N. H.



MARC ANTHONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER THE DEAD BODY OF CÆSAR.

Ant. "Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here.
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors."

Julius Cæsar. Act 3, Scene 2.

Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
First Cit. O piteous spectacle!
Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!
Third Cit. O woeful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight! 210
Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
Slay! Let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
Sec. Cit. We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny. 219
They that have done this deed are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

229. *"wit"* formerly meant *understanding,* and is so used by all

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on; 231
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We 'll mutiny.

First Cit. We 'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen: yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony! 242

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true: the will! Let 's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we 'll revenge his death. 251

the writers of Shakespeare's time. The first folio has *writ* in this place, which was changed to *wit* in the second. Modern editors are somewhat divided between the two words, some taking *writ* for a *written speech;* a most unlikely meaning for the place, as it seems to us.—H. N. H.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?
First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away! 260
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.
Third Cit. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!
Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he? 270
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.

256. *"On this side Tiber"* Theobald proposed *"that"* for *"this"*; Cæsar's gardens were on the left bank of the river. Shakespeare followed North's *Plutarch,* and North merely translated the words in Amyot.—I. G.

262. The second folio reads "fire *all* the traitors' houses." The Poet often uses *fire* as two syllables, which dispenses with *all.*—H. N. H.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A street.

Enter Cinna the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?
Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?
Third Cit. Where do you dwell?
Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly. 10
First Cit. Aye, and briefly.
Fourth Cit. Aye, and wisely.

2. That is, "things of ill omen oppress me." Steevens tells of having read in an old treatise on Fortune-Telling, that "to dream of being at banquets betokeneth misfortune." The old copies read *unluckily,* which is changed to *unlikely* in Mr. Collier's second folio; a very unlikely reading. The matter of this scene is taken from Plutarch's *Life of Brutus.*—H. N. H.

Third Cit. Aye, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That 's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you 'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly. 20

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna,

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he 's a conspirator. 30

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name 's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.* 40

36. This speech has been lost out of all modern editions until Knight's.—H. N. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

A house in Rome.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.
Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent—
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here? 10

Scene 1. *"A house in Rome";* the original stage direction indicates no place. Plutarch describes the meeting of the triumvirs as "in an island environed about with a little river." But Shakespeare evidently intended it to be in Rome.—C. H. H.

4. Either the Poet or the printer fell into an error here; the true name of this person being not *Publius* but *Lucius.* Thus in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius:* "Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius will; Antonius also forsooke *Lucius* to Cæsar, who was his uncle by his mother; and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus."—H. N. H.

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will:
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender: 30
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts and imitations,

37. *"abjects, orts"*; Staunton's reading; Theobald, *"abject orts"*; Ff., *"Obiects, Arts"*; Becket conj. *"abject arts"*; Gould conj. *"objects, orts."*—I. G.

Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies; 49
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers; Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,

44. *"our means stretch'd"*; F. 1, *"our meanes stretcht"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"and our best meanes stretcht out"*; Johnson, *"our best means stretcht"*; Malone, *"our means stretch'd to the utmost."*—I. G.

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone: but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt 10
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he received you: let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within.*

Bru. Hark! he is arrived: 30
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
First Sol. Stand!
Sec. Sol. Stand!
Third Sol. Stand!
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done we wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs; 40
And when you do them—
Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man 50
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.
[*Exeunt.*

50, 52. Craik's suggestion that "*Lucilius*" and "*Lucius*" have been transposed in these lines has been accepted by many Editors. The Cambridge editors are of opinion that the error is due to the author and not to a transcriber, and have, therefore, not tampered with the text.—I. G.

Scene III

Brutus's tent.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself 9
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 20

20. *"what villain"*; this question is far from implying that any of those who touched Cæsar's body were villains. On the contrary, it

And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I 'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I, 30
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice.—H. N. H.

28. *"bait"*; so in all the old copies; but commonly changed to *bay* in modern editions, the repeating of the word being thought to add spirit to the dialogue. We think otherwise. To *bait* is to worry or harass with violent attacks. Richardson says it is formed regularly from *bay*, to bark at, thus,—*bayed, bay'd, bayt, bait.* In *The* Winter's Tale, Act ii. sc. 3, Leontes says of Paulina,—"A callat, of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband, and now *baits* me!"—H. N. H.

32. *"make conditions"*; to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices at my disposal.—H. N. H.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares? 40

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! aye, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this? 50

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not! 60

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you 69
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults. 90
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger, 100
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb, 110
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him.
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What 's the matter?
Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me 120
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

Cas. How now! what 's the matter? 129
Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I 'm sure, than ye.

124. This incident of the Poet is from North's *Plutarch, Life of Brutus,* though the intruder is not there a poet.—H. N. H.

129. *Cp.* "This Phaonius . . . came into the chamber and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:—

'My lords I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen more years than suchie three.'"

(North's *Plutarch*).—I. G.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I 'll know his humor when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!
Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. 140
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us.
[*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia!
Bru. She is dead. 149
Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

133. *"vilely"*; so F. 4; Ff. 1, 2, *"vildely"*; F. 3, *"vildly."*—I. G. *"cynic"*; the Cynics, or followers of Diogenes, professed, like their master, a bold manner of speech, and deliberately ignored social conventions.—C. H. H.

Have made themselves so strong: for with her death
That tidings came: with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. 160
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
[*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,

156. So in North's *Plutarch:* "And for Porcia, Brutus wife, Nicolaus the philosopher and Valerius Maximus do write that she, determining to kill herselfe (her parents and friends carefully looking to keepe her from it,) tooke hote burning coles and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herselfe. There was a letter of Brutus found, written to his friends, complaining of their negligence, that, his wife being sicke, they wold not helpe her, but suffered her to kill herself, chusing to die rather than to languish in paine."—H. N. H.

That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi. 170

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry
Octavius, Antony and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription. 180
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala: 190
With meditating that she must die once
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us: 199
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offense; whilst we lying still
Are full of rest, defense and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off 210
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life 220

194. *"in art"*; that is, in *theory*.—H. N. H.

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We 'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence. 230

Bru. Lucius! [*Re-enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily? 240

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I 'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your
pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; 250
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*

250–253. This characteristic little incident of the book was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus.* It makes a part of the account there given of the apparition: "As they prepared to passe over out of Asia into Europe, there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderfull signe unto him. Brutus was a carefull man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the day time, and in the night no longer then the time he was driven to be alone, and when every body else tooke their rest. But now whilest he was in the warre, and his head over-busily occupied to thinke of his affaires and what would happen, having slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest causes; and, after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some booke till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains and colonels did use to come to him." The passage then goes on with the story, how, "casting his eye towards the doore of his tent, he saw a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a bodie coming towards him."—H. N. H.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Aye, my lord, an 't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir. 260
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again.
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night; 269
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I 'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*Sits down.*

268. A "*mace*" is the ancient term for a *scepter*. Shakespeare probably remembered Spenser in his *Faerie Queene:*

"When as *Morpheus* had with *leaden mace*
Arrested all that courtly company."—H. N. H.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare? 280
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again.

Ghost. Aye, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! Claudius! 291

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

"Enter the Ghost"; in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus* this apparition is not spoken of as the *ghost* of Cæsar, but only as "a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a bodie coming towards him." The point is of little moment, save as showing the Poet's care to make the most out of his materials. In the *Life of Julius Cæsar,* he had the following: "Above all, the *ghost* that appeared unto Brutus shewed plainly that the gods were offended with the murder of Cæsar.—H. N. H.

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! 300
[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!
Var. My lord?
Clau. My lord?
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Aye: saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord
Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

The plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:

10. Though *"fearful"* is often used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries in an active sense, for *producing fear,* or *terrible,* it may in this instance bear its usual acceptation of *timorous,* or, as it was sometimes expressed, *false-hearted.* Thus in Sidney's *Arcadia:* "Her horse faire and lustie; which she rid so as might show a *fearefull boldness,* daring to do that which she knew that she knew not how to doe."—H. N. H.

The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.
[*March.* 20

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words: 30
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

20. "*I will do so,*" *i. e.* "I will do as you wish, and keep on the left"; according to some Editors, the words may mean "I will not wrangle, but will have my way."—I. G.

33. "*are*"; it should be "*is* yet unknown." More correct writers

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar: 40
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look; 50
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

than Shakespeare have committed this error, where a plural noun immediately precedes the verb, although such noun be not the subject of the verb.—H. N. H.

53. *"three and thirty"*; Theobald, *"three and twenty,"* (the number given in *Plutarch*).—I. G.

55. That is, "till you, traitors as you are, have added the slaughtering of me, another Cæsar, to that of Julius." There were no

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable. 60
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Join'd with a masker and a reveler!
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony; away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field:
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*
Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucil. [*Standing forth*] My lord?
[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*
Cas. Messala!
Mes. [*Standing forth*] What says my general? 70
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,

need of saying this, but that Mr. Collier, on the strength of his second folio, would read, "to the *word* of traitors."—H. N. H.

72. "*as this very day*"; (on) this very day. "As" was used to specify determinations of time; of modern "*as* yet."—C. H. H.

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign 80
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly, 90
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let 's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do? 100

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy

101–108. To the understanding of this speech, it must be observed, that the *sense* of the word, *"arming myself,"* &c., follows next after the words, *"which he did give himself."*—H. N. H.

The construction is somewhat ambiguous. But it is better (with

By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself: I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome? 110

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,

Craik and Camb. edd.) to make "I know not how" depend on what precedes than (with Dyce) to suppose a long parenthesis, "I know not how . . . life," foreign to the simple style of this play; the first two lines being then a direct answer to Cassius' question, which, however, they do not neatly fit. Brutus' argument has been much discussed. Plutarch makes him say: "Being yet but a young man and not over-greatly experienced in the world, I trust[ed] (I know not how) a certain rule of Philosophy by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing himself . . . but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind." Shakespeare's Brutus does not thus formally announce his retractation; he is startled into it by the sudden vision of a Roman triumph. —C. H. H.

102. *"Cato,"* of Utica, who committed suicide after the triumph of Cæsar at Pharsalia. This incident was doubtless familiar to Shakespeare's audience from the "Cæsar and Pompey" plays.—C. H. H.

111. It has been said that there is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments Brutus expresses in this and in his former speech; but there is no real one. Brutus had laid down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. The passage seems designed to indicate a struggle between the speculative and the practical in the mind of Brutus. Experience is at length growing too strong for his philosophy; and he here wavers between his cherished ideal of right and the suggestions of a pressing exigency. But

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus! 120
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

what shall we say of the remark with which he closes his oration "showing the reason of our Cæsar's death?" He there says;—"I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death." Were these discrepancies or variations of temper and purpose intended by the Poet as a part of Brutus' character? Or were they mere slips of memory in the Poet, like that seeming oversight in the case of Shylock? Compare his two speeches, Act i. sc. 3,—"Yes, to smell pork," &c., and Act ii. sc. 5,—"I am bid forth to supper," &c.—H. N. H.

Scene II

The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side:
[*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him,
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord: 10

Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; 20
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.
[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin. [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too. 31
He 's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for joy.
Cas. Come down; behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

20. *"get higher"*; Cassius is now on a hill: he therefore means a hill somewhat *higher* than that he is on.—H. N. H.

Pindarus descends.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath; 40
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*]
Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius 51
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun, 60
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth, 70
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!
Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say 'thrusting' it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? 80
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part. 89
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Kills himself.*

Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato, and others.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome 100
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,

99. *"The last";* Rowe unnecessarily suggested, *"Thou last";* but *cp.* North's *Plutarch,* "he (Brutus) lamented the death of Cassius, calling him *the last* of all the Romans."—I. G.

Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come,
And come, young Cato: let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. 110
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [*Exit.*
Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, 10
And mayst be honor'd, being Cato's son.
First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.
Lucil. Only I yield to die:
[*Offering money*] There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.
First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sold. I 'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough: 20
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead, 30
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispering.*
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I 'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. *Whispering.*
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O Dardanius!
Dar. O Clitus! 10
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord. 20
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
[*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here. 30

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history: 40
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labor'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*]
Cæsar, now be still: 50

33. *"Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen";* Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"Farewell to thee, to Strato, Countrymen."*—I. G.

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.
Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me? 61
Stra. Aye, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar; 70
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'

71. *"in a general honest thought And"*; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, reads *"in a generous honest thought Of."*—I. G.
Ib.; out of honest regard for the common good.—C. H. H.

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.
So call the field to rest, and let 's away, 80
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abide, answer for, suffer for; III. i. 94; III. ii. 123.
Abjects, things cast away; IV. i. 37.
About, go about; I. i. 75.
——!, set to work; III. ii. 212.
Abroad, about in; III. ii. 258.
Across, crossed, folded; II. i. 240.
Address'd, ready; III. i. 29.
Advantage, profit us; III. i. 242.
After, afterwards; I. ii. 76.
Against, over against, near; I. iii. 20.
All over, one after the other; II. i. 112.
Alone, only; IV. iii. 94.
An, if; I. ii. 274.
Anchises, the father of Æneas; when Troy was sacked he bore him on his shoulders from the burning town; I. ii. 114.
Angel, darling, favorite, (?) guardian angel; III. ii. 189.
Annoy, injure, harm; II. i. 160.
Answer, be ready for combat; V. i. 24.
Answer'd, paid for, atoned for; III. ii. 89.
Answered, faced; IV. i. 47.
Apace, quickly; V. iii. 87.
Apparent, manifest; II. i. 198.
Appoint, settle upon; IV. i. 30.
Apprehensive, endowed with intelligence; III. i. 67.
Apt, suitable, likely; II. ii. 97.
Apt, ready, fit; III. i. 160.
——, impressionable; V. iii. 68.
Arrive, reach; I. ii. 110.
Astonish, stun with terror; I. iii. 56.
Ate, the goddess of Mischief and Revenge; III. i. 271.
At hand, in hand; IV. ii. 23.
Aught, anything; I. ii. 85.
Augurers, professional interpreters of omens, (originally, diviners by the flight and cries of birds); II. i. 200.

Bait, hunt, chase (Theobald, *"bay"*); IV. iii. 28.
Bang, blow; III. iii. 20.
Barren-spirited, dull; IV. i. 36.
Base, low; II. i. 26.
Bastardy, act of baseness; II. i. 138.
Battles, forces; V. i. 4.
Bay, bark at; IV. iii. 27.
Bay'd, driven to bay; (a term of the chase); III. i. 204.
Bear a hand over, hold in check (as a rider); I. ii. 35.
Bear hard, bear ill-will against; I. ii. 325; II. i. 215.
Bear me, bear from me, receive from me; III. iii. 20.
Bears (betrayed) with glasses; alluding to the stories that bears were surprised by means of mirrors, which they would

gaze into, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim; II. i. 205.

BEAT, beaten; V. v. 23.

BEHAVIORS, conduct; I. ii. 42.

BEHOLDING, beholden; III. ii. 74.

BELIKE, perhaps; III. ii. 277.

BEND, look; I. ii. 123.

BENDING, directing, pressing on; IV. iii. 170.

BEST; "you were b.", it were best for you; III. iii. 13.

BESTOW, spend; V. v. 61.

BETIMES, in good time, early; II. i. 116.

BILLS, billets, written documents; V. ii. 1.

BIRD OF NIGHT, *i. e.* the owl; I. iii. 26.

BLOOD; "Pompey's b." (probably) offspring; Gnæus, Pompey's son, had been killed at Munda, and Cæsar's triumph was in honor of the victory; I. i. 57.

BLOODS; "young b.", young people; IV. iii. 262.

BONDMAN, used with a play upon "bond," *i. e.* document ("to cancel a bond"); I. iii. 101.

BONES, body, corpse; V. v. 78.

BOOTLESS, without avail, to no purpose; III. i. 75.

BOSOMS; "in their b.", in their confidence; V. i. 7.

BREAK WITH, broach the subject to; II. i. 150.

BRING, take; III. ii. 278.

BROTHER, *i. e.* brother-in-law, (Cassius having married a sister of Brutus); II. i. 70.

BROUGHT, accompanied; I. iii. 1.

BRUTUS; "old B.", *i. e.* Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins; I. iii. 146; (*cp.* I. ii. 159).

BRUTUS; "Decius B.", *i. e.* Decimus B., (the error being due to a misprint in Amyot's French translation of Plutarch, copied by North, and hence in Shakespeare); Decimus B. was placed next after Octavius in Cæsar's will; he had served under Cæsar in Gaul, and was made governor of Cisalpine Gaul; I. iii. 148.

BUDGE, give way; IV. iii. 44.

BUSTLING RUMOR, noise of tumult; II. iv. 18.

BY, near, close to; III. i. 162.

CALCULATE, speculate upon future events; I. iii. 65.

CALPURNIA, Cæsar's fourth wife, (F. 1, *"Calphurnia"*); I. ii. 1.

CARRIONS, worthless beings (a term of contempt); II. i. 130.

CAST; "c. yourself in wonder," *i. e.* throw yourself into wonder; (?) "dress hastily"; (Jervis conj. *"Case," i. e.* "encase, clothe yourself"); I. iii. 60.

CAUTELOUS, crafty; II. i. 129.

CENSURE, judge; III. ii. 17.

CEREMONIES, festal ornaments; I. i. 71.

——, religious observances; II. i. 197.

——, omens; II. ii. 13.

CHAFING WITH, fretting against; I. ii. 101.

CHANCE, happen; II. iv. 31.

CHANCED, happened; I. ii. 216.

CHANGE, exchange; V. iii. 51.

——; "in his own c.", by some change of disposition towards me; (Warburton, *"charge"*); IV. ii. 7.

——, change countenance; III. i. 24.

CHARACTERY, writing; II. i. 308.

CHARGE, burden, weigh upon; III. iii. 2.
CHARGES, troops; IV. ii. 48.
CHARM, conjure; II. i. 271.
CHECK'D, reproved; IV. iii. 97.
CHEW UPON, ponder; I. ii. 171.
CHOLER, anger; IV. iii. 39.
CHOPPED, chapped; (Ff., *"chopt"*; Knight, *"chapped"*); I. ii. 248.
CHOSE, chosen; II. i. 314.
CLEAN, entirely; I. iii. 35.
CLIMATE, region; I. iii. 32.
CLOSE, hidden; I. iii. 131.
——, come to terms; III. i. 202.
CLOSET, room; III. ii. 138.
COBBLER, botcher, (used quibblingly); I. i. 11.
COGNIZANCE, badges of honors; II. ii. 89.
COLOSSUS, a gigantic statue said to have stood astride at the entrance of the harbor at Rhodes; I. ii. 136.
COLOR, pretext; II. i. 29.
COME BY, get possession; II. i. 259.
COMPANION, fellow; (used contemptuously); IV. iii. 138.
COMPARE, let us compare, we will compare; III. ii. 9.
COMPASS, circle, course; V. iii. 25.
COMPLEXION, appearance; I. iii. 128.
CONCEIT, think of; III. i. 192.
CONCEITED, conceived; I. iii. 162.
CONCEPTIONS, ideas; I. ii. 41.
CONCLUDED, decided; II. ii. 93.
CONDITION, disposition; II. i. 254.
CONFINES, boundaries; III. i. 272.
CONN'D BY ROTE, learned by heart; IV. iii. 98.
CONSORTED, escorted, accompanied; V. i. 83.
CONSTANCY, firmness; II. iv. 6.
CONSTANT, firm; III. i. 22.
CONSTANTLY, firmly; V. i. 92.
CONSTRUE, explain; II. i. 307.
CONTENT, easy; I. iii. 142.
——, calm; IV. ii. 41.
——, glad; V. i. 8.
CONTRIVE, conspire, plot; II. iii. 17.
CONTRIVER, schemer, plotter; II. i. 158.
CONTROVERSY; "hearts of c.", spirits eager for resistance; I. ii. 109.
CORSE, corpse; III. i. 199.
COUCHINGS, stoopings; III. i. 36.
COUNTERS, round pieces of metal used in calculations; IV. iii. 80.
COURSE; "run his c.", alluding to the course of the Luperci round the city wall; "that day there are diverse noble men's sons, young men, and some of them magistrates themselves, that govern them, which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leathern thongs" (made of the skins of goats which had been sacrificed.)—*North's Plutarch;* I. ii. 4.
COURTESIES, bowings, bendings of the knee; III. i. 36.
CROSS LIGHTNING, forked lightning; I. iii. 50.
CULL OUT, pick out; I. i. 55.
CYNIC, rude man; IV. iii. 133.

DAMN, condemn; IV. i. 6.
DEARER, more bitterly, more intensely; III. i. 196.
DEGREES, steps; II. i. 26.
DELIVER, relate to; III. i. 181.
DINT, impression; III. ii. 202.
DIRECTLY, plainly; I. i. 12; III. iii. 10.
DIRECTLY, straight; I. ii. 3; IV. i. 32.

Discomfort, discourage; V. iii. 106.
Discover, show; I. ii. 69.
Dishonor, insult; IV. iii. 109.
Disrobe, strip of their decorations; I. i. 70.
Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 155.
Doublet, the inner garment of a man; I. ii. 273.
Doubted, suspected; IV. ii. 13.
Drachma, a Greek coin, strictly about half of the Roman denarius, but Plutarch's "drachmas" were probably equivalent to denarii, and were about 19 cents in value; III. ii. 250.
Drawn, assembled; I. iii. 22.

Element, sky; I. iii. 128.
Elephants betrayed with holes; "elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed"; II. i. 205.
Emulation, jealousy, envy; II. iii. 15.
Enforced, exaggerated; III. ii. 45.
——, struck hard; IV. iii. 112.
Enfranchisement, liberty, freedom; III. i. 57.
Enlarge, give vent to; IV. ii. 46.
Enrolled, recorded; III. ii. 43.
Ensign, standard; V. i. 80.
——, standard-bearer (and by implication, standard; hence "it," line 4); V. iii. 3.
Entertain, take into service; V. v. 60.
Envious, spiteful, malicious; II. i. 178; III. ii. 183.
Envy, hatred, malice; II. i. 164.
Epicurus; "I held E. strong," *i. e.* I followed the Epicurean school, which held that the gods scarcely troubled themselves with human affairs; hence the Epicureans regarded the belief in omens as mere superstition; V. iii. 77.
Erebus, the region of utter darkness between Earth and Hades; II. i. 84.
Eternal, infernal, damned (used to express extreme abhorrence); I. ii. 160.
Even; "e. field," *i. e.* level ground; V. i. 17.
——, pure, unblemished; II. i. 133.
Ever, always; V. iii. 21.
Evils, evil things; II. i. 79.
Exhalations, meteors; II. i. 44.
Exigent, exigency, crisis; V. i. 19.
Exorcist, one who raises spirits; II. i. 323.
Expedition, march; IV. iii. 170.
Extenuated, undervalued, detracted from; III. ii. 44.
Extremities, extremes; II. i. 31.

Face, boldness; V. i. 10.
——, "f. of men," sense of danger depicted on men's faces; II. i. 114.
Faction, body of conspirators; II. i. 77.
Factious, active; I. iii. 118.
Fain, gladly; I. ii. 242.
Fall, happen; III. i. 243; V. i. 105.
——, let fall; IV. ii. 26.
Falling sickness, epilepsy; I. ii. 260.
Falls, turns out, is; III. i. 146.
Famed with, made famous by; I. ii. 153.
Familiar instances, marks of familiarity; IV. ii. 16.
Fantasies, imaginings; II. i. 231.

FASHION, shape, form; II. i. 30.
——, way, manner; (trisyllabic); IV. iii. 135.
FASHION; "begin his f.", begin to be fashionable with him; IV. i. 39.
——, work upon, shape; II. i. 220.
FAVOR, appearance; I. ii. 91.
——, countenance; II. i. 76.
FAVOR 's, appearance is; I. iii. 129.
FEAR, cause of fear; II. i. 190.
FEARFUL BRAVERY, terrible display, gallant show of courage; V. i. 10.
FELL, fierce; III. i. 269.
FELLOW, equal; III. i. 62.
FERRET, red as the eyes of a ferret; I. ii. 186.
FIELD, army; V. v. 80.
FIGURES, "idle fancies" (Craik); II. i. 231.
FIRST DECREE, what has been decreed at first; (Craik conj. *"fix'd d."*; S. Walker conj. *"firmd"*); III. i. 38.
FLEERING, grinning; I. iii. 117.
FLOOD, ocean; I. ii. 103.
FLOURISH'D, triumphed; III. ii. 200.
FOND, foolish; III. i. 39.
FOR, as for; II. i. 181.
FORCE; "of f.", of necessity; IV. iii. 203.
FORM, manner of behaving; I. ii. 311.
FORMAL CONSTANCY, proper composure; II. i. 227.
FORMER, foremost; V. i. 80.
FORTH, to go out; I. ii. 301.
FORTH OF, out of; III. iii. 3.
FREEDOM OF REPEAL, free recall; III. i. 54.
FRESH, freshly; II. i. 224.
FRET, variegate (as with a kind of fretwork pattern); II. i. 104.
——, be vexed; IV. iii. 42.
FRIGHTED, afraid; IV. iii. 40.
FROM, contrary to; I. iii. 35.
——, away from; I. iii. 64; III. ii. 173; IV. ii. 49.
——, differently to; II. i. 196.
FUNERAL, funeral ceremonies; III. i. 230.

GAIT, manner of walking; I. iii. 132.
GAMESOME, fond of games; I. ii. 28.
GENERAL, general public; II. i. 12.
——, "in a g. honest thought," in the general honesty of his motives; V. v. 71.
GENERAL COFFERS, public treasury; III. ii. 98.
GENERAL GOOD, public good, welfare of the people; I. ii. 85.
GENIUS, the rational spirit temporarily lodged within the body, directing for good or bad the bodily faculties; II. i. 66.
GIVE GUESS, guess; II. i. 3.
GIVE PLACE, make way; III. i. 10.
——, give way; IV. iii. 146.
GIVES WAY, leaves open the way; II. iii. 8.
GLANCED, hinted; I. ii. 332.
GLAZED, glared; (Ff., *"glaz'd"*; changed by editors to *"glared"* or *"gazed,"* but the word was perhaps coined by Shakespeare to express a *glazed* or *glassy* stare); I. iii. 21.
GOES UP, is sheathed; V. i. 52.
GOOD CHEER, be of good cheer; III. i. 89.
GORGING, feeding, glutting; V. i. 82.

Go to, exclamation of impatience; IV. iii. 32.
Grace, honor, respect; III. ii. 66.
Gracious, holy; III. ii. 202.
Greek; "it was Greek to me," it was unintelligible to me; I. ii. 295.
Griefs, grievances; I. iii. 118; III. ii. 221.
Growing on, encroaching on; II. i. 107.

Hand; "my h.", there is my hand upon it; I. iii. 117.
Handiwork, work; I. i. 30.
Hands, handwritings; I. ii. 328.
Have aim, make a guess at; I. ii. 163.
Have mind, regard, look to; IV. iii. 36.
Havoc; "cry 'Havoc,'" in olden times the cry that no quarter was to be given; III. i. 273.
Head; "make h.", raise an armed troop; IV. i. 42.
Health, safety; IV. iii. 36.
Heavy, depressed; II. i. 275.
Hedge in, put under restraint; IV. iii. 30.
Hence, go hence; II. i. 117.
Hie, hasten; I. iii. 150.
High-sighted, soaring high, (?) supercilious; II. i. 118.
Hilts, applied to a single weapon; V. iii. 43.
Him, himself; I. iii. 156.
——; "by h.", *i. e.* by his house; II. i. 218.
His, its; I. ii. 124; II. i. 251; IV. iii. 8.
Hold, consider, look upon; I. ii. 78.
——, keep, detain; I. ii. 83; II. i. 201.
Holds on his rank, stands firm, continues to hold his place; III. i. 69.
Honey-heavy; "h. dew," heavy with honey, (with perhaps a reference to the belief that dew was honey-laden; hence the honey-flowers); II. i. 230.
Honorable, honorably; V. i. 60.
Hooted, shouted with wonder; (Johnson's emendation; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"howted"*; F. 4, *"houted"*; Hanmer, *"shouted"*); I. ii. 248.
Hooting, crying; I. iii. 28.
Horse, cavalry; IV. ii. 29.
However, although; I. ii. 311.
Humor, distemper, caprice; II. i. 250.
——, distempered humor, passing caprice; IV. iii. 109.
Humors, damp airs; II. i. 262.
Hurtled, clashed; II. ii. 22.
Hybla, a town in Sicily famous for its honey; V. i. 34.

Ides of March, *i. e.* fifteenth of March; I. ii. 18.
Idle bed, bed of idleness; II. i. 117.
Illuminate, illumine; I. iii. 110.
Images, statues of Cæsar; I. i. 70.
In, on; IV. i. 27.
——, into; V. iii. 96.
Incertain, uncertain; V. i. 96.
Incorporate, closely united; I. iii. 135.
Indifferently, impartially; I. ii. 87.
Indirection, dishonest practice; IV. iii. 75.
Insuppressive, not to be suppressed; II. i. 134.
Intermit, delay; I. i. 60.

Jade, a term of contempt for a worthless horse; IV. ii. 26.

JEALOUS ON, suspicious about; I. ii. 71.
JIGGING, rhyming; IV. iii. 137.
JOY, rejoice; V. v. 34.

KERCHIEF, a covering for the head (a sign of illness); II. i. 315.
KIND, nature; I. iii. 64.
——, species; II. i. 33.
KNAVE, boy; IV. iii. 241.

LABOR'D; "but l." labored but; V. v. 42.
LABORING; "a l. day," *i. e.* a working day; I. i. 4.
LAUGHTER, jester; (Ff., *"Laughter"?* = object of laughter); I. ii. 72.
LAY OFF, take away from; I. ii. 245.
LEFT, left off; IV. iii. 274.
LEGIONS, bodies of infantry; IV. iii. 76.
LEND ME YOUR HAND, help me; III. i. 297.
LET BLOOD, used equivocally with a play upon the surgical operation of "blood-letting"; III. i. 152.
LETHE, death; perhaps a technical term for the deer's life-blood; (F. 1, *"Lethee"*; *Cp.* lethal, L. *lethalis* or *letalis,* from *letum,* death); III. i. 206.
LIABLE, subject; II. ii. 104.
LIEF; "had as l.", would as willingly, gladly (with a play upon *'live'*); I. ii. 95.
LIES, halts; III. i. 286.
LIGHT, alight; V. iii. 31.
LIGHT ON, come down on; I. i. 61.
LIKE; "every l. is not the same," *i. e.* "to be like a thing is not to be that same thing"; II. ii. 127.
LIKE, same; IV. ii. 50.
——, likely; I. ii. 175.
LISTEN, listen to; IV. i. 41.
LIVE, if I live; III. i. 159.
LOOK, be sure, see; I. iii. 143.
LOOK FOR, expect; IV. iii. 262.
LOVER, friend; II. iii. 11.
LOW-CROOKED, lowly bendings of the knee; III. i. 43.
LUPERCAL; "the feast of L.", *i. e.* the Lupercalia; a feast of purification and fertilization held every year on 15th February (*v.* COURSE); I. i. 73.
LUSTY, strong; II. ii. 78.

MAIN, confident, firm; II. i. 196.
MAKE FORTH, go on, forward; V. i. 25.
MAKES TO, presses towards; III. i. 18.
MAKE TO, advance; V. iii. 29.
MARK, notice, observe; I. ii. 120.
MARR'D, disfigured; III. ii. 205.
MART, traffic; IV. iii. 11.
MAY BUT, only may; I. iii. 144.
ME; "plucked me ope" (Ethic dative); I. ii. 272.
MEAN, means; III. i. 161.
MECHANICAL, belonging to the working-classes, mechanics; I. i. 3.
METAL, mettle, temper; (Ff., *"mettle"*); I. i. 67.
METTLE; "quick m.", full of spirit; I. ii. 308.
MIND, presentiment; III. i. 144.
MISGIVING, presentiment, foreboding of ill; III. i. 145.
MISTOOK, mistaken; I. ii. 48.
MOCK, taunt; II. ii. 96.
MODESTY, moderation; III. i. 213.
MOE, more; II. i. 72.
MONSTROUS, unnatural; I. iii. 68-71.

Mortal instruments, bodily powers; II. i. 66.
Mortified, deadened; II. i. 324.
Motion, impulse; II. i. 64.

Napkins, handkerchiefs; III. ii. 142.
Neats-leather, ox-hide; I. i. 29.
Nervii, a fierce Belgic tribe conquered by Cæsar at the great battle of the Sambre, B.C. 57; III. ii. 181.
New-added, re-inforced; IV. iii. 209.
Nice, trivial; IV. iii. 8.
Niggard, stint, supply sparingly; IV. iii. 228.
Night-gown, dressing-gown; II. ii. (direc.).
Noted, stigmatized; IV. iii. 2.
No whit, not at all; II. i. 148.

Observe, take notice; IV. iii. 45.
Occupation; "a man of o.", a mechanic; probably used with play upon secondary meaning, "a man of business"; I. ii. 274.
O'ershot myself, gone too far, said more than I intended; III. ii. 159.
O'er-watch'd, weary, worn out with watching; IV. iii. 241.
Of, in; II. i. 157.
Offal, worthless rubbish; I. iii. 109.
Offense; "sick o.", malady which makes you sick; II. i. 268.
Offense, harm, injury; IV. iii. 201.
Officers, "by ill o.", the ill conduct of his officers; (Johnson conj. *"affices"*); IV. ii. 7.
Omitted, neglected; IV. iii. 220.
Once, some time; IV. iii. 191.
Ope, open; I. ii. 272.
Opinion, reputation; II. i. 145.
Orchards, gardens; III. ii. 256.
Order, course; III. i. 230.
Orts, remnants, fragments; IV. i. 37.
Other, the other; I. ii. 230.
Out; "be not o.", do not be at odds, do not quarrel; I. i. 17.
——, "be o.", out at heels; I. i. 18.

Palm, the prize of victory; I. ii. 131.
Palter, shuffle, equivocate; II. i. 126.
Pardon; "by your p.", by your leave; III. i. 235.
Part, divide; V. v. 81.
Pass, pass through; I. i. 48.
——, pass on; I. ii. 24.
Passion, feelings; I. ii. 48.
——, grief; III. i. 283.
Passions of some difference, conflicting emotions; I. ii. 40.
Path, walk abroad; II. i. 83.
Peevish, wayward (used contemptuously); V. i. 61.
Phantasma, vision; II. i. 65.
Philippi, in the east of Macedonia, on the borders of Thrace; V. i. 83.
Physical, healthy; II. i. 261.
Pitch, a technical term used of the highest point to which a hawk or falcon soars; I. i. 79.
Pitiful, full of pity, merciful; III. i. 169.
Pleasures, pleasuances, pleasure grounds; III. ii. 257.
Pluck'd, pulled down; II. i. 73.
Plutus', of the god of riches (Ff., *"Pluto's"*); IV. iii. 102.
Pompey's porch, *Porticus Pompeii,* the portico of Pompey's Theater, in the Campus Martius; it was also called *Hecatostylon,* or "Hall of the hundred columns"; I. iii. 126.

PORTENTOUS, ominous; I. iii. 31.
POSTURE, position, direction; (Singer conj. *"puncture"*; Bulloch conj. *"portents"*; Schmidt conj. *"nature"*; Herr conj. *"powers"*); V. i. 33.
POWERS, armed forces, troops; IV. i. 42; IV. iii. 307.
PREFER, present; III. i. 28.
——, recommend; V. v. 62.
PREFORMED, originally intended; I. iii. 67.
PRE-ORDINANCE, what has been previously ordained; III. i. 38.
PRESAGE, foreshow future events; V. i. 79.
PRESENT, present time; I. ii. 165.
——, immediate; II. ii. 5.
PRESENTLY, immediately; III. i. 28.
PRESS, crowd, throng; I. ii. 15.
PREVAIL'D UPON, influenced; II. i. 254.
PREVENT, anticipate; II. i. 28; V. i. 105.
PREVENTION, detection; II. i. 85.
——, hindrance; III. i. 19.
PRICK, incite; II. i. 124.
PRICK'D, marked down, marked on the list; III. i. 216; IV. i. 1.
PROCEEDED, taken place; I. ii. 181.
——, acted; III. i. 183.
PROCEEDING, course of conduct; II. ii. 103.
PRODIGIOUS, portentous; I. iii. 77.
PRODUCE, bring out; III. i. 228.
PROFESS MYSELF, make professions of affection; I. ii. 77.
PROOF; "common p.", common experience; II. i. 21.
PROPER, handsome; I. i. 29.
——, own; V. iii. 96.
PROPER TO, belonging to; I. ii. 41.
PROPERTY, tool; IV. i. 40.
PROTESTER, one who protests or professes love or friendship to another; I. ii. 74.
PUBLIC CHAIR, the pulpit or *rostra;* III. ii. 72.
PUISSANT, powerful; III. i. 33.
PULPITS, *rostra,* platforms; III. i. 80.
PURGERS, healers; II. i. 180.
PURPOSE; "to the p.", to hit the purpose; III. i. 146.
PUT ON, betray; II. i. 225.
PUTS ON, assumes; I. ii. 311.

QUALITY, natural disposition; I. iii. 64.
QUESTION, subject; III. ii. 43.
——; "call in q.", discuss, consider; IV. iii. 165.
QUICK, lively; I. ii. 29.

RABBLEMENT, rabble; I. ii. 247.
RAISE, rouse; IV. iii. 247.
RANGE, roam; (derived from falconry; used of hawks and falcons in search of game); II. i. 118.
RANGING, roaming; III. i. 270.
RANK, too full of blood; III. i. 152.
RASCAL, worthless; IV. iii. 80.
REARS, raises; III. i. 30.
REGARD, consideration; III. i. 224.
——, notice; V. iii. 21.
REGARDED, respected; V. iii. 88.
REMORSE, pity; II. i. 19.
RENDER'D, given in reply; II. ii. 97.
REPEALING, recalling; III. i. 51.
REPLICATION, echo; I. i. 52.
RESOLVED, satisfied; III. i. 131.
RESPECT; "of the best r.", held in the greatest respect; I. ii. 59.
RESPECT, take notice of; IV. iii. 69.
——; "in r. of," *i. e.* in comparison with; I. i. 10.
REST, remain; V. i. 96.

Resting, not subject to motion; III. i. 61.
Retentive, restraining; I. iii. 95.
Rheumy, moist; II. i. 266.
Right on, straight on; III. ii. 231.
Rived, split, torn; I. iii. 6; IV. iii. 84.
Rome, used quibblingly with a play upon "room"; the pronunciation of the words was almost identical; I. ii. 156.
Round, rung, step; II. i. 24.
Rout, disorderly company, mob; I. ii. 78.
Rude, brutal; III. ii. 35.

Sad, serious; I. ii. 217.
Satisfied, given satisfaction, convinced; III. i. 141.
Save only, except; V. v. 69.
Saving, in saving; V. iii. 38.
Scandal, defame, speak ill of; I. ii. 76.
'Scaped, escaped; IV. iii. 150.
Schedule, paper written on; (Ff. 1, 2, *"scedule",*); III. i. 3.
Scope, full play; IV. iii. 108.
Search, pierce; V. iii. 42.
Security, over-confidence; II. iii. 8.
Sennet, a set of notes on the cornet, or trumpet; I. ii. 24–25.
Served, attended to; III. i. 8.
Set on, proceed; I. ii. 11.
——, set forward; IV. iii. 307.
Several, different; I. ii. 328.
——, special; II. i. 138.
——, separate; III. ii. 250.
Shadow, reflected image; I. ii. 58.
Shallows, sandbanks; IV. iii. 221.
Show, demonstration; I. ii. 34.
Shrewd, mischievous; II. i. 158.
Shrewdly, close enough; (used with an intensive force); III. i. 146.
Sign'd, stamped, stained; III. i. 206.
Sirrah, a form of address to inferiors; IV. iii. 300.
Slaughter; "have added s.", have added another victim; V. i. 55.
Slight, worthless; IV. i. 12.
Slighted off, treated with contempt; IV. iii. 5.
Slip; "let s.", unleash; III. i. 273.
Smatch, smack; V. v. 46.
So, if only; I. ii. 166.
Sober, calm; IV. ii. 40.
Softly, slowly; V. i. 16.
Soil, blemish; I. ii. 42.
Sometime, sometimes; II. i. 251.
Sooth, in sooth, in truth; II. iv. 20.
So please him, if it please him to; III. i. 140.
Sort, rank; I. i. 63.
——, way; I. ii. 205.
——; "in s.", in a manner, after a fashion; II. i. 283.
Spare, lean; I. ii. 201.
Speak to me, tell me; IV. iii. 281.
Speed, prosper; I. ii. 88.
Spleen, passion; IV. iii. 47.
Spoil; "sign'd in thy spoil", *i. e.* having the stains of thy blood as their badges; "spoil" was perhaps used in technical sense for the capture of the prey, and the division among those who have taken part in the chase; III. i. 206.
Stale, make common; I. ii. 73.
Staled, made stale or common; IV. i. 38.
Stand upon, trouble about; III. i. 100.
Stare, stand on end; IV. iii. 280.

STARS, fortunes, fates, alluding to the old belief in the *influence* of the stars under which men were born; I. ii. 140.
STATE, court; I. ii. 160.
——, state of things; I. iii. 71.
——, kingdom, microcosm; II. i. 67.
STATUE, (trisyllabic); II. ii. 76; III. ii. 196.
STAY, wait; I. iii. 125.
——, await; V. i. 107.
STAYS, detains, keeps; II. ii. 75.
STERILE CURSE, the curse of being barren; I. ii. 9.
STILL, always; I. ii. 247.
STIR, stirring; I. iii. 127.
STIRR'D, stirring; II. ii. 110.
STOLE, stolen; II. i. 238.
STOMACHS, inclination; V. i. 66.
STOOD ON, regarded, attached any importance to; II. ii. 13.
STRAIN, race; V. i. 59.
STRANGE-DISPOSED, strangely disposed; I. iii. 33.
STRENGTH OF MALICE, (*v.* Note); III. i. 174.
STRICKEN, struck; II. i. 192.
STRUCKEN, struck; (F. 1, *"stroken"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"stricken"*); III. i. 209.
SUBURBS, outskirts, (with probably an allusion to the fact that the suburbs in London and other cities were the general resort of disorderly persons); II. i. 285.
SUCCESS, good fortune; II. ii. 6.
——, issue; V. iii. 66.
SUDDEN, quick; III. i. 19.
SUFFERANCE, patience; I. iii. 84.
——, suffering; II. i. 115.
SUREST, most safely; IV. i. 47.
SURLY, sullenly; I. iii. 21.
SWAY, "the s. of earth", equilibrium; (? "the government and established order of the earth" Schmidt); I. iii. 3.
SWEAR, let swear; II. i. 129.
SWORE, caused to take an oath; V. iii. 38.
SWOUND, swoon; I. ii. 257.
SWOUNDED, swooned; (Ff., *"swoonded"*); I. ii. 252.

TAG-RAG PEOPLE, the common people, rabble; I. ii. 264.
TAKE THOUGHT, give way to melancholy; II. i. 187.
TARDY, slow, laggard; I. ii. 311.
TASTE, sort, way; IV. i. 34.
TEMPER, constitution; I. ii. 129.
TENOR, contents; IV. iii. 171.
THASOS, an Island in the Ægean, off the coast of Thrace; (Ff., *"Tharsus"*); V. iii. 104.
THAT, suppose that done; II. i. 15.
THEN, in that case; V. i. 100.
THESE AND THESE, such and such; II. i. 31.
THEWS, muscles, strength; I. iii. 81.
THICK, dim, short-sighted; V. iii. 21.
THIS; "by this", *i. e.* by this time, now; I. iii. 125.
THREAT, threaten; V. i. 38.
THUNDER-STONE, thunderbolt; I. iii. 46.
TIBER BANKS, the banks of the Tiber; I. i. 64.
TIDE OF TIMES, course of times; III. i. 257.
TIME OF LIFE, full period of life; V. i. 106.
TIME'S ABUSE, abuses of the time; II. i. 115.
TINCTURES, memorial bloodstains; II. ii. 89.
'TIS JUST, just so, exactly; I. ii. 54.

To FRIEND, for our friend, as our friend; III. i. 143.
TOILS, snares, nets; II. i. 206.
TO-NIGHT, last night; II. ii. 76.
TOOK, taken; II. i. 50.
TRASH, rubbish, worthless stuff; I. iii. 108.
TROPHIES, tokens of victory; I. i. 75.
TRUE, honest; I. ii. 268.
TURN HIM GOING, send him off; III. iii. 38.

UNBRACED, unbuttoned; I. iii. 48; II. i. 262.
UNDERGO, undertake; I. iii. 123.
UNDERLINGS, serfs, mean fellows; I. ii. 141.
UNFIRM, not fixed, not firm; I. iii. 4.
UNGENTLY, unkindly; II. i. 237.
UNICORNS; "u. may be betrayed with trees"; alluding to the belief that unicorns were captured by the huntsmen standing against a tree, and stepping aside when the animal charged; its horn spent its force on the trunk and stuck fast; II. i. 204.
UNLUCKILY, foreshowing misfortune ominously; III. iii. 2.
UNMERITABLE, undeserving; IV. i. 12.
UNPURGED; "u. air," *i. e.* unpurged by the sun; II. i. 266.
UNSHAKED OF; "u. o. motion," *i. e.* undisturbed by any motion; III. i. 70.
UNTROD; "this u. state," *i. e.* this new state of affairs; III. i. 136.
UPMOST, uppermost, topmost; II. i. 24.
UPON; "u. a heap," in a heap, crowded all together; I. iii. 23.
——, in intruding upon; II. i. 86.
UPON, conditionally upon; III. i. 221.
——; "u. a wish," as soon as wished for; III. ii. 273.
——, in consequence of, from; IV. iii. 152.
USE, custom; II. ii. 25.
——; "did u.", were accustomed; I. ii. 72.

VAUNTING, boasting; IV. iii. 52.
VENTURES, what we have ventured, risked; IV. iii. 224.
VESTURE, garment; III. ii. 204.
VOICE, vote; III. i. 177.
VOID, open; II. iv. 36.
VOUCHSAFE, vouchsafe to accept; II. i. 313.
VULGAR, common herd, common people; I. i. 76.

WAFTURE, waving; II. i. 246.
WARN, summon; V. i. 5.
WASPISH, petulant; IV. iii. 50.
WEEP, shed; I. i. 64.
WEIGHING, taking into consideration; II. i. 108.
WELL, in a friendly way; IV. ii. 6.
WELL GIVEN, well disposed; I. ii. 197.
WHAT; "what night," *i. e.* what a night; I. iii. 42.
——!, an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 1.
WHEN, an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 5.
WHERE, when; I. ii. 59.
WHET, instigate; II. i. 61.
WHETHER, (monosyllabic; Ff., *"where"*); I. i. 67.
WHO, the man who; I. iii. 120.
——, which; V. i. 83.
WHOLE, well, healthy; II. i. 327.
WIND, turn, wheel; IV. i. 32.

WIT, intelligence, (so F. 2.; F. 1, *"writ"*); III. ii. 229.

WITH, by; I. iii. 83; III. i. 42; III. ii. 205.

WITH A THOUGHT, quick as thought; V. iii. 19.

WIVES, women; III. i. 97.

WOE THE WHILE!, alas the time!; I. iii. 82.

WORD; "at a w.," at his word; I. ii. 275.

WORLD, condition of affairs; I. ii. 319.

YEARNS, grieves; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"earnes"*; F. 4, *"earns"*); II. ii. 128.

YET, still; II. i. 245.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. To what period of Shakespeare's work does this play belong?

2. Comment upon the style and structure.

3. What are the historic materials of this play?

4. What impression does the handling of Cæsar's character give? Is the historical impression of Cæsar's character superior? In what ways does it differ?

5. What may have been the policy of the drama with regard to the presentment of Cæsar?

6. How did Cæsar appear to the conspirators?

7. Which of them appear disinterested, if any?

8. In what ways is the character of Brutus consistent with his becoming accessory to the conspiracy? How did he differentiate his personal love for Cæsar from his loyalty to the state, as he saw its need?

9. How does the outcome of the drama act as a test of the soundness of the conspiracy?

10. What was the political situation in Rome of which Cæsar was the representative? Had this situation given the people genuine cause for discontent?

11. How are the characters of Brutus and Cassius set in contrast?

12. What is revealed of Antony's character in this play?

ACT I

13. In scene i why do the two Tribunes drive the workpeople back from the streets?

14. Why is Pompey's memory representative of a cause opposite to Cæsar's?

15. How does Flavius express his fear of Cæsar's greatness?

16. What comment does Cæsar make upon the soothsayer's warning?

17. What passes between Brutus and Cassius when they are left together?

18. What does it make evident of the internal perplexities of Brutus?

19. How does Cassius express his feeling towards Cæsar? What is its apparent tendency?

20. What does Cæsar say to Marc Antony that indicates his suspicions of Cassius?

21. What account does Casca give of the occurrences at the Capitol?

22. What does Cassius plan in order to influence Brutus to his own purposes?

23. What phenomena are reported through scene iii, and what are they supposed to portend?

24. What other conspirators against Cæsar are mentioned at the close of the Act?

ACT II

25. What is the substance of Brutus's reflections in the orchard?

26. What does it reveal of his mind, and how does it explain the conspirators' influence over him, in spite of his personal love for Cæsar?

27. Why do the conspirators decide to exclude Cicero?

28. How does the spirit of Brutus show by contrast with that of Cassius when he remonstrates against the suggestion of murdering Antony?

29. What does Decius say of the possibility of flattering Cæsar and what he can be led to through it?

30. How does the interview of Brutus with his wife show the spirit in which he has entered upon the conspiracy?

31. What fears does Calpurnia have? What do they lead her to do?

32. How does Cæsar interpret the omens reported to him?

33. What is the outcome when the conspirators arrive to fetch him to the Capitol?

34. What attempt is made by Artemidorus to save Cæsar?

35. How is foreboding conveyed in the final scene?

ACT III

36. How does Cæsar himself put away his chance of being saved?

37. How do the conspirators accomplish their design?

38. What had Cæsar done to Metellus Cimber that was judged a wrong?

39. How did it affect Cæsar to see Brutus among the conspirators?

40. Cite lines of Brutus, Decius, and Cassius following Cæsar's death, that are characteristic of fanatical reformers.

41. What message does Antony send Brutus?

42. What sentiment underlies his words to Brutus when he enters and asks that the conspirators kill him also as well as Cæsar?

43. What does Brutus say in substance when he speaks from the Forum to the people? How do the citizens receive his words?

44. How do they receive Antony at first?

45. What is the substance of Antony's address?

46. How are the people moved by it? How does the development of their sentiment demonstrate the sentiments of the masses?

47. What is the purpose of the introduction of the scene between Cinna the poet, and the citizens?

ACT IV

48. What is the outcome of the council in Antony's house?

49. To what situation does scene ii introduce us?

50. What does Brutus discover in the character of Cassius?

51. What caused Portia to kill herself?

52. What is the advice of Brutus to Cassius with regard to the action they are to take?

53. Describe the scene in the tent leading to the appearance of Cæsar's ghost.

ACT V

54. What is the substance of the passage between the generals of the two armies?

55. What are the words of Brutus to Cassius with regard to the outcome of the day?

56. Describe the progress of the battle.

57. Describe the manner of Brutus's death.

58. What is Antony's eulogium of him?

TWELFTH NIGHT;
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Twelfth Night; or, What You Will, was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies pages 255–275 in the division of Comedies. There is no record of any earlier edition. The text is singularly free from misprints and corruptions. The list of "Dramatis Personæ" was first given by Rowe, as in the case of many of the plays.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

John Manningham, a member of the Middle Temple from January, 1601(–2) to April, 1603, entered in his *Diary*, preserved in the British Museum (MSS. Harleian 5,353),[1] the following statement:—

"Feb. 2, 1601(–2).—At our feast, we had a play called *Twelve Night, or What You Will.* Much like the *Comedy of Errors*, or *Menechmi* in Plautus; but most like and near to that in Italian called *Inganni.* A good practice in it to make the steward believe his lady widowe was in love with him, by counterfeiting as from his lady in general terms, telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparel, etc., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad," etc. Seeing that *Twelfth Night* is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and as the play contains fragments of the song "*Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone,*" from the *Book of Ayres*, by Robert Jones, first published

[1] *Cp. The Diary of John Manningham,* ed. by John Bruce (*Camden Society,* 1869).

in 1601, the date of composition may with some certainty be assigned to 1601–1602.

TITLE OF THE PLAY

According to Halliwell-Phillipps, *Twelfth Night* was one of four plays acted by Shakespeare's Company, "the Lord Chamberlain's servants," before the Court at Whitehall during the Christmas of 1601–1602; possibly it owed its name to the circumstance that it was first acted as the Twelfth-Night performance on that occasion. Others hold that the name of the play was suggested by its "embodiment of the spirit of the Twelfth-Night sports and revels—a time devoted to festivity and merriment." Its second name, *Or What You Will*, was perhaps given in something of the same spirit as *As You Like It;* it probably implies that the first title has no very special meaning. It has been suggested that the name expresses Shakespeare's indifference to his own production—that it was a sort of farewell to Comedy; in his subsequent plays the tragic element was to predominate. This far-fetched, subtle view of the matter has certainly little to commend it.[1]

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT

(i) There are at least two Italian plays called *Gl'Inganni* (*The Cheats*), to which Manningham may have referred in his entry as containing incidents resembling those of *Twelfth Night;* one of these plays, by Nicolo Secchi, was printed in 1562; another by Curzio Gonzalo, was first published in 1592. In the latter play the sister, who dresses as a man, and is mistaken for her brother, gives herself the name of Cesare, and it seems likely that we have here the source of Shakespeare's "Cesario." (ii) A third play, however, entitled *Gl'Ingannati* (Venice, 1537), translated by Peacock in 1862, bears a much stronger resemblance to *Twelfth Night;* in its poetical induction,

[1] Marston took the name *What You Will* for a play of his own in 1607.

Il Sacrificio, occurs the name "Malevolti," which is at least suggestive of the name "Malvolio." (iii) The ultimate source of the story is undoubtedly Bandello's *Novelle* (II. 36), whence it passed into Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques* (Vol. IV, Hist. vii); an English version of the story—probably Shakespeare's original for the general framework of his Comedy—found a place in Barnaby Rich's *Farewell to the Militarye Profession* (1581), where it is styled "*The History of Apollonius and Silla*"; Rich, no doubt, derived it from Cinthio's *Hecatomithi;* Cinthio in his turn was indebted to Bandello. (Rich's *Apollonius and Silla* is printed in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library,* Part 1, Vol. I.)

For the secondary plot, the story of "Malvoglio, that cross-gartered gull," no source exists; Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Fabian, Feste, and Maria, are wholly Shakespeare's.

BACKWARD LINKS

Twelfth Night, probably the last of the joyous comedies, holding a middle place between *As You Like It* and *All's Well,* suggests noteworthy points of contact with earlier plays: *e. g.* (1) the disguised Viola may well be compared with the disguised Julia in *The Two Gentlemen;* (2) the story of the wreck recalls the similar episode in *The Comedy of Errors;* (3) the whole play is in fact a "Comedy of Errors" arising from mistaken identity; (4) the sentiment of music breathes throughout, as in *The Merchant of Venice,*

> "like the sweet sound
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor";

(5) alike, too, in both these plays the faithful friend is named Antonio; (6) in Viola's confession of her secret love (II, iv, 114–122) we have a fuller chord of the note struck in *Love's Labor's Lost;* (7) finally, Sir Andrew is a sort of

elder brother of Cousin Slender, and Sir Toby Belch a near kinsman of Sir John Falstaff.

DURATION OF ACTION

The action of *Twelfth Night* occupies three days, with an interval of three days between the first and second days:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i–iii. *Interval.*
Day 2. Act I, iv and v; Act II, i–iii.
Day 3. Act II, iv and v; Acts III, IV, and V.

(*cp.* Daniel's *Time-Analysis of Shakespeare's Plays*, Transactions of New Shakespeare Society).

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

Twelfth Night, or What You Will, originally appeared in the folio of 1623, being the thirteenth in the list of Comedies.

In default of positive information, this play was for a long time set down as among the last-written of our author's plays. This opinion was based upon such slight indications gathered from the work itself, as could have no weight but in the absence of other proofs. For example, the word *undertaker* occurs in the play; therefore Tyrwhitt dated the writing of it in 1614, because the term was that year applied to certain men who *undertook* to carry matters in Parliament according to the king's liking; their arts and methods probably being much the same as are used by the lobby members of American legislatures: from which Mr. Verplanck very naturally infers that some of the Anglo-Saxon blood still runs in the veins of our republic. Chalmers, however, supposing that reference was had to the *undertakers* for colonizing Ulster in 1613, assigned the play to that year; and was confirmed therein by the Poet's use of the term Sophy, because the same year Sir Anthony Shirley published his *Travels,* wherein something was said about the Sophy of Persia. Perhaps it did not occur to either of these men that Shakespeare might have taken up the former word from its general use and meaning, not from any special applications of it; these being apt to infer that it was already understood. Malone at first fixed upon 1614, but afterwards changed it to 1607, because the play contains the expression "westward-hoe!" and Dekker's comedy entitled *Westward-Hoe*

came out that year; thus assuming that the play gave currency to the phrase, instead of being so named because the phrase was already common Several other arguments of like sort were urged in favor of this or that date,—arguments for which the best apology is, that the authors had nothing better to build conjecture upon.

All these inferences have been set aside, and their weakness shown, by a recent discovery. In 1828 Mr. Collier, while delving in the "musty records of antiquity" stored away in the Museum,—a work not more toilsome to him than gratifying to us,—met with the following memorandum in a diary preserved among the Harleian Manuscripts:

"Feb. 2, 1602. At our feast we had a play called *Twelve night or what you will*, much like *The Comedy of Errors*, or *Menechmi* in Plautus, but most like and near to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practice in it to make the steward believe his lady widow was in love with him, by counterfeiting a letter, as from his lady, in general terms telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, his apparel, etc., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad."

The authorship of the diary containing this precious item was unknown to Mr. Collier, till the Rev. Joseph Hunter ascertained it to be the work of John Manningham, a barrister who was entered at the Middle Temple in 1797. The occasion of the performance thus noted down by Manningham was the feast of the Purification, anciently called Candlemas;—an important link in the course of festivities that used to continue from Christmas to Shrovetide. It would seem that the benchers and members of the several Inns were wont to enrich their convivialities with a course of wit and poetry. And the glorious old Temple is yet standing, where one of Shakespeare's sweetest plays was enjoyed by his contemporaries, at a time when this annual jubilee had rendered their minds congenial and apt, and when Christians have so much cause

to be happy and gentle and kind, and therefore to cherish the convivial delectations whence kindness and happiness naturally grow. It scarce need be said that a new grace is added to that ancient and venerable structure by this relic of John Manningham, whom a few strokes of the pen have rendered immortal so long after all other memorials of him had been swept away.

Twelfth Night, therefore, was unquestionably written before 1602. That it was not written before 1598, is probable from its not being spoken of in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, which came out that year. This probability is heightened almost to certainty by what Maria says of Malvolio in his ludicrous beatitude: "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies"; which is evidently an allusion to some contemporary matter, and was so regarded before the date of any such multilineal map was known. It is now ascertained that an English version of Linschoten's *Discourse of Voyages*, containing a map exactly answering to Maria's description, was published in 1598. The allusion can hardly be to anything else; and the words *new map* would seem to infer that the passage was written not long after the appearance of the map in question. Dr. Ulrici and other German critics, thinking *Twelfth Night* to be glanced at in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour*, which was first acted in 1599, of course conclude the former play to have been made before that date. But we can discover nothing in Jonson's play, that may be fairly construed as an allusion to *Twelfth Night*.

On the other hand, there is good reason for thinking that the play was not made before 1600. For on June 22 of that year the Privy Council issued an order laying very severe restrictions upon stage performances. After prescribing "that there shall be about the city two houses and no more, allowed to serve for the use of common stage plays; of the which houses, one shall be in Surrey, in the place commonly called *The Bankside*, or thereabouts, and the other in Middlesex"; the order runs thus: "Foras-

much as these stage plays, by the multitude of houses and company of players, have been so frequent, not serving for recreation, but inviting and calling the people daily from their trade and work to misspend their time; it is likewise ordered, that the two several companies of players, assigned unto the two houses allowed, may play each of them in their several houses twice a week, and no oftener: and especially they shall refrain to play on the Sabbath day, upon pain of imprisonment and further penalty. And they shall forbear altogether in the time of Lent, and likewise at such time and times as any extraordinary sickness, or infection of disease, shall appear to be in or about the city." This paper was directed to the Lord Mayor and the Justices of Middlesex and Surrey, "strictly charging them to see to the execution of the same"; and it is plain, that if rigidly enforced it would have amounted almost to a total suppression of play-houses, as the expenses of such establishments could hardly have been met, in the face of so great drawbacks.

In *Twelfth Night*, Act III, sc. i, the Clown says to Viola,—"But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them"; which strikes us as a probable allusion to the forecited order. Moreover, the Puritans were especially forward and zealous in urging the complaints which put the Privy Council upon issuing this stringent process; and it will hardly be disputed that the character of Malvolio was meant as a satire upon the virtues of that extraordinary people. That the Poet should be somewhat provoked by their instrumentality in bringing about such tight restraints upon the freedom of his art, was certainly natural enough. And surely it is no slight addition to their many claims on our gratitude, that their characteristic violence against the liberty of others, and their innate aptness to think, "because they were virtuous, there should be no more cakes and ale," called forth so rich and withal so good-natured a piece of retaliation. And it is a considerable instance of the Poet's equanimity, that he dealt so fairly by them notwithstanding their vexatious assaults,

being content merely to play off upon them the divine witchcraft of his genius. Perhaps it should be remarked, that the order in question, though solicited by the authorities of the city, was not enforced; for even at this early date those righteous magistrates had hit upon the method, which they afterwards plied with such fatal success, of stimulating the complaints of discontented citizens, till orders were taken to remove the alleged grievances, and then letting such orders sleep, lest the enforcing thereof should hush those complaints, and thus lose them their cherished opportunities of annoying the Government.

The critics all agree that some outlines of the serious portion of *Twelfth Night* were drawn, directly or indirectly, from the Italian of Bandello. Several intermediate sources have been pointed out, to which the Poet may have gone; and among them the English of Barnabe Rich, and the French of Belleforest, either of which might well enough have been the true one. Besides these, two Italian plays have lately been discovered, severally entitled *Gl' Inganni* and *Gl' Ingannati*, both also founded upon Bandello, though differing considerably from each other. From the way Manningham speaks, it would seem that *Gl' Inganni* was generally regarded at the time as the original of so much of *Twelfth Night* as was borrowed: yet the play has less of resemblance to this than to any of the other sources mentioned. The point, however, where they all agree, is in having a brother and sister so much alike in person and habit as to be indistinguishable; upon which some of the main incidents are made to turn. In *Gl' Ingannati* there is the further resemblance that Lelia, the heroine, in the disguise of a page serves Flamminio, with whom she is in love, but who is in love with a lady named Isabella; and that Flamminio employs Lelia to plead his cause with Isabella. Mr. Collier thinks it cannot be said with any certainty, that Shakespeare resorted to either of the Italian plays, though he may have read both while considering the best mode of adapting to the stage the incidents of Bandello's novel. As the leading points which

they have in common with Shakespeare are much the same in all the authors in question, perhaps we cannot do better than to give an outline or brief abstract of the tale as told by Barnabe Rich; from which a pretty fair estimate of the Poet's obligations may be easily made out. The events of the story, as will be seen, are supposed to have taken place before Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks.

A certain duke, named Apolonius, had served a year in the wars against the Turk. Returning homewards by sea, he was driven by stress of weather to the isle of Cyprus, where he was well received by Pontus the governor, whose daughter Silla fell so deeply in love with him, that after his departure to Constantinople she forsook home in pursuit of him, having persuaded her man Pedro to go along with her. For security against such perils and injuries as are apt to befall young ladies in her situation, she assumed the dress and name of her brother Silvio, who was absent from home when she left. Coming to Constantinople she inquired out the residence of Apolonius, and presented herself before him, craving to be his servant; and he, being well disposed towards strangers and liking her appearance, took her into his service. Her smooth and gentle behavior soon won his confidence, and her happy diligence in waiting upon him caused her to be advanced above all the rest of his servants in credit and trust.

At this time there dwelt in the city a lady widow named Julina, whose husband had lately died, leaving her large possessions and rich livings, and who, moreover, surpassed all the ladies of Constantinople in beauty. Her attractions of course proved too much for the Duke: he became an earnest suitor to the lady, and employed his new servant to carry his love-tokens and forward his suit. Thus, besides her other afflictions, this piece of disguised sweetness had to endure the greater one of being the instrument to work her own mishap, and of playing the attorney in a cause that made against herself: nevertheless, being alto-

gether desirous to please her master, and caring nothing at all to offend herself, she urged his suit with as much zeal as if it had been her own preferment. But 'twas not long till Silla's sweetness stole through her disguise right into the heart of the lady Julina, who at length got so entangled with the often sight of this sweet temptation, that she fell as much in love with the servant as the master was with herself. Thus things went on, till one day Silla, being sent with a message to the lady, began to solicit very warmly for the Duke, when Julina interrupted her, saying, —Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your master: henceforth either speak for yourself, or say nothing at all.

Meanwhile Silla's brother, the right Silvio indeed, had returned home to Cyprus; and was much grieved to find her missing, whom he loved the more tenderly for that, besides being his own sister, she was so like him in person and feature that no one could distinguish them, save by their apparel. Learning how she had disappeared, and supposing that Pedro had seduced and stolen her away, he vowed to his father that he would not only seek out his sister, but take revenge on the servant. In this mind he departed, and, after seeking through many towns and cities in vain, arrived at Constantinople. One evening, as he was walking for recreation on a pleasant green without the walls of the city, he chanced to meet the lady Julina, who had also gone forth to take the air. Casting her eyes upon Silvio, and thinking him to be the messenger that had so often done enchantment upon her, she drew him aside, and soon courted him into a successful courtship of herself. Of course she was not long in getting tied up beyond the Duke's hope. Now Apolonius had already conceived such a tender friendship for his gentle page as always makes the better part of a genuine love. The appearance of Silla's brother forthwith brings about a full disclosure what and who she is; whereupon the Duke, seeing the lady widow now quite beyond his reach, and learning what precious riches are already his in the form

of a serving-man, transfers his heart to Silla, and takes her to his bosom.

The story of Apolonius and Silla, which was evidently made from the matter of Bandello's *Nicuola*, is in a collection entitled Rich's *Farewell to The Military Profession*, which was originally published somewhere between 1578 and 1581, and re-issued in 1606;—a book, says Rich, "containing very pleasant discourses fit for a peaceable time, and gathered together for the only delight of the courteous gentlewomen of England and Ireland." Whether Shakespeare drew directly from this source is very doubtful, there being no verbal resemblances whereby such obligations may usually be traced. Mr. Collier thinks there might be in Shakespeare's time some version of Bandello more like the original than that made by Rich; and that, whether there were or not, the Poet may have gone to the Italian story, since *Le Novelle di Bandello* were very well known in England as early as about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is observable that the lady Julina of Rich's novel, who answers to the Olivia of *Twelfth Night*, is a widow; and that Manningham speaks of Olivia as a "widow." Which suggests that she may have been so represented in the play as acted at the Reader's Feast in 1602; the Poet afterwards making the change: but it seems more likely that the barrister's recollections of Julina got mixed up with his impression of Olivia; the similarity of the stories being apt enough to generate such a confusion.

Thus it appears that the most objectionable, or rather the least admirable points in *Twelfth Night* are precisely those which were least original with the Poet; they being already familiar to his audience, and recommended to his use by the popular literature of the time. Nor is it to be overlooked that his borrowings relate only to the plot of the work, the poetry and character being all his own; and that, here as elsewhere, he used what he took merely as the canvas whereon to pencil out and express the breathing creatures of his mind. As to the comic portion, there is

no pretense that any hints or traces of it are to be found in any preceding writer.

Mr. Knight justly remarks upon the singularly composite society here delineated, that while the period of action is undefined, and the scene laid in Illyria, the names of the persons are a mixture of Spanish, Italian, and English. And the discrepancies thence arising he thinks may be best made up, by supposing Duke Orsino to be a Venetian governor of so much of ancient Illyria as remained subject to Venice at the beginning of the seventeenth century; his attendants, Valentine, Curio, etc., as well as Olivia, Malvolio, and Maria, being also Venetians: and Sir Toby and Sir Andrew to be English residents; the former, a maternal uncle to Olivia,—her father, a Venetian count, having married his sister.

This discrepancy in the grouping of the persons, whether so intended or not, very well accords with the spirit in which, or the occasion for which, the title indicates the play to have been written. Twelfth Day, anciently so called as being the twelfth after Christmas, is the day whereon the Church has always kept the feast of "The Epiphany, or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles," by the miraculous leading of a star. So that, in preparing a Twelfth-Night entertainment the idea of fitness might aptly suggest, that national lines and distinctions should be lost in the paramount ties of a common religion: and that people the most diverse in kindred and tongue should draw together in the sentiment of one Lord, one faith, one baptism; their social mirth being thus seasoned with a spicery of heaven, and relishing of universal brotherhood.

The general scope and plan of *Twelfth Night*, as a work of art, is wisely hinted in its second title: all the comic elements being, as it were, thrown out simultaneously and held in a sort of equipoise, thus leaving the readers to fix the preponderance where will best suit their several bent or state of mind; so that within certain limits and conditions each may take the work in *what sense he will.* For

where no special prominence is given to one thing, there must needs be wide scope for individual aptitudes and inclinations, and great freedom for everyone to select for virtual prominence such parts as best express or knit in with what is uppermost in his thoughts.

Taking another view of *Twelfth Night* in the light of the same principle, the significancy of the title is further traceable in a peculiar spontaneousness running through the play. Replete as it is with humors and oddities, they all seem to spring up of their own accord; the comic characters being free alike from disguises and pretensions, and seeking merely to let off their inward redundancy; caring not at all whether everybody or nobody sees them, so they may have their whim out, and giving utterance to folly and nonsense simply because they cannot help it. Thus their very deformities have a certain grace, since they are genuine and of nature's planting: absurdity and whimsicality are indigenous to the soil, and shoot up in free, happy luxuriance, from the life that is in them. And by thus setting the characters out in their happiest aspects, the Poet contrives to make them simply ludicrous and diverting, instead of putting upon them the construction of wit or spleen, and thereby making them ridiculous or contemptible. Hence it is that we so readily enter into a sort of fellowship with them; their foibles and follies being shown up in such a spirit of good humor that the subjects themselves would rather join with us in laughing, than be angered or hurt by the exhibition. Moreover, the high and the low are here seen moving in free and familiar intercourse, without any apparent consciousness of their respective ranks: the humors and comicalities of the play keep running and frisking in among the serious parts, to their mutual advantage; the connection between them being of a kind to be felt, not described.

Thus the piece overflows with the genial, free-and-easy spirit of a merry Twelfth Night. Chance, caprice, and intrigue, it is true, are brought together in about equal portions; and their meeting, and crossing, and mutual

tripping, cause a deal of perplexity and confusion, defeating the hopes of some, suspending those of others: yet here, as is often the case in actual life, from this conflict of opposites order and happiness spring up as the final result: if what we call accident thwart one cherished purpose, it draws on something better; blighting a full-blown expectation now, to help the blossoming of a nobler one hereafter: and it so happens in the end that all the persons but two either have *what they will*, or grow willing to have what comes to their hand.

If the characters of this play be generally less interesting in themselves than some we meet with elsewhere in the Poet's works, the defect is pretty well made up by the felicitous grouping of them. For broad comic effect, the cluster of which Sir Toby is the center,—all of them drawn in clear yet delicate colors,—is inferior only to the unparalleled assemblage that makes rich the air of Eastcheap. Of Sir Toby himself,—that most whimsical, madcap, frolicsome old toper, so full of antics and fond of sprees, with a plentiful stock of wit and an equal lack of money to keep it in motion,—it is enough to say, with one of the best Shakespearean critics, that "he certainly comes out of the same associations where the Poet saw Falstaff hold his revels"; and that though "not Sir John, nor a fainter sketch of him, yet he has an odd sort of a family likeness to him." Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, the aspiring, lack-a-daisical, self-satisfied echo and sequel of Sir Toby, fitly serves the double purpose of butt and foil to the latter, at once drawing him out and setting him off. Ludicrously proud of the most petty childish irregularities, which, however, his natural fatuity keeps him from acting, and barely suffers him to affect, on this point he reminds us of that impressive imbecility, Abraham Slender; yet not in such sort as to encroach at all upon Slender's province. There can scarce be found a richer piece of diversion than Sir Toby's practice in dandling him out of his money, and paying him off with the odd hope of gaining Olivia's hand. And the funniest of it is, that while Sir Toby thoroughly

understands him he has not himself the slightest suspicion what he is, being as confident of his own wit as others are of his want of it.—Malvolio, the self-lovesick Steward, has hardly had justice done him, his bad qualities being indeed just of the kind to defeat the recognition of his good ones. He represents a class of men, not quite extinct even yet, whose leading characteristic is moral vanity and conceit, and who are never satisfied with a law that leaves them free to do right, unless it also give them power to keep others from doing wrong. Of course, therefore, he has too much conscience to mind his own business, and is too pure to tolerate mirth in others, because too much swollen and stiffened with self-love to be merry himself. But here again Mr. Verplanck has spoken so happily that we must needs quote him: "The gravity, the acquirement, the real talent and accomplishment of the man, all made ludicrous, fantastical, and absurd, by his intense vanity, is as true a conception as it is original and droll, and its truth may still be frequently attested by comparison with real Malvolios, to be found everywhere from humble domestic life up to the high places of learning, of the state, and even of the Church."—Maria's quaint stratagem of the letter is evidently for the purpose of disclosing to others what her keener sagacity has discovered long before; and its working lifts her into a model of arch roguish mischievousness, with wit to plan and art to execute whatsoever falls within the scope of such a character. The scenes where the waggish troop, headed by this "noble gull-catcher" and most "excellent devil of wit," bewitch Malvolio into "a contemplative idiot," practicing upon his vanity and conceit until he seems ready to burst with an ecstacy of self-consequence, and they "laugh themselves into stitches" over him, are almost painfully diverting. At length, however, our merriment at seeing him "jet under his advanc'd plumes" passes into pity for his sufferings, and we feel a degree of resentment towards his ingenious persecutors. Doubtless the Poet meant to push the joke upon him so far as to throw our feelings over on

his side, and make us take his part. For his character is such that perhaps nothing but excessive reprisals on his vanity could make us do justice to his real worth.—The shrewd, mirth-loving Fabian, who in greedy silence devours up fun, being made so happy by the first tastings, that he dare not laugh lest the noise thereof should lose him the remainder; and the witty-wise Fool, who lives but to jest out philosophy, and moralize the scenes where he moves, by "pinning the pied lappets of his wit to the backs of all about him," complete this strange group of laughing and laughter-moving personages.

Such are the scenes, such the characters that enliven Olivia's mansion during the play; Olivia herself, calm, cheerful, of "smooth, discreet, and stable bearing," hovering about them, sometimes unbending, never losing her dignity among them; often checking, oftener enjoying their merry-makings, and occasionally emerging from her seclusion to be plagued by the Duke's message and bewitched by his messenger: and Viola, always perfect in her part, yet always shrinking from it, appearing among them from time to time on her embassies of love; sometimes a partaker, sometimes a provoker, sometimes the victim, of their mischievous sport.

All this array of comicalities, exhilarating as it is in itself, is rendered doubly so by the frequent changes and playings-in of poetry breathed from the sweetest spots of romance, and which "gives a very echo to the seat where Love is thron'd"; ideas and images of beauty creeping and stealing over the mind with footsteps so soft and delicate that we scarce know what touches us,—the motions of one that had learned to tread

> "As if the wind, not he, did walk,
> Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk."

Upon this portion of the play Hazlitt remarks in his spirited way,—"Much as we think of catches, and cakes and ale, there is something that we like better. We have a friendship for Sir Toby; we patronize Sir Andrew; we

have an understanding with the Clown, a sneaking kindness for Maria and her rogueries; we feel a regard for Malvolio, and sympathize with his gravity, his smiles, his cross-garters, his yellow stockings, and imprisonment: But there is something that excites in us a stronger feeling than all this."

Olivia is a considerable instance how much a fair and candid setting-forth may do to render an ordinary person attractive, and shows that for the home-bred comforts and fireside tenor of life such persons after all are apt to be the best; and it is not a little remarkable that one so willful and perverse on certain points should be so agreeable and interesting upon the whole. If it seem rather naughty in her not to give the Duke a fair chance to try his powers upon her, she gets pretty well paid in falling a victim to the eloquence which her obstinacy stirs up and provokes. Nor is it altogether certain whether her conduct springs from a pride that will not listen where her fancy is not taken, or from an unambitious modesty that prefers not to "match above her degree." Her

> "beauty truly blent, whose red and white
> Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

saves the credit of the fancy-smitten Duke in such an urgency of suit as might else breed some question of his manliness: and her winning infirmity, as expressed in the sweet violence with which she hastens on "a contract and eternal bond of love" with the astonished and bewildered Sebastian, "that her most jealous and too doubtful soul may live at peace," shows how well the sternness of the brain may be tempered into amiability by the meekness of womanhood. Manifold indeed are the attractions which the Poet has shed upon his heroes and heroines; yet perhaps the learned spirit of the man is more wisely apparent in the home-keeping virtues and unostentatious beauty of his average characters. And surely the contemplation of Olivia may well suggest the question, whether the former be not sometimes too admirable to be so instructive as

those whose graces walk more in the light of common day.

Similar thoughts might aptly enough be started by the Duke, who, without any very splendid or striking qualities, manages somehow to be a highly agreeable and interesting person. His character is merely that of an accomplished gentleman, enraptured at the touch of music, and the sport of thick-thronging fancies. It is plain that Olivia has rather enchanted his imagination than won his heart; though he is not himself aware that such is the case. This fancy-sickness, for it appears to be nothing else, naturally renders him somewhat capricious and fantastical, "unstaid and skittish" in his motions; and, but for the exquisite poetry which it inspires him to utter, would rather stir up our mirth than start our sympathy. To use an illustration from another play, Olivia is not so much his Juliet as his Rosaline; and perhaps a secret impression of something like this is the real cause of her rejecting his suit. Accordingly when he sees her placed beyond his hope he has no more trouble about her; but turns and builds a true affection where, during the preoccupancy of his imagination, so many sweet and tender appeals have been made to his heart.

In Viola, what were else not a little scattered are thoroughly composed; her character being the unifying power that draws and binds together the several groups of persons in true dramatic consistency. Love-taught herself, it was for her to teach both the Duke and the Countess how to love: indeed she plays into all the other parts, causing them to embrace and kiss within the compass of her circulation. And yet, like some subtle agency working most where we perceive it least, she does all this in such a way as not to render herself a special prominence in the play.

It is observable that the Poet has left it uncertain whether Viola was in love with the Duke before the assumption of her disguise, or whether her heart was won afterwards by reading "the book even of his secret soul" while wooing another. Nor does it much matter whether her passion were one of the motives, or one of the consequences,

of her disguise, since in either case such a man as Olivia describes him to be might well find his way to tougher hearts than hers. But her love has none of the skittishness and unrest which mark the Duke's passion for Olivia: complicated out of all the elements of her richly-gifted, sweetly-tempered nature, it is strong without violence; never mars the innate modesty of her character; is deep as life, tender as infancy, pure, peaceful, and unchangeable as truth.

Mrs. Jameson,—who, with the best right to know what belongs to woman, unites a rare talent for taking others along with her and letting them see the choice things which her gifted, genial eye discerns, and who, in respect of Shakespeare's heroines, has left little for after critics to do but quote her words,—remarks that "in Viola a sweet consciousness of her feminine nature is forever breaking through her masquerade;—she plays her part well, but never forgets, nor allows us to forget, that she is playing a part." And, sure enough, everything about her save her dress "is semblative a woman's part": she has none of the pretty assumption of a pert, saucy, waggish manhood, which so delights us in the Rosalind of *As You Like It;* but she has that which, if not better in itself, is more becoming in her,—"the inward and spiritual grace of modesty" pervading all she does and says. Even in her sweet-witted railleries with the comic characters there is all the while an instinctive drawing back of female delicacy, touching our sympathies, and causing us to feel most deeply what she is, when those with whom she is playing least suspect her to be other than she seems. And the same is true concerning her passion, of which she never so speaks as to compromise in the least the delicacies and proprieties of her sex, yet she lets fall many things from which the Duke easily gathers the true drift and quality of her feelings as soon as he learns what she is.—But the great charm of her character lies in a moral rectitude so perfect as to be a secret unto itself; a clear, serene composure of truth,

mingling so freely and smoothly with the issues of life, that while, and perhaps even because, she is herself unconscious of it, she is never once tempted to abuse or shirk her trust, though it be to play the attorney in a cause that makes so much against herself. In this respect she presents a fine contrast to Malvolio, who has much virtue indeed, yet not so much but that the counter-pullings of temptation have rendered him deeply conscious of it, and so drawn him into the vice, at once hateful and ridiculous, of moral pride.

Twelfth Night naturally falls, by internal as well as external notes, into the middle period of the author's productive years. It has no such marks of vast but immature powers as are often to be met with in his earlier plays; nor any of "that intense idiosyncrasy of thought and expression,—that unparalleled fusion of the intellectual with the passionate," which distinguishes his later ones. Everything is calm and quiet, with an air of unruffled serenity and composure about it, as if the Poet had purposely taken to such matter as he could easily mould into graceful and entertaining forms; thus exhibiting none of the crushing muscularity of mind to which the hardest materials afterwards or elsewhere became as limber and pliant as clay in the hands of a potter. Yet the play has a marked severity of taste; the style, though by no means so great as in some others, is singularly faultless; the graces of wit and poetry are distilled into it with indescribable delicacy, as if they came from a hand at once the most plentiful and the most sparing: in short, the work is everywhere replete with "the modest charm of not too much"; its beauty, like that of the heroine, being of the still, deep, retiring sort which it takes some time to find, forever to exhaust, and which can be fully caught only by the reflective imagination in "the quiet and still air of delightful studies." Thus all things are disposed in most happy keeping with each other, and tempered in the blandest proportion of art, as if on purpose to show how

> "Grace, laughter, and discourse may meet,
> And yet the beauty not go less;
> For what is noble should be sweet."

Such, we believe, is pretty nearly our impression of this charming play;—"a drama," as Knight happily describes it, "running over with imagination, and humor, and wit; in which high poetry is welded with intense fun; and we are made to feel that the lofty and the ludicrous in human affairs can only be adequately presented by one who sees the whole from an eagle-height to which ordinary men cannot soar."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

VIOLA

The situation and the character of Viola have been censured for their want of consistency and probability; it is therefore worth while to examine how far this criticism is true. As for her situation in the drama (of which she is properly the heroine), it is shortly this. She is shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria; she is alone and without protection in a strange country. She wishes to enter into the service of the Countess Olivia; but she is assured that this is impossible; "for the lady having recently lost an only and beloved brother, has abjured the sight of men, has shut herself up in her palace, and will admit no kind of suit." In this perplexity, Viola remembers to have heard her father speak with praise and admiration of Orsino, the Duke of the country; and having ascertained that he is not married, and that therefore his court is not a proper asylum for her in her feminine character, she attires herself in the disguise of a page, as the best protection against uncivil comments, till she can gain some tidings of her brother. If we carry our thoughts back to a romantic and chivalrous age, there is surely sufficient probability here for all the purposes of poetry. To pursue the thread of Viola's destiny;—she is engaged in the service of the Duke, whom she finds "fancy-sick" for the love of Olivia. We are left to infer (for so it is hinted in the first scene), that this Duke—who, with his accomplishments, and his personal attractions, his taste for music, his chivalrous tenderness, and his unrequited love, is really a very fascinating and poetical personage, though

a little passionate and fantastic—had already made some impression on Viola's imagination; and when she comes to play the confidante, and to be loaded with favors and kindness in her assumed character, that she should be touched by a passion made up of pity, admiration, gratitude, and tenderness, does not, I think, in any way detract from the genuine sweetness and delicacy of her character, for "*she never told her love.*" Now all this, as the critic wisely observes, may not present a very just picture of life; and it may also fail to impart any moral lesson for the especial profit of well-bred young ladies; but is it not in truth and in nature? Did it ever fail to charm or to interest, to seize on the coldest fancy, to touch the most insensible heart? Viola then is chosen favorite of the enamored Duke, and becomes his messenger to Olivia, and the interpreter of his sufferings to that inaccessible beauty. In her character of a youthful page, she attracts the favor of Olivia, and excites the jealousy of her lord. The situation is critical and delicate; but how exquisitely is the character of Viola fitted to her part, carrying her through the ordeal with all the inward and spiritual grace of modesty! What beautiful propriety in the distinction drawn between Rosalind and Viola! The wild sweetness, the frolic humor which sports free and unblamed amid the shades of Ardennes, would ill become Viola, whose playfulness is assumed as part of her disguise as a court-page, and is guarded by the strictest delicacy. She has not, like Rosalind, a saucy enjoyment in her own incognito; her disguise does not sit so easily upon her; her heart does not beat freely under it. As in the old ballad, where "Sweet William" is detected weeping in secret over her "man's array," so in Viola, a sweet consciousness of her feminine nature is forever breaking through her masquerade. She plays her part well, but never forgets, nor allows us to forget, that she is playing a part. The feminine cowardice of Viola, which will not allow her even to affect a courage becoming her attire,—her horror at the idea of drawing a sword, is very natural and characteristic;

and produces a most humorous effect, even at the very moment it charms and interests us.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

Viola is Shakespeare's ideal of the patient idolatry and devoted, silent self-sacrifice of perfect love. Viola makes no attempt to win; spreads no lure; resorts to no subterfuge. In such cases the advance is usually made by woman. It is so made by Rosalind, for example, a character commonly and erroneously, named as the perfection of abstract poetical spirituality and refinement. It is not made by Viola—she loves, and is simply herself, and she will submit, without a murmur, to any sorrow that may await her. "She never told her love." Rosalind is a woman. Viola is a poem. Rosalind is human. Viola is human, too, but also she is celestial. Disguised as a boy, she will follow the fortunes of her lord, and she will even plead his cause, as a lover, with the beautiful woman who has captured his physical longing and languishing, sentimental fancy. A woman, under such circumstances, commonly hates her rival with the bitterness of death—Viola never harbors hate, never speaks one word of antagonism or malice. She does not assume that Orsino is her property because she happens to love him, or that he is in any way responsible for the condition of her feelings, or that Olivia is reprehensible because she has fascinated him. There is no selfishness in her love, because there is no selfishness in her nature. Her desire to see the face of Olivia is the pathetic desire to know what it is that has charmed the man whom she worships, and, through her simulated glee, when she does see it, shines the touching consciousness that the beauty of Olivia might well inspire any man's devotion. Nothing could be more fervent and generous than the candor and enthusiasm with which she recognizes that beauty, and pleads with it for compassion upon a suffering worshiper. She knows Orsino's sorrows by her own, and pities him and would help him if she could. That is true love, which desires not its own hap-

piness, but the happiness of its object, and which feels, without any conscious knowledge, that itself is the perfection of human attainment, and that it may be better to lose than to win. Shakespeare has incarnated that lovely spirit in a person of equal loveliness, and has inspired it with the exuberant glee that is possible only to perfect innocence.—WINTER, *Shadows of the Stage.*

After her first exertion of will in assuming male dress, and this is readily ascribed to the exigence of unprotected position, she simply allows herself to be carried along by the stream of time and events, which answer to her confidence by floating her at last to happiness. Enamored of the Duke, she can no more than Rosalind, though in a more pensive spirit, deny herself the luxury of uttering her passion when secure that her expressions cannot be applied; but otherwise the loss of a brother rests on her heart as on Olivia's, and she has not yet recovered courage to attempt to steer her fate. She is simply face to face with Grief, and conquers it by being able to tranquilly smile at it. She does her embassage to Olivia with candid directness, and is content to take the consequence of her loyalty. She sees quickly a probability that she is mistaken for her brother, yet she leaves this too for the course of events to bring to light; and even when the hasty speech of the Duke seems to threaten her destruction, she turns to meet her fate "jocund, apt, and willingly." Her conduct throughout is consistent with the character, for which the type and key-note was given by the conditions of the embassy. Had her nature been more active, less contemplative, and less conscientious, she could not have undertaken to intercede with her rival, without making some use of her position to influence her own fortunes, and yet in what direction could she urge them, consistently with delicacy and honor? A stronger character would have been far more embarrassed; and thus the position creates the necessity for the only combination of feminine qualities, that could be placed in it without disagreeable diffi-

culty and without degradation. It is with like uncritical, though not unwondering, acquiescence that Sebastian receives his good fortune; and it is the naturalness of this, as a point of twin likeness, that reconciles us to it, and thus saves him from any appearance of dullness on the one hand, or duplicity on the other.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays.*

OLIVIA

The Countess Olivia forms a pendant to the Duke; she, like him, is full of yearning melancholy. With an ostentatious exaggeration of sisterly love, she has vowed to pass seven whole years veiled like a nun, consecrating her whole life to sorrow for her dead brother. Yet we find in her speeches no trace of this devouring sorrow; she jests with her household, and rules it ably and well, until, at the first sight of the disguised Viola, she flames out into passion, and, careless of the traditional reserve of her sex, takes the most daring steps to win the supposed youth. She is conceived as an unbalanced character, who passes at a bound from exaggerated hatred for all worldly things to total forgetfulness of her never-to-be-forgotten sorrow. Yet she is not comic like Phebe; for Shakespeare has indicated that it is the Sebastian type, foreshadowed in the disguished Viola, which is irresistible to her; and Sebastian, we see, at once requites the love which his sister had to reject. Her utterance of her passion, moreover, is always poetically beautiful.

Yet while she is sighing in vain for Viola, she necessarily appears as though seized with a mild erotic madness, similar to that of the Duke: and the folly of each is parodied in a witty and delightful fashion by Malvolio's entirely ludicrous love for his mistress, and vain confidence that she returns it. Olivia feels and says this herself, where she exclaims (III, iv)—

> "Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he
> If sad and merry madness equal be."

—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

Olivia, at first sight, seems scarcely suited to attract, except by the power of contrast, the sentimental nature of Orsino. Young and beautiful she indeed is, but the serious tendency of her mind has been aggravated by the death in quick succession of her father and her brother, and she has shut herself up for seven years in cloistral seclusion to nurse her grief. Everything in her surroundings bears witness to her austere temper. Her household is governed by a puritanical steward on rigid principles of order, and though her unusually strong sense of the ties of relationship leads her to entertain a roystering kinsman, she seeks to confine his licence within endurable limits. She is an enemy to all false show, inward or outward. No paint contributes to the red and white of her cheeks, and she scorns overstrained praise or "lowly feigning" from the lips of others. It is not strange that this "mouse of virtue," as the Fool aptly calls her, whose very seal bears the image of the chaste Lucrece, should shrink back in disgust from the cloying incense of Orsino's adoration, and (in a phrase that drops naturally from the mouth of a recluse) should term his love "a heresy." But the icy manner in which she rejects his addresses shows that she pushes austerity to a point where it becomes indifference to the sufferings of others, and she pays a full penalty when, at the first sight of the disguised Viola, her heart overflows with a passion for the servant, as intense and as fruitless as that of the master for herself.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

MALVOLIO

Malvolio, the steward of Olivia's household, is prized by that lady for his grave and punctilious disposition. He discharges his office carefully and in a tone of some superiority, for his mind is above his estate. At some time in his life he has read cultivated books, knows the theory of Pythagoras concerning the transmigration of the soul, but thinks more nobly of the soul and no way

approves that opinion. His gentility, though a little rusted and obsolete, is like a Sunday suit which nobody thinks of rallying. He wears it well, and his mistress cannot afford to treat him exactly as a servant; in fact, she has occasionally dropped good-natured phrases which he has interpreted into a special partiality: for Quixotic conceits can riot about inside of his stiff demeanor. This proneness to fantasy increases the touchiness of a man of reserve. He can never take a joke, and his climate is too inclement to shelter humor. Souls must be at blood-heat, and brains must expand with it like a blossom, before humor will fructify. He wonders how Olivia can tolerate the clown. "I protest," he says, "I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies." Olivia hits the difficulty when she replies, "Oh, you are sick of self-love, and taste with a distempered appetite." Perhaps he thinks nobly of the soul because he so profoundly respects his own, and carries it upon stilts over the heads of the servants and Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Imagine this saturnine and self-involved man obliged to consort daily with Sir Toby, who brings his hand to the buttery-bar before breakfast, and who hates going to bed "as an unfilled can," unless no more drink is forthcoming; an irascible fellow, too, and all the more tindery because continually dry. He has Sir Andrew Aguecheek for a boon companion, who says of himself that sometimes he has no more wit than a Christian, or than an ordinary man. When he is not in liquor he is fuddled with inanity, and chirps and skips about, deluding himself with the notion that Olivia will receive his addresses. Sir Toby, to borrow money of him, fosters the notion, and flatters his poor tricks. Then there is that picador of a clown, who plants in Malvolio's thin skin a perfect quickset of barbed quips, and sends him lowering around the mansion which these roisterers have turned into a tavern. The other servant, Fabian, has a grudge against him for interfering with a bear-baiting he was interested in; for

Malvolio was one of those Puritans who frowned upon that sport, as Macaulay said, not because it worried the bear, but because it amused the men. The steward was right when he informed this precious set that they were idle, shallow things, and he was not of their element. No doubt he is the best man of the lot. But he interrupts their carousing at midnight in such a sour and lofty way that we are entertained to hear their drunken chaffing, and we call to Maria for another stoup, though they have had too much already; but a fresh exposition of dryness always sets in when such a virtue as Malvolio's tries to wither us. However, he becomes the object of their animosity, and they work in his distemper to make him ridiculous.—WEISS, *Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare.*

SIR ANDREW

The reverse to this caricature [Malvolio] is the squire Sir Andrew. He is a melancholy picture of what man would be without any self-love, the source indeed of so many weaknesses. To this straight-haired country squire, life consists only in eating and drinking; eating beef, he himself fears, has done harm to his wit; in fact, he is stupid even to silliness, totally deprived of all passion, and thus of all self-love or self-conceit. He looks up to the awkward Sir Toby, as well as to the adroit fool, as paragons of urbane manners, and seeks to copy their phraseology; he is the parrot and the utterly thoughtless echo of Sir Toby; he thinks to have everything, to be and to have been all that Sir Toby was and had; he repeats his words and imitates him, without even understanding what he says. The dissolute Sir Toby has brought him forward as a suitor for Olivia, that he may fleece him; but the poor suitor himself believes not in his success, and is ever on the point of departing. He despairs of his manners, and the cold sweat stands on his brow if his business is only with the chamber-maid. He repeats indeed after Sir Toby that he too was adored once; but we see, whilst he

says it, by the stupid face, that on *this* point beyond any other he is totally without experience. He has never been so conceited as to believe himself seriously regarded by any; his mistrust of himself is as great as his mistrust of others is small. When Sir Toby seeks to persuade him and others that he is a linguist, a courtier, a musician, a dancer, and a fencer, the desire seizes him for a moment perhaps, after his corrupter has dragged him away to drink wine against his will, to look a little at himself; but close behind this paroxysm of feeble and trifling conceit there lurks ever a renouncing of self and a contempt of all his gifts. Scarcely can poverty of mind be more bluntly derided than when Sir Toby asks him reproachfully if this is "a world to hide virtues in!"—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

MARIA

Of all the subordinate persons in the *Twelfth Night*, no one character is more finely conceived and more thoroughly followed out, than that of Maria. She is by nature of the most boisterous spirits, irrepressible, outpouring. Her delight is teasing; her joy a hoax; her happiness a good practical jest. Worrying is her element, and she gambols in it, "dolphin-like"; tormenting is her beatitude on this earth, and she would scarcely desire a new earth, and to live in it, if debarred of her darling joke-inquisition, of which she is grand inquisitor, arch-judiciary, and executioner. She has no female companion, no associate of her own sex but her mistress, and she (the Countess) is a recluse, shutting herself out from society, musing over her brother's death. This circumstance naturally throws one of Maria's temperament into fellowship with the men of the household; and her conduct takes a color from that association. Her fun is all but masculine; and yet her gaiety is of the most inspiring kind, but still perfectly feminine; so impulsive, so breathlessly eager, so unmisgiving! No one escapes her; not one, even, of her hoax-

fellows. She rates Sir Toby, and soundly, about his late hours; twitting him with his jollifications, and scoffing at his gull-companion, Sir Andrew Aguecheek. And when this last enters, she has a tilt at him, jeering, joking, mystifying, obfuscating him.

We next see her, head-over-ears, in a plaguing-bout with the Clown, whom she threatens with her lady's displeasure for some misdemeanor, of which she is curious to discover the secret. But Feste is the only one who is a match for her; and he brings her *two* Rolands for her Oliver. He has a secret of her own, and this gives him the whip-hand of her. But she is never content except when plying the teazle upon one hapless pate or other; and her talent is unmisgiving and untiring.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

LOVE

At the first glance it might seem as if in *What You Will*, the end in view was a comic exhibition of *love*, which of itself can as well form the substance of a comedy as the fundamental theme of a tragedy. However, we have here nothing to do with the real and, in this sense, the significant passion of love. Love here, appears rather as a mere freak of the imagination, a mere glittering kaleidoscope of sentiment, a gay dress in which the soul envelops itself and which it changes with the various seasons. The Duke's passion for Olivia bursts out into flame as suddenly for Viola, as her heart is kindled with love for him; Olivia's fondness for Viola is quite satisfied with the substitution of the brother, who, on his part, makes no objection about being put in his sister's place, and Malvolio's and Sir Andrew's affection for Olivia is a mere bubble. Nay, Antonio's very friendship for Sebastian is also somewhat accidental and fantastic in character. Thus the playful capriciousness of love appears only to be the main spring to the merry game of life which is here unrolled before our eyes; it is only a prominent motive for the de-

velopment of the action, not the nucleus and gravitating point of the whole.—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

UNITY OF PERSONS AND PLACE

What Bassanio is for the organic unity of *The Merchant of Venice,* Olivia is for *Twelfth Night.* In neither of the two plots is she the chief character, but merely a very prominent one; to win her hand is the mainspring of one, whereby a chance is given to Viola to reveal her feminine advantages, as it is also of the other, which involves Malvolio's humiliation. How important she is to the establishment of the artistic whole will be noted if we were to put another character in her place as the aim of Malvolio's ambition. Should the aspirations of the steward extend beyond the house of his mistress, his discomforture elsewhere follows, and the artistic unity of the plot is lost as well as our own interest, and, in fact, we have enclosed two comedies in one frame. To guard against the impression that we have here a mere unity of persons, there is the unity of place; there are only six short scenes, secondary components of the composition, and one chief scene (Act II, sc. iv) which are not laid in Olivia's house. Through this arrangement not only do actors in both plots come in continuous touch with each other, but the plots themselves define each other and interlace.

Just as the haughty Olivia excites the aspirations of the narrow prosaic Malvolio, so Viola is brought down from romantic heights to common daily life by the episode of the duel, which also serves to reveal the pusillanimity of Sir Andrew. Malvolio's mad presumption was fostered by the favored position which his liberal unsuspicious mistress gave him near her person; and his hopes were nourished by the persistent rejection to which even such a brilliant wooer as the Duke had to submit. And never could Sir Toby have kindled in Sir Andrew's soul such murderous designs had not Viola been the messenger of love from a powerful rival. Sebastian, too, could not have won Olivia

until he had proved his valor on the two foolish knights.—CONRAD, *Preuss. Jahrbücher.*

A PERFECT CREATION

Notwithstanding minor discrepancies, I may call attention to the marvelous oneness of *Twelfth Night;* there is nothing in excess; at every point drama and poem mingle and are transfigured; the notes of wisdom and merriment, tenderness and raillery, joy and sadness melt into the controlling harmony of love; the play indeed is among those perfect creations in which faultless form is vitalized by faultless spirit.—LUCE, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE PLAY

This comedy is pervaded with the spirit of literature and gentility. It is lifted above the working-day world into a sphere of ease, culture, and good-breeding. Its characters are votaries of pleasure in different degrees, from the exercise of the imagination, which, after all, are but pleasures of the sense at second-hand. Besides the air of elegance it possesses, it is filled to the brim and overflowing with the spirit that seeks to enjoy this world without one thought or aspiration beyond. It jumps the hereafter entirely. Every scene of it glows with the warmth and sunshine of physical enjoyment. It places before us the sensual man, with his fondness of cheer, his cakes and ale, his delights of the eye and ear, his pleasure in pastime and sport, his high estimation of a good leg and a good voice, in short, of all that can gratify the sense, win favor, or conduce to worldly advantage.—RUGGLES, *Method of Shakespeare as an Artist.*

THE GENIAL TEMPER OF THE PLAY

It is scarcely necessary for us to enter into any analysis of the plot of this charming comedy, or attempt any dissec-

tion of its characters, for the purpose of opening to the reader new sources of enjoyment. It is impossible, we think, for one of ordinary sensibility to read through the first act without yielding himself up to the genial temper in which the entire play is written. "The sunshine of the breast," spreads its rich purple light over the whole champain and penetrates into every thicket and every dingle. From the first line to the last—from the Duke's

"That strain again;—it had a dying fall,"

to the Clown's

"With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,"—

there is not a thought, or a situation, that is not calculated to call forth pleasurable feelings. The love-melancholy of the Duke is a luxurious abandonment to one pervading impression—not a fierce and hopeless contest with one o'ermastering passion. It delights to lie "canopied with bowers,"—to listen to "old and antique" songs, which dally with its "innocence,"—to be "full of shapes," and "high fantastical." The love of Viola is the sweetest and tenderest emotion that ever informed the heart of the purest and most graceful of beings with a spirit almost divine. Perhaps in the whole range of Shakespeare's poetry there is nothing which comes more unbidden into the mind, and always in connection with some image of the ethereal beauty of the utterer, than Viola's "she never told her love." The love of Olivia, willful as it is, is not in the slightest degree repulsive. With the old stories before him, nothing but the refined delicacy of Shakespeare's conception of the female character could have redeemed Olivia from approaching to the anti-feminine. But as it is we pity her, and we rejoice with her. These are what may be called the serious characters, because they are the vehicles for what we emphatically call the poetry of the play. But the comic characters are to us equally poetical —that is, they appear to us not mere copies of the representatives of temporary or individual follies, but embody-

ings of the universal comic, as true and as fresh to-day as they were two centuries and a half ago. Malvolio is to our minds as poetical as Don Quixote; and we are by no means sure that Shakespeare meant the poor cross-gartered Steward *only* to be laughed at, any more than Cervantes did the knight of the rueful countenance. He meant us to pity him, as Olivia and the Duke pitied him; for, in truth, the delusion by which Malvolio was wrecked, only passed out of the romantic into the comic through the manifestation of the vanity of the character in reference to his situation. But if we laugh at Malvolio we are not to laugh ill-naturedly, for the poet has conducted all the mischief against him in a spirit in which there is no real malice at the bottom of the fun. Sir Toby is a most genuine character,—one given to strong potations and boisterous merriment; but with a humor about him perfectly irresistible. His *abandon* to the instant opportunity of laughing at and with others is something so thoroughly English, that we are not surprised the poet gave him an English name. And like all genuine humorists Sir Toby must have his butt. What a trio is presented in that glorious scene of the second act, where the two Knights and the Clown "make the welkin dance";—the humorist, the fool, and the philosopher!—for Sir Andrew is the fool, and the Clown is the philosopher. We hold the Clown's epilogue song to be the most philosophical Clown's song upon record; and a treatise might be written upon its wisdom. It is the history of a life, from the condition of "a little tiny boy," through "man's estate," to decaying age—"when I came unto my bed"; and the conclusion is, that what is true of the individual is true of the species, and what was of yesterday was of generations long past away—for

"A great while ago the world begun."

—Knight, *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

SHAKESPEARE'S COMIC GENIUS

This is justly considered as one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's comedies. It is full of sweetness and pleasantry. It is perhaps too good-natured for comedy. It has little satire, and no spleen. It aims at the ludicrous rather than the ridiculous. It makes us laugh at the follies of mankind, not despise them, and still less bear any ill-will towards them. Shakespeare's comic genius resembles the bee rather in its power of extracting sweets from weeds or poisons, than in leaving a sting behind it. He gives the most amusing exaggeration of the prevailing foibles of his characters, but in a way that they themselves, instead of being offended at, would almost join in to humor; he rather contrives opportunities for them to show themselves off in the happiest lights, than renders them contemptible in the perverse construction of the wit or malice of others.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*

TWELFTH NIGHT;
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria*
SEBASTIAN, *brother to Viola*
ANTONIO, *a sea captain, friend to Sebastian*
A Sea Captain, *friend to Viola*
VALENTINE, } *gentlemen attending on the Duke*
CURIO, }
SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle to Olivia*
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK
MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia*
FABIAN, } *servants to Olivia*
FESTE, *a clown*, }

OLIVIA
VIOLA
MARIA, *Olivia's woman*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea coast near it*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Orsino, Duke of Illyria, is suing for the hand of Olivia, a noble lady of the same place. Into his service enters Viola, a young gentlewoman of Messaline, who has become separated from her twin brother Sebastian by shipwreck and has donned male attire. These twins are so much alike that only by their dress could they be told apart. Viola as Cesario finds favor with the Duke and is sent by him to court Olivia for him. This she does so well that the lady gives her love to the supposed youth instead of to the master.

ACT II

Olivia sends a ring and message to Viola, who realizes what has happened to the lady and pities her. She herself has fallen in love with the Duke and is, of course, obliged to conceal her passion. Malvolio, steward to Olivia, is so conceited that his fellow-servants plan a practical joke on him and write him a letter full of love-expressions which he believes to come from his mistress.

ACT III

Olivia's love for the page becomes so intense that she openly confesses it to Viola who answers her "I have but one heart, one bosom, and one truth, and that no woman has." One of Olivia's other suitors, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, is jealous of the attention and favor the lady shows the page and challenges Viola. The duel is stopped ere

it began by the timely arrival of some officers of the law. In the meantime Malvolio's actions are so ridiculous that Olivia believes him insane and has him locked in a dark room.

ACT IV

Viola's brother Sebastian had also been rescued at the time of the shipwreck. He now arrives in Illyria and being met on the street by Sir Andrew is mistaken by that gentleman for Viola and the fight is renewed. This time it is Olivia who stops the duel, thinking that Sebastian is the page Cesario. She invites him home with her and is delighted when instead of rejecting her love as in the past he returns it, and they are secretly married by a priest.

ACT V

Olivia meets Viola on the street in the company of the Duke and calls her husband. Viola denies the title but the priest who had married Olivia and Sebastian supports Olivia's claims. The Duke is angry at what he believes is treachery on the part of his page. The situation is relieved by the entrance of Sebastian. Brother and sister are united again; the Duke finds the attraction which the page had always inspired in him, ripens into love when he knows she is a woman; and Olivia finds that she has now a sister as well as a husband. The cause of Malvolio's insanity is discovered and he is released from his prison.

TWELFTH NIGHT;
OR, WHAT YOU WILL

ACT FIRST

Scene I

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Curio, and other Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor! Enough; no more:

5. *"sound";* so the Folios; Pope changed it to *"south,"* and editors have generally accepted this emendation, but it seems unnecessary: Grant White appropriately asks, "Did Pope, or the editors who have followed him, ever lie musing on the sward at the edge of a wood, and hear the low sweet hum of the summer air, as it kissed the coyly-shrinking wild flowers upon the banks, and passed on loaded with fragrance from the sweet salute?"—I. G.

7. *"and giving odor";* Milton seems to have had this in his eye when he wrote the richly-freighted lines:

"Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils."—H. N. H.

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity 10
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence! 20
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

How now! what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:

12. *"pitch";* high worth.—C. H. H.

22. *"like fell and cruel hounds";* referring to the story of Actæon. —I. G.

Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty by the fable of Actæon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds; as a man indulging his eyes or his imagination with a view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than Lord Bacon's, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients,* supposes this story to warn us against inquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing that those who know that which for reasons of state ought to be concealed will be detected and destroyed by their own servants.—H. N. H.

The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season 30
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers: 40
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers. [*Exeunt.*

26. *"till seven years' heat";* for seven summers.—C. H. H.

30. *"to season";* that is, preserve. The Poet elsewhere uses *season* in this sense. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet,* Act ii. sc. 3:

> "Jesu Maria! what a deal of *brine*
> Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
> How much salt water thrown away in waste,
> To *season* love!"—H. N. H.

32. *"remembrance";* four syllables.—C. H. H.

35. *"shaft"; i. e.* of Cupid.—C. H. H.

38. *"all supplied, and filled";* the comma after *"supplied"* is not in the Folio: its insertion simplifies the lines. Others leave the Folio reading, but bracket *"her sweet perfections"* in the next line; making them appositional to *"thrones."*—I. G.

Scene II

The sea-coast.

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there 's gold:

10. *"Number"* is here used as the plural, so that *those* should not be changed to *that,* as it usually is.—H. N. H.
15. *"Arion on the dolphin's back";* the Folios misprint *"Orion"* for *"Arion."*—I. G.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Aye, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble Duke, in nature as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late; 30
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What 's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company 40
And sight of men.
Vio. O that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

21. *"The like of him"*; a similar escape in his case.—C. H. H.
42. *"delivered"*; made known.—C. H. H.
44. *"What my estate is"*; that is, "I wish I might not be *made*

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behavior in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 50
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I 'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this Duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit; 60
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

public to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a *ripe opportunity* for my design."—H. N. H.

56. *"as an eunuch to him"*; this plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented as a *page,* not as an *eunuch.*—H. N. H.

Scene III

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir. To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care 's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir. To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Aye, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order. 10

Sir To. Confine! I 'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir. To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek? 20

Mar. Aye, he.

Sir To. He 's as tall a man as any 's in Illyria.

Mar. What 's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Aye, but he 'll have but a year in all these ducats: he 's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature. 30

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreler: and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarreling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they? 40

Mar. They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I 'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he 's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface. 50

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.
Sir And. What 's that?
Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.
Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance. 60
Mar. My name is Mary, sir.
Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—
Sir To. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.
Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?
Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.
Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again. 70
Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?
Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.
Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here 's my hand.
Mar. Now, sir, 'thought is free': I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.
Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what 's your metaphor? 80

56. Sir Toby speaks more learnedly than intelligibly here, using *accost* in its original sense. The word is from the French *accoster,* to come *side by side,* or to *approach. Accost* is seldom used thus, which accounts for Sir Andrew's mistake.—H. N. H.

78. *"bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink";* "a proverbial phrase among Abigails, to ask at once for a kiss and a present" (Kenrick).—I. G.

Mar. It 's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what 's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Aye, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: 90 when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I 'ld forswear it. I 'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby. 100

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

86. *"A dry jest";* a dull one; wit being conceived as a moisture or "humor" of the brain.—C. H. H.

106. *"Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair";* Sir Toby evidently plays upon *"tongues"* and *"tongs"* (*i. e.* curling-tongs).—I. G.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not 110 curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her. 120

Sir To. She 'll none o' the count: she 'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight? 130

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

111. *"curl by nature";* the original has *cool my nature.* The credit of the happy emendation belongs to Theobald.—H. N. H.

133. *"an old man";* Theobald proposed to read *"a noble man,"* taking the allusion to be to Orsino. Clarke explains *"an old man"* as "a man of experience"; "the word *old,"* he adds, "gives precisely that absurd effect of refraining from competing in dancing, fencing, etc., with exactly the antagonist incapacitated by age over whom Sir Andrew might hope to prove his superiority."—I. G.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard. 140 150

Sir And. Aye, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That 's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt.*

146. *"sink-a-pace";* "cinque pas," dance of five paces.—C. H. H.

156. *"That's sides and heart";* Sir Andrew and Sir Toby are wrong in the parts assigned to Taurus in the old astrological figures of the human body. Taurus was supposed to govern the neck and throat.—I. G.

Scene IV.

The Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humor or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count. 10

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,

3. *"three days"*; Mr. Daniel points out in his "Time-Analysis" that this statement is inconsistent with the Duke's words in V. i. 106, *"Three months this youth hath tended upon me."*—I. G.

5. *"humor"*; fickleness.—C. H. H.

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow 20
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it; 30
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man; Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, 40
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I 'll do my best
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*

36. *"thy constellation";* the stars under which you were born.—C. H. H.

Scene V

Olivia's house.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colors.' 10

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you? 20

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

22. *"let summer bear it out";* summer will make it endurable.—C. H. H.

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria. 30

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Clo. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.' 40

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio.

God bless thee, lady.

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I 'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is 50

26. *"Points"* were laces which fastened the hose or breeches. Thus Falstaff: "Their points broken, down fell their hose." Maria is of course punning on *points*.—H. N. H.

no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore I say again, take her away. 60

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof. 70

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen. 80

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool. 90

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than fools' zanies. 100

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools! 110

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] 120 Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honor, half drunk. What is he at 130 the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby!

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

129. *"weak pia mater";* the membrane that covers the brain.—H. N. H.

135. *"pickle-herring";* Sir Toby attributes the enforced interruption of his speech to the pickled herrings he has eaten.—C. H. H.

"Sot" is often used by the Poet for *fool;* as in *The Merry Wives* Dr. Caius says,—"Have you make-a de *sot* of us?"—H. N. H.

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There 's one at the gate. 140

Oli. Aye, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he 's in the third degree of 150 drink, he 's drowned: go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to 160 him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Has been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the

146. *"above heat";* above the point at which thirst is quenched.—C. H. H.

supporter to a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he 'll speak with you, 170
will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favored and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him. 180

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola, and Attendants.

Vio. The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

175. A *"codling,"* according to Mr. Gifford, means an *involucrum* or *kell,* and was used by our old writers for that early state of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, began to assume a globular and determinate shape.—H. N. H.

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable 190
beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good 200
gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not 210
yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned. I pray

208. "*usurp*"; counterfeit.—C. H. H.
211. "*from*"; beyond, apart from.—C. H. H.

you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at 220
my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief; 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger. 230

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me 240
have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

220. *"keep it in"*; keep it to yourself.—C. H. H.

229. *"giant"*; said ironically of Maria, who is elsewhere called "the youngest wren of nine."—C. H. H.

230. *"I am a messenger"*; this is usually printed thus:

"*Oli.* Tell me your mind.
Vio. I am a messenger."

We give the passage as it stands in the original; the sense being, —"I am a messenger; therefore tell me your mind that I may bear back an answer." So that the change is quite needless, though the meaning be clear enough either way.—H. H. H.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text? 250

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now 260 out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive, 270
If you will lead these graces to the grave

263. *"such a one I was this present";* modern editions generally insert *as* before *I,* and then turn the adjective, *present,* into a verb: "such a one as I was, this presents." It is to be borne in mind that the idea of a picture is continued. So that the change is worse than useless; the meaning being,—"behold the picture of me, such as I am at the present moment."—H. N. H.

Oli. "———but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture.
Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?"

Twelfth Night. Act 1, Scene 5.

And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labeled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair. 281
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant; 290
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,

290. *"In voices well divulged";* well reputed in the popular voice. —C. H. H.

"learned and valiant; that is, well-reputed for his knowledge in languages, which was esteemed a great accomplishment in the Poet's time.—H. N. H.

With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love 300
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much.
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more; 310
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.
[*Exit.*

Oli. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: 320

303. *"babbling gossip of the air"*; a Shakespearean expression for *echo*.—H. N. H.

I am a gentleman.' I 'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.
Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger, 330
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I 'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't: hie thee, Malvolio.
Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so. 341
[*Exit.*

339. *"Mine eye too great a flatterer"*; that is, she fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea of the supposed youth Cesario, that she should not have strength of mind sufficient to resist the impression.—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

The sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound. 10

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline,

19. *"Messaline"*; possibly an error for Mitylene, as Capell conjectured.—I. G.

whom I know you have heard of. He left 20
behind him myself and a sister, both born in
an hour: if the heavens had been pleased,
would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered
that; for some hour before you took me from
the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much
resembled me, was yet of many accounted
beautiful: but, though I could not with such
estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet 30
thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore
a mind that envy could not but call fair.
She is drowned already, sir, with salt water,
though I seem to drown her remembrance
again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love,
let me be your servant.

39. *"your servant";* Mr. Knight thinks, and apparently with good reason, that in this passage reference is had to a superstition thus indicated by Sir Walter Scott in *The Pirate:* When Mordaunt has rescued Cleveland from the sea, and is trying to revive him, Bryce the peddler says to him,—"Are you mad? you, that have so long lived in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?" Sir Walter suggests in a note that this inhuman maxim was probably held by the islanders of the Orkneys, as an excuse for leaving all to perish alone who were shipwrecked upon their coasts, to the end that there might be nothing to hinder the plundering of their goods; which of course could not well be, if any of the owners survived. This practice, he says, continued into the eighteenth century, and "was with difficulty weeded out by the sedulous instructions of the clergy and the rigorous injunctions of the proprietors."—H. N. H.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, 40
that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there. 50
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

A street.

Enter Viola, Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to 10
come again in his affairs, unless it be to re-

port your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me: I 'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! 20
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. 30
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.

12. *"Receive it so"*; that is, understand it so.—H. N. H.

22. *"had lost her tongue"*; that is, the fixed and eager view she took of me perverted the use of her tongue, and made her talk distractedly.—H. N. H.

34. *"Such"* evidently refers to frailty in the preceding line; the sense being,—"Since we are made of frailty, we must needs be frail." The original, however, reads,—"For, such as we are made, *if* such we be"; that is, if we be frail, we are such as we are made. So that the sense seems good enough either way; which breeds no little doubt whether Malone's emendation ought to be admitted.—H. N. H.

How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!— 40
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*

Scene III

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four ele- 10 ments?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

13. *"eating and drinking";* a ridicule of the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just tempera-

Sir To. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let 's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it? 20

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses. 30

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

ment of the *four elements* in the human frame. Homer agrees with Sir Andrew:

"Strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are ow'd to generous wine and food."—H. N. H.

18. *"the picture of 'we three'"*; "a common sign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited with this inscription under it, *'We three loggerheads be,'* the spectator being supposed to make the third" (Malone).—I. G.

25–27. *"Pigrogromitus . . . of Queubus,"* etc. Mr. Swinburne sees in these "freaks of nomenclature" the direct influence of Rabelais (*cp. A Study of Shakespeare,* pp. 155, 156).—I. G.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let 's have a song.
Sir And. There 's a testril of me, too: if one knight give a—
Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life? 40
Sir. To. A love-song, a love-song.
Sir And. Aye, aye: I care not for good life.
Clo. [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.
Sir To. Good, good. 50
Clo. [*Sings*]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

43. *"O mistress mine,"* etc.; "this tune is contained in both the editions of Morley's *Consort Lessons,* 1599 and 1611. It is also found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Boyd. As it is to be found in print in 1599, it proves either that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was written in or before that year, or that, in accordance with the then prevailing custom, *"O mistress mine,"* was an old song, introduced into the play" (Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*).—I. G.

55. *"Sweet-and-twenty"* appears to have been an ancient term of endearment.—H. N. H.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith. 60

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, 70 'Thou knave.'

Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*Catch sung.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! 80 If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady 's a Cataian, we are politi-

66. *"dog at a catch"*; apt, good at.—C. H. H.

cians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [*Sings*] 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable 90
fooling.

Sir And. Aye, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings*] 'O, the twelfth day of December',—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of 100
night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of

95. *"O, the twelfth day of December";* with Sir Toby as wine goes in music comes out, and fresh songs keep bubbling up in his memory as he waxes mellower. A similar thing occurs in *2 Henry IV,* where master Silence grows merry and musical amidst his cups in "the sweet of the night." Of the ballads referred to by Sir Toby, "O! the twelfth day of December" is entirely lost. Percy has one stanza of "There dwelt a man in Babylon," which he describes as "a poor dull performance, and very long." "Three merry men be we" seems to have been the burden of several old songs, one of which was called *"Robin Hood and the Tanner." "Peg-a-Ramsey,"* or *Peggy Ramsey,* was an old popular tune which had several ballads fitted to it. "Thou knave" was a catch which, says Sir John Hawkins, "appears to be so contrived that each of the singers calls the other knave in turn."—H. N. H.

Mal. "My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty,——"

Twelfth Night. Act 2, Scene 3.

voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she 's nothing allied 110 to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.' 120

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clo. 'What an if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because 130

129. *"Out o' tune, sir: ye lie"*; Theobald proposed *"time, sir?"* which has been very generally adopted. The reading of the Folios may well stand without change. Sir Toby says to the Clown that he is out of tune and lies in declaring *"no, no, no, you dare not"* (*i. e.* dare not bid Malvolio go). Hence next words *"Art any more than a steward,"* addressed to Malvolio.—I. G.

thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' the right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums. A stoup of wine, Marie!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.* 140

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man 's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't, knight: I 'll write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day 150 with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan. 160

143. *"challenge him to the field";* challenge him to a duel.—C. H. H.

154. *"a common recreation";* sport for all.—C. H. H.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I 'ld beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best per- 170 suaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and 180 complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him.

165. *"exquisite";* subtle.—C. H. H.

169. *"cons state without book";* gets up rules of dignified deportment.—C. H. H.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that 190
color.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him
an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir. And. O, 'twill be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my
physic will work with him. I will plant you
two, and let the fool make a third, where he
shall find the letter: observe his construction
of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on 200
the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that
adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight. Thou hadst
need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a
foul way out. 210

Sir T. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her
not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it
how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I 'll go burn some sack;
'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight;
come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends,
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it? 10

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.
[*Exit Curio. Music plays.*
Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature 19
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.

18. *"skittish";* flighty.—C. H. H.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favor that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?
Vio. A little, by your favor.
Duke. What kind of woman is 't?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?
Vio. About your years, my lord. 29
Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower 39
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones

Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir? 50

Duke. Aye; prithee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet, 60
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There 's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir. 70

Duke. I 'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

49. The *"old age"* is the *ages past,* times of simplicity.—H. N. H

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that 's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

77. *"thy mind is a very opal";* the opal is a gem which varies its hues, as it is viewed in different lights.—H. N. H.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,— 101
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Aye, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we. 110
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what 's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love. 122

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Aye that 's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Olivia's garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I 'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favor with my lady about a bear-baiting here. 10

Sir To. To anger him we 'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter Maria.

How now, my metal of India!

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio 's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for 20 the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou

6. *"come by"*; arrive at, attain to.—C. H. H.
23. *"close"*; hide yourselves.—C. H. H.

there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.
[*Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't? 30

Sir To. Here 's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir To. Ah, rogue! 40

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

44. *"the lady of the Strachy";* this is one of the unsettled problems in Shakespeare. Hunter ingeniously suggested that Shakespeare ridicules, in the scene between the Clown, as Sir Topas, and Malvolio (IV, ii.), the exorcisms by Puritan ministers, in the case of a family named *Starchy* (1596–99), and that the difficult *Strachy* was a hint to the audience to expect subsequent allusion to the Starchy affair. Others suggest *"Strozzi," "Stracci," "Stratarch."* Halliwell refers to a Russian word meaning lawyer or judge. The

Sir And. Fie on him Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he 's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,— 50

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humor of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them 60 I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

Sir. To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live? 70

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

incident of a lady of high rank marrying her steward is the subject of Webster's *Duchess of Malfy.*—I. G.

66. *"make out for him"*; start to fetch him.—C. H. H.

69. *"courtesies"*; it is probable that this word was used to express acts of civility and reverence, by either men or women indiscriminately.—H. N. H.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then.

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'— 80

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir And. That 's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool. 90

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

72. *"with cars"*; so Folio 1; the later Folios, *"with cares"*; Johnson, *"with carts"*; many emendations have been proposed. Clarke defends the original reading, and compares *"A team of horse shall not pluck that from me"* (*Two Gentlemen,* III. i.). Hanmer's suggestion *"by th' ears"* has been generally adopted.—I. G.

76. *"take"*; give.—C. H. H.

89. *"'One Sir Andrew'"*; it may be worthy of remark, that the leading ideas of Malvolio, in his *humor of state,* bear a strong resemblance to those of Alnaschar in *The Arabian Nights.* Some of the expressions too are very similar. Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obscure Latin and French books, and from thence into English ones, long before any version of *The Arabian Nights* had appeared. In *The Dialogues of Creatures Moralized,* printed early in the sixteenth century, a story similar to that of Alnaschar is related.—H. N. H.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that? 100

Mal. [*reads*] To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins, him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads*] Jove knows I love:
But who? 110
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know:' if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*reads*] I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life. 120

Fab. A fustian riddle!

105. *"her Lucrece";* her seal, bearing the figure of Lucrece.—C. H. H.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly! M, O, A, I,— 130

Sir To. O, aye, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name. 140

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

130. *"formal capacity"*; that is, to any one *in his senses,* or whose *capacity* is not out of *form.*—H. N. H.

136. *"make up that"*; explain that.—C. H. H.

138. *"cry upon 't"*; a hunting phrase referring to the cry of the dogs when the scent is found. "He will recover it, though your 'cold' scent be—as unmistakable as a fox's.'"—C. H. H.

Sir To. Aye, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then I comes behind. 150

Fab. Aye, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[*Reads*] If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not 160 afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee 170 that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE–UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champain discovers not more; 180
this is open. I will be proud, I will read
politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will
wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-
devise the very man. I do not now fool my-
self, to let imagination jade me; for every
reason excites to this, that my lady loves me.
She did commend my yellow stockings of
late, she did praise my leg being cross-
gartered; and in this she manifests herself to
my love, and with a kind of injunction 190
drives me to these habits of her liking. I
thank my stars I am happy. I will be
strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and
cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of
putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!
Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads*] Thou
canst not choose but know who I am. If
thou entertainest my love, let it appear in
thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well;
therefore in my presence still smile, dear my 200
sweet, I prithee.

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do
everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device,—

Sir And. So could I too.

180. *"champain"*; open country.—C. H. H.
182. *"politic"*; political.—C. H. H.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but 210
such another jest.
Sir And. Nor I neither.
Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter Marie.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?
Sir And. Or o' mine either?
Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,
and become thy bond-slave?
Sir And. I' faith, or I either?
Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a
dream, that when the image of it leaves him 220
he must run mad.
Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?
Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.
Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the
sport, mark his first approach before my
lady: he will come to her in yellow stock-
ings, and 'tis a color she abhors, and cross-
gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will
smile upon her, which will now be so unsuit-
able to her disposition, being addicted to a 230
melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn
him into a notable contempt. If you will
see it, follow me.
Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most ex-
cellent devil of wit!
Sir And. I 'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

232. *"contempt";* object of contempt.—C. H. H.

VIOLA.

Twelfth Night.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Olivia's garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor 10 stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that 's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

4. *"churchman";* clergyman.—C. H. H.

Vio. Why, man? 20

Clo. Why, sir, her name 's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing. 30

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband 's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her 40 corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I 'll no more with thee. Hold, there 's expenses for thee.

24. *"bonds"*; used in a double sense, (1) confinement; (2) money bonds.—C. H. H.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, 50
send thee a beard!
Vio. By my troth, I 'll tell thee, I am almost
sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not
have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady
within?
Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?
Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.
Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia,
sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.
Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged. 60
Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is overworn. [*Exit.*
Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time, 71
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice

50. *"commodity"*; parcel.—C. H. H.

56. *"these"*; *i. e.* these coins which Viola has given him.—I. G.

62. *"Cressida was a beggar"*; "according to the story Cressida finally became a leper and begged by the roadside."—I. G.

69. *"craves"*; requires.—C. H. H.

72. *"And, like the haggard, check at every feather"*; so the Folios; Johnson proposed *"not"* for *'and,"* and this reading has reasonably been adopted by most editors; *"to check"* is "a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of Inferior kind, that crosses her in her flight"; the meaning therefore of the Folio reading would be "that he must

As full of labor as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.
Vio. And you, sir.
Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.
Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur. 80
Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.
Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.
Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.
Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.
Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me 90 taste my legs.
Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.
Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you!

catch at every opportunity," but this does not suit the context: the wise Clown must be discriminative; hence Johnson's *"not."*—I. G.

76. *"wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit"*; Folio 1, *"wisemens folly falne"*; Hanmer and Warburton, *"wise men's folly shown"*; the text is Theobald's, and is generally adopted.—I. G.

93. *"gait"*; going.—C. H. H.

Sir And. That youth 's a rare courtier: 'Rain odors;' well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear. 100

Sir And. 'Odors,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed:' I 'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair prin- 110
cess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You 're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you; 120
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning, 130
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honor at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That 's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies. 139

Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!

[*Clock strikes.*

129. *"construction"*; sc. of my conduct.—C. H. H.

135. *"a cypress, not a bosom, Hides my heart"*; the force of these words has, it would seem, been missed; the point of the *"cypress"* is not its blackness but its transparency. *Cp. "The Ballad of Robin Hood, Scarlet and John":—*

> *"Cypress over her face,*
> *Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush*
> *All in a comely grace."*

"Bosom" must, I think, be used in this passage in the sense of "the bosom of the dress" which conceals the body. Olivia says, "you can see my heart; a thin gauze as it were hides it, not a stomacher."—I. G.

Oli. —— "I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me."
Vio. "That you do think you are not what you are."
Oli. "If I think so, I think the same of you."
Vio. "Then think you right: I am not what I am."

Twelfth Night. Act 3, Scene 1.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man;
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me? 150

Oli. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip! 160
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, mauger all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better. 170

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that. 10

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valor or policy.

Sir And. An 't be any way, it must be with valor; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valor.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

29–30. *"sailed into the north,"* etc.; perhaps this is a reference to the discovery of Northern Nova Zembla by the Dutchman Barenz in 1596. (*Cp.* C. H. Coote's paper on *"the new map,"* l. 90. *New Shakespeare Society Publications,* 1878.)—I. G.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou 'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it. 50

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We 'll call thee at the cubiculo: go. 60

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

51. *"if thou thou'st him"*; this has been generally thought an allusion to Coke's impudent and abusive *thouing* of Sir Walter Raleigh at his trial; but it has been ascertained that the play was acted a year and a half before that trial took place. And indeed it had been no insult to *thou* Sir Walter, unless there were some pre-existing custom or sentiment to make it so. What that custom was, may be seen by the following passage from the *Rule of St. Bridget:* "None of hyghenesse schal *thou* another in spekynge, but eche schal speke reverently to other, the younger namely to the elder." One of the authors of *Guesses at Truth* has a very learned and ingenious essay on the subject, wherein he quotes the following from a book published in 1661, by George Fox the Quaker: "For this *thou* and *thee* was a sore cut to proud flesh, and them that sought self-honour; who, though they would say it to God and Christ, would not endure to have it said to themselves. So that we were often beaten and abused, and sometimes in danger of our lives, for using those words to some proud men, who would say,—*What, you ill-bred clown, do you* thou *me!"*—H. N. H.

56. *"gall"*; Ox gall was one of the regular constituents of Elizabethan ink, as is shown by contemporary receipts.—C. H. H.

61. *"manakin"*; contemptuous diminutive of "man."—C. H. H.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you 'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He 'e in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray

75. *"youngest wren of nine"*; Folio, *"mine,"* emended by Theobald. The wren is said to lay nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatched nestling is usually the smallest of the whole brood.—I. G.

him: he does smile his face into more lines
than is in the new map with the augmenta- 90
tion of the Indies: you have not seen such
thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling
things at him. I know my lady will strike
him: if she do, he 'll smile and tak 't for a
great favor.

Sir. To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A street.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,

90. *"the new map with the augmentation of the Indies";* no doubt a reference to the map which Hallam, in his *Literature of Europe,* calls "the best map of the 16th century"; it is found in the first edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1589), but as it records discoveries made at least seven years later, it was in all probability a separate map, well known at the time, and made so as to be inserted in Hakluyt: the author was probably Mr. Emmerie Mollineux, who was also the first Englishman to make a terrestrial globe. It is noteworthy that the map shows a marked development of the geography of India proper, etc. (*Cp. Transactions of New Shakespeare Society,* 1877–79.)—I. G.

But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks; and ever.....oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging. 20

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you 'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,

15. *"And thanks; and ever . . . oft good turns."* The Cambridge editors hold that some word has dropped out between *"ever"* and *"oft."* Many emendations have been proposed, perhaps the simplest reading is that of the Old spelling Shakespeare:—

"And thanks; and, ever oft, good turns . . ."

"ever oft" in the sense of "with perpetual frequency." Theobald proposed:—

"And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns."—I. G.

16. *"uncurrent"*; out of date, worthless.—C. H. H.

That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offense is not of such a bloody nature; 30
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, 40
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I 'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Olivia's garden.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he 'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what 's the matter? does he rave? 10

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter Maria, with Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. 20

2. *"bestow of"*; bestow on.—C. H. H.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do 30 know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! aye, sweet-heart, and I 'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous 40 boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—

Oli. Ha!

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Oli. What sayest thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.' 50

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Some are born great,—
Oli. "Ha!"
Mal. "—some achieve greatness,—
Oli. "What sayest thou?"
Mal. "—and some have greatness thrust upon them."

Twelfth Night. Act 3, Scene 4.

Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—
Oli. Thy yellow stockings!
Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'
Oli. Cross-gartered!
Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'—
Oli. Am I made?
Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.' 60
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.
Oli. I 'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where 's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of 70 my dowry.

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says

61. *"midsummer madness";* "'Tis midsummer moon with you," was a proverbial phrase, signifying you are mad. It was an ancient opinion that hot weather affected the brain.—H. N. H.

she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of 80 singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, 90 no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir. To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I 'll speak to him. 100

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir. To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he 's an enemy to mankind. 110

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say. 120

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir. To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir. To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck? 130

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Aye, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness. 140

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint. 150

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see. 160

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here 's the challenge, read it: I warrant there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Aye, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

159. *"the bar"*; the law courts.—C. H. H.

161. *"matter for May morning"*; it was usual on the First of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as other sports, such as the Morris Dance.—H. N. H.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads*] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*reads*] Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will 170 show thee no reason for 't.

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [*reads*] Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense —less

Sir To. [*reads*] I will waylay thee going 180 home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*reads*] Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [*reads*] Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as 190 thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I 'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at

the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes 200 to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, 210 being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valor; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices. 220

Re-enter Olivia, with Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,

And laid mine honor too unchary out:
There 's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof. 230

Vio. With the same 'havior that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
That honor saved may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this;—your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honor may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you. 240

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defense thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy 250 assailant is quick, skillful and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath

any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offense done to any man.

Sir To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal. 260

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of deaths and sepulcher. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valor: belike this is a man of that quirk. 270

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle 280

277. *"competent injury"*; sufficient insult.—C. H. H.

you must, that 's certain, or foreswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offense to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you 290 by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skillful, bloody and fatal op- 300 posite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with 310 him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion,

that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Aye, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't, an I thought he had 320 been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'ld have seen him damned ere I 'ld have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I 'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth 's a 330 devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To Vio.*] There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the support-

325. *"motion"*; proposition.—C. H. H.

332. *"He is . . . of him"*; he has just as terrible an idea of him.—C. H. H.

Sir To. "Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you."

Twelfth Night. Act 3, Scene 5.

ance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt 340
you.

Vio. [*aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there 's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt 350
you. Come on; to 't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.
[*They draw.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offense, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for 360
you. [*They draw.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

360. *"an undertaker"*; that is, one who takes up or *undertakes* the quarrel of another.—H. N. H.

Sir To. I 'll be with you anon.
Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.
Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.
First Off. This is the man; do thy office. 370
Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.
Ant. You do mistake me, sir.
First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favor well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.
Ant. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you:
But there 's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me 380
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.
Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.
Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.
Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll lend you something: my having is not much;

I 'll make division of my present with you: 390
Hold, there 's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption 400
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love;
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Off. What 's that to us? The time goes by: away!

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind; 411
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:

391. *"coffer"*; treasure, purse.—C. H. H.
392. *"my deserts to you"*; what I deserve at your hands.—C. H. H.

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

First Off. The man grows mad: away with him!
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit with Officers.*

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, 421
Fabian: we' ll whisper o'er a couplet or two
of most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favor was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, color, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love!
[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more 430
a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears
in leaving his friend here in necessity and
denying him; and for his cowardship, ask
Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

414. *"o'erflourished"*; trunks, being then part of the furniture of apartments, were ornamented with scroll work or *flourished* devices. —H. N. H.

418. *"so do not I"*; that is, I do not yet believe myself, when from this accident I gather hope of my brother's life.—H. N. H.

425. *"Yet living in my glass"*; his resemblance *survives* in the reflection of my own figure.—H. N. H.

427. *"still"*; ever.—C. H. H.

Sir And. 'Slid, I 'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword. 440

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let 's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Before Olivia's house.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so. 10

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lub-

15, 16. *"I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney";* so the Folios; the lines evidently mean "I am afraid affectation and foppery will overspread the world" (Johnson); it has been proposed to change *"world"* into *"word"* (*i. e.* with reference to "vent"): others read *"this great lubberly world";* Knight explains that the words are spoken aside, and mean, "I am afraid the world will prove this great lubber (Sebastian) a cockney." This seems very strained, and probably the simplest reading of the passage is the best.—I. G.

ber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me: 20
There 's money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you.

Seb. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad? 30

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I 'll go another way to work with him; I 'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it 's no matter for that. 40

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam! 51

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!
[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*
I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby 61
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

61. *"botch'd up";* brought about.—C. H. H.

64. *"one poor heart of mine";* an equivoque is here intended between *hart* and *heart,* which were formerly written alike.—H. N. H.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!
Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: would thou 'ldst be ruled
by me! 69
Seb. Madam, I will.
Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Olivia's house.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I 'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*
Clo. Well, I 'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a 10 good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

70. *"and so be!"; sc.* ruled by me.—C. H. H.
4. *"the whilst";* meanwhile.—C. H. H.
8. *"I am not tall enough";* the modern editors have changed this to *fat* without any apparent reason; *tall* being sometimes used in the sense of *lusty*, and thus making a good antithesis to *lean*.—H. N. H.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is;' so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'? 20

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*within*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou 30 this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those

16. *"the old hermit of Prague";* Douce points out that the allusion is "not to the celebrated heresiarch, Jerome of Prague, but another of that name, born likewise at Prague, and called the *hermit* of Camaldoli in Tuscany."—I. G.

18. *"Gorboduc";* a legendary British king, the subject of the earliest English tragedy.—C. H. H.

20. *"and 'is' but 'is'";* a humorous banter upon the language of the schools.—H. N. H.

gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark? 40

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their 50 fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird. 60

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

42. *"bay windows"* were large projecting windows, properly so called because they occupied a whole *bay* or space between two cross beams in a building. Minshew says a bay-window is so called "because it is builded in manner of a *bay* or road for ships, that is, round."—H. N. H.

43. *"clearstories"*; Folio 1, *"cleere stores"*; Folio 2, *"cleare stones"*; the reading adopted is Blakeway's conjecture in Boswell: *"clerestory"* is the name given to the windows above the arches of the nave of a Gothic church.—I. G.

50. *"Egyptians in their fog"*; a reference to the ninth plague, *Exodus* x. 21, 22.—C. H. H.

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas! 70

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offense with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to 80 my chamber. [*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*

Clo. [*Singing*] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say,—

Clo. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well 90 at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen,

30. *"upshot"*; decision; a metaphor from archery, where the final shot which decided a match was so called.—C. H. H.

ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Aye, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art. 100

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,— 110

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some

105. *"face"*; bully.—C. H. H.

106. *"the minister is here"*; the Clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas; the preceding part of this speech being spoken as Clown, the following as Priest.—H. N. H.

paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria. 120

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman till I see 130 his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir.
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil.

146. *"goodman devil"*; Folio 1, *"good man diuell"*; Rowe's *"goodman Drivel,"* seems the most plausible emendation, if any is necessary; Folio 2 reads *"good man Direll."*—I. G.

Scene III

Olivia's garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness, 10
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing 19
As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

12. *"instance"*; example.—C. H. H.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep 30
According to my birth. What do you say?
Seb. I 'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And having sworn truth, ever will be true.
Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!
[*Exeunt.*

33. *"sworn truth"; troth* or *fidelity.* It should be remarked that this was not an actual *marriage,* but a *betrothing,* affiancing, or solemn promise of future marriage; anciently distinguished by the name of *espousals.*—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Before Olivia's house.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.
Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
Fab. Any thing.
Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.
Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
Clo. Aye, sir; we are some of her trappings. 10
Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?
Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.
Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
Clo. No, sir, the worse.
Duke. How can that be?

10. *"trappings";* appendages.—C. H. H.

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes. 20

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there 's gold. 30

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there 's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three. 40

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

23. *"to be as"*; being as.—C. H. H.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I 50
come again. I go, sir; but I would not
have you to think that my desire of having
is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say,
sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake
it anon. [*Exit.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue
me.

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war: 60
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honor on him. What 's the
matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from
Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg: 70
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and
state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;

63. *"scathful"*; harmful.—C. H. H.

65. *"the tongue of loss"*; the tongues of those on whom he had inflicted loss.—C. H. H.

But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me: 80
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love, 90
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

95. *"face me"*; outface me.—C. H. H.

Vio. How can this be?
Duke. When came he to this town? 100
Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me. 110
Vio. Madam!
Duke. Gracious Olivia,—
Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—
Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.
Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel?
Oli. Still so constant, lord.
Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars 120
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out

116. *"fat"*; heavy, dull.—C. H. H.
121. *"My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out"*; the

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savors nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favor, 130
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Folios *"haue,"* corrected by Capell, but probably Shakespeare's own reading; the plural for the singular, owing to the plural object (*"faithfull'st offerings"*) preceding the verb.—I. G.

126. *"Kill what I love";* an allusion to the story of *"Thyamis,* as told by Heliodorus in his *Ethiopics,* of which an English version by Thomas Underdowne was published a second time in 1587. Thyamis was a native of Memphis, and chief of a band of robbers. Chariclea, a Greek, having fallen into his hands, he grew passionately in love with her, and would have married her: but being surprised by a stronger band of robbers, and knowing he must die, he went to the cave where he had secreted her with his other treasures, and, seizing her by the hair with his left hand, with his right plunged a sword in her breast; it being the custom with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own life, first to kill those whom they held most dear, so as to have them as companions in the other world.—H. N. H.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love 141
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Oli. Aye me, detested! how am I beguiled!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away!
Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband!
Oli. Aye, husband: can he that deny? 151
Duke. Her husband, sirrah!
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear 'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended

139. *"jocund, apt and willingly";* the adverbial suffix of the last adjective does duty with all three.—C. H. H.
140. *"To do you rest";* to give you rest of mind.—C. H. H.

To keep in darkness what occasion now 160
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travel'd but two hours. 170

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon!
Send one presently to Sir Toby. 180

Oli. What 's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario? 190

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall 200 hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is 't with you?

Sir To. That 's all one: has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning. 210

Sir To. Then he 's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

189. *"incardinate"*; incarnate.—C. H. H.

198. *"set nothing by"*; take no account of.—C. H. H.

211. *"a passy measures pavin"*; Folio 1, *"panyn"*; Folio 2, *"Pavin"*; various emendations have been suggested, but there is

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd 220 to. [*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not! 230

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!

little doubt that the reading in the text is the correct one. *"Passy measures"* is a corruption of the Italian *"passamezzo,"* which word Florio explains as "a *passa-measure* in dancing, a cinque pace"; it was a slow dance, differing little from the action of walking. *"Pavin"* was a grave Spanish dance. According to Halliwell, the *passy measures pavin* is described as follows in an early MS. list of dances:—*"The passinge measure Pavyon—2* singles and a double forward, and *2* singles syde.—Reprince back." Sir Toby means, therefore, that "the surgeon is a rogue and a grave solemn coxcomb." —I. G.

How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!
Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Oli. Most wonderful!
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature, 240
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad 250
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth

234. *"fear'st"*; doubtest.—C. H. H.
250. *"grossly"*; substantially.—C. H. H.

Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act 260
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I 'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since 270
Hath been between this lady and this lord.
Seb. [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times 280
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.
Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.
Duke. Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's. 290

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract.

Re-enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a 300 madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open 't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads*] By the Lord, madam,—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox. 310

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right

305. *"delivers"*; reads the message of.—C. H. H.
310. *"Vox"*; the proper tone of voice.—C. H. H.

wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. By the Lord, madam, you wrong me and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit 320 of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Aye, madam.

Duke. This savors not much of distraction. 330

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit Fabian.*

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,

337. *"quits you"*; sets you free.—C. H. H.

So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long, 340
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Aye, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honor, 351
Why you have given me such clear lights of favor,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why. 360

348. *"Write from it";* write unlike it.—C. H. H.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come 372
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd 381
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

378. *"against"*; Tyrwhitt's conjecture *"in"* has a good deal in its favor; *"against"* may have been caught from the line 376.—I. G.

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that 's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do 390 you remember? Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he 's gagged:' and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I 'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made 401
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.
[*Exeunt all, except Clown*

Clo. [*Sings*]
When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day. 410

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

409. *"toy"*; trifle.—C. H. H.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
  With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
  For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
  With hey, ho, &c. 420
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
  For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
  With hey, ho, &c.
But that 's all one, our play is done,
  And we 'll strive to please you every day.
[*Exit.*

421. *"toss-pots";* drunkards.—C. H. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abuse, deceive; III. i. 127.
Accosted, addressed; III. ii. 24.
A degree, one step; III. i. 137.
Adheres, accords; III. iv. 89.
Admire, wonder; III. iv. 169.
Adverse, hostile; V. i. 91.
Advise you, take care; IV. ii. 106.
Affectioned, affected; II. iii. 168.
Agone, ago; V. i. 209.
Allowed, licensed; I. v. 107.
Allow me, make me acknowledged; I. ii. 59.
Alone, pre-eminently; I. i. 15.
An = one; II. i. 22.
Anatomy, body, used contemptuously; III. ii. 72.
And, used redundantly, as in the old ballads; V. i. 407.
Antique, quaint; II. iv. 3.
Apt, ready; V. i. 336.
Arbitrement, decision; III. iv. 294.
Argument, proof; III. ii. 13.
As yet, still; V. i. 278.
Attends, awaits; III. iv. 249.

Back-trick, a caper backwards; I. iii. 138.
Baffled, treated with contempt; V. i. 385.
Barful, full of impediments; (Pope, "O baneful"; Daniel, "a woeful"); I. iv. 42.
Barren, dull; I. v. 94.
Barricadoes, fortifications made in haste, obstructions; IV. ii. 43.
Bawbling, insignificant, trifling; V. i. 61.
Bawcock, a term of endearment; always used in masculine sense; III. iv. 130.
Beagle, a small dog; II. iii. 204.
Before me, by my soul; II. iii. 203.
Belike, I suppose; III. iii. 29.
Bent, tension; II. iv. 38.
Beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; IV. i. 63.
Besides, out of; IV. ii. 96.
Bespake you fair, spoke kindly to you; V. i. 196.
Bias, originally the weighted side of a bowl; V. i. 273.
Bibble babble, idle talk; IV. ii. 109.
Biddy, "a call to allure chickens"; III. iv. 133.
Bird-bolts, blunt-headed arrows; I. v. 105.
Blazon, "coat-of-arms"; I. v. 323.
Blent = blended; I. v. 268.
Bloody, bloodthirsty; III. iv. 248.
Blows, inflates, puffs up; II. v. 48.
Bosom, the folds of the dress covering the breast, stomacher; III. i. 135.

Botcher, mender of old clothes; I. v. 53.

Bottle-ale, bottled ale; II. iii. 31.

Bottom, ship, vessel; V. i. 64.

Brabble, brawl, broil; V. i. 72.

Branched, "adorned with needle-work, representing flowers and twigs"; II. v. 54.

Breach, surf; II. i. 25.

Breast, voice; II. iii. 21.

Bred, begotten; I. ii. 22.

Brock, badger, a term of contempt; II. v. 116.

Brownist, a member of a Puritan sect; III. ii. 37.

Bum-baily, bailiff; III. iv. 198.

But = than; I. iv. 14.

Buttery-bar; buttery, place where drink and food were kept; *bar,* place where they were served out; I. iii. 78.

By the duello, by the laws of duelling; III. iv. 348.

Canary, wine from the Canary Isles; I. iii. 90.

Cantons = cantos; I. v. 300.

Case, body, skin; V. i. 172.

Castiliano vulgo, "Spanish of Sir Toby's own making," perhaps it may mean, "Be as reticent as a Castilian now that one of the common herd is coming"; I. iii. 48.

Cataian, Chinese; used here as a term of reproach; II. iii. 84.

Catch, "a song sung in succession"; II. iii. 19.

Chain; the chain of office which stewards were accustomed to wear; II. iii. 136.

Chantry, a private chapel; IV. iii. 24.

Checks; "to check" is "a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight"; II. v. 126; III. i. 72.

Cherry-pit, "a game consisting in pitching cherry-stones into a small hole"; III. iv. 134.

Cheveril, roe-buck leather; symbol of flexibility; III. i. 13.

Chuck, chicken, a term of endearment; III. iv. 131.

Civil, polite, well-mannered; III. iv. 5.

Clodpole, blockhead; III. iv. 213.

Cloistress, inhabitant of a cloister, nun; I. i. 28.

Cloyment, surfeit; II. iv. 103.

Cockatrice, an imaginary creature, supposed to be produced from a cock's egg, and to have so deadly an eye as to kill by its very look; III. iv. 220.

Collier; "the devil was called so because of his blackness"; *cp.* the proverb: *"like will to like, quoth the devil to the collier"*; III. iv. 135.

Colors; "fear no colors," fear no enemy; I. v. 11.

Comfortable, comforting; I. v. 2.

Commerce, conversation; III. iv. 195.

Compare, comparison; II. iv. 105.

Competitors, confederates; IV. ii. 12.

Complexion, external appearance; II. iv. 27.

Comptible, sensitive; I. v. 97.

Conceited, has formed an idea; III. iv. 332.

Conclusions to be as kisses, *i. e.* "as in a syllogism it takes two premises to make one conclusion, so it takes two people to

make one kiss" (Cambridge edition); V. i. 23.

CONDUCT, guard, escort; III. iv. 271.

CONSEQUENTLY, subsequently; III. iv. 81.

CONSIDERATION; "on carpet c."= "a mere carpet knight"; III. iv. 263.

CONSTANT, consistent, logical; IV. ii. 56.

CONVENTS, is convenient; V. i. 400.

CORANTO, a quick, lively dance; I. iii. 147.

COUPLET, couple; III. iv. 421.

COXCOMB, head; V. i. 183.

COYSTRILL, a mean, paltry fellow; I. iii. 46.

COZIERS, botchers, cobblers; II. iii. 102.

CREDIT, intelligence; IV. iii. 6.

CROSS-GARTERED, alluding to the custom of wearing the garters crossed in various styles; II. v. 173.

CROWNER, coroner; I. v. 149.

CRUELTY, cruel one; II. iv. 84.

CUBICULO (one of Sir Toby's "affectioned" words), apartment; III. ii. 60.

"CUCULLUS NON FACIT MONACHUM"= a cowl does not make a monk; I. v. 64.

CUNNING, skillful; I. v. 269.

CURST, sharp, shrewish; III. ii. 48.

CUT, a docked horse; II. iii. 212.

CYPRESS, probably "a coffin of cypresswood"; (others explain it as a shroud of *cypress;* Cotgrave mentions *white cipres*); II. iv. 53.

CYPRESS, crape (*v.* Note); III. i. 135.

DALLY, play, trifle; III. i. 16.

DAY-BED, couch, sofa; II. v. 55.

DEADLY, death-like; I. v. 295.

DEAR, heartfelt; V. i. 78.

DECEIVABLE, delusive; IV. iii. 21.

DEDICATION, devotedness; V. i. 89.

DELIVER'D, set at liberty; V. i. 331.

DENAY, denial; II. iv. 128.

DENY, refuse; IV. i. 63.

DESPERATE, hopeless; II. ii. 8; reckless; V. i. 71.

DESPITE, malice; III. iv. 248.

DETERMINATE, fixed; II. i. 11.

DEXTERIOUSLY, dexterously; I. v. 69.

DILUCULO SURGERE (saluberrimum est), to rise early is most healthful; II. iii. 2.

DIMENSION, bodily shape; I. v. 291; V. i. 250.

DISCOURSE, reasoning; IV. iii. 12.

DISMOUNT, draw from the scabbard; III. iv. 249.

DISORDERS, misconduct; II. iii. 111.

DISSEMBLE, disguise; IV. ii. 5.

DISTEMPER, make ill-humored; II. i. 5.

DISTEMPERED, diseased; I. v. 103.

DRY, insipid; I. v. 46.

EGYPTIAN THIEF; an allusion to Thyamis, a robber chief in the Greek Romance of *Theagenes and Chariclea* (trans. into English before 1587); the thief attempted to kill Chariclea, whom he loved, rather than lose her; by mistake he slew another person; V. i. 125.

ELEMENT, sky and air; I. i. 26; sphere; III. i. 66.

ELEPHANT, the name of an inn; III. iii. 39.

ENCHANTMENT, love-charm; III. i. 126.
ENCOUNTER, go towards; used affectedly; III. i. 82.
ENDEAVOR THYSELF, try; IV. ii. 108.
ENLARGE, release; V. i. 291.
ENTERTAINMENT, treatment; I. v. 241.
ESTIMABLE WONDER, admiring judgment; II. i. 30.
EXCEPT, BEFORE EXCEPTED, alluding to the common law-phrase; I. iii. 7.
EXPENSES, a tip, douceur; III. i. 49.
EXPRESSURE, expression; II. iii. 180.
EXTENT, conduct, behavior; IV. i. 58.
EXTRACTING (later Folios "exacting"), "drawing other thoughts from my mind"; V. i. 294.
EXTRAVAGANCY, vagrancy; II. i. 12.

FADGE, prosper; II. ii. 35.
FALL, strain, cadence; I. i. 4.
FANCY, love; I. i. 14; V. i. 406.
FANTASTICAL, fanciful, creative; I. i. 15.
"FAREWELL, dear heart, since I must needs begone," etc., altered from *Corydon's Farewell to Phillis* (Percy's *Reliques*); II. iii. 116.
FAVOR, face, form; II. iv. 24; III. iv. 374.
FEATURE, external form, body; III. iv. 410.
FEELINGLY, exactly; II. iii. 181.
FELLOW, companion; III. iv. 87.
FIRAGO, corruption of virago; III. iv. 310.
FIRE-NEW, brand-new; III. ii. 25.
FIT, becoming, suitable; III. i. 75.
FLATTER WITH, encourage with hopes; I. v. 333.
FLESHED, "made fierce and eager for combat, as a dog fed with flesh only"; IV. i. 44.
FOND, dote; II. ii. 36.
FORGIVE, excuse; I. v. 215.
FOR THAT, because; III. i. 168.
FOURTEEN YEARS' PURCHASE, i. e. "at a high rate," the current price in Shakespeare's time being twelve years' purchase; IV. i. 25.
FRAUGHT, freight; V. i. 68.
FREE, careless (or perhaps graceful, comely; *cp.* "fair and free"); II. iv. 46.
FRESH IN MURMUR, begun to be rumored; I. ii. 32.
FRIGHT, affright; V. i. 249.
FROM; "f. Candy," *i. e.* "on her voyage from Candy"; V. i. 68.
FULSOME, gross, distasteful; V. i. 112.

GALLIARD, a lively French dance; I. iii. 134.
GASKINS, a kind of loose breeches; I. v. 28.
GECK, dupe; V. i. 359.
GENTLENESS, kindness, good-will; II. i. 48.
GIDDILY, negligently; II. iv. 88.
GIN, snare; II. v. 93.
GINGER, a favorite spice in Shakespeare's time, especially with old people; frequently referred to by Shakespeare; II. iii. 133.
GOES EVEN, agrees, tallies; V. i. 252.
GOOD LIFE, jollity, with a play upon the literal meaning of the

word, "virtuous living"; II. iii. 42–44.

GOODMAN (Folios "good man"), a familiar appellation, sometimes used contemptuously; IV. ii. 146.

GRACE, virtue; V. i. 35.

GRACIOUS, full of graces; I. v. 292.

GRAIN; "in grain," natural; I. v. 266.

GRATILLITY, clown's blunder for "gratuity"; II. iii. 29.

GREEK; "foolish Greek," *i. e.* jester, merrymaker (*cp.* "Matthew Merrygreek" in *Ralph Roister Doister*); "the Greeks were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of good living and free potations" (Nares); IV. i. 20.

GRIZE, step, degree; III. i. 138.

GRIZZLE, a tinge of gray (perhaps a grizzly beard); V. i. 172.

GUST = gusto, enjoyment; I. iii. 35.

HAGGARD, a wild untrained hawk; III. i. 72.

HALE, draw; III. ii. 68.

HAPLY, perhaps; IV. ii. 60.

HAVING, possessions; III. iv. 389.

HEAT, course; I. i. 26.

"HEY ROBIN, JOLLY ROBIN," etc., an old ballad (to be found in the *Reliques,* Percy); IV. ii. 82–83.

HIGH = highly; I. i. 15.

HOB NOB, "have or have not, hit or miss, at random"; III. iv. 268.

"HOLD THY PEACE, THOU KNAVE," an old three-part catch, so arranged that each singer calls the other "knave" in turn; II. iii. 72.

HONESTY, "decency, love of what is becoming"; II. iii. 99.

HORRIBLE, horribly; III. iv. 200.

HULL, float; I. v. 227.

HUMOR OF STATE, "capricious insolence of authority"; II. v. 59.

IDLENESS, frivolousness; I. v. 73.

IMPETICOS, to impocket, or impetticoat; one of the clown's nonsense words; II. iii. 29.

IMPORTANCE, importunity; V. i. 379.

IMPRESSURE, impression; II. v. 104.

INCENSEMENT, exasperation; III. iv. 265.

INCREDULOUS, incredible; III. iv. 91.

INGRATEFUL, ungrateful; V. i. 84.

INTERCHANGEMENT, interchange; V. i. 166.

INTO, unto; V. i. 91.

JEALOUSY, apprehension; III. iii. 8.

JETS, struts; II. v. 35.

JEWEL, a piece of jewelry; III. iv. 233.

JEZEBEL, used vaguely as a term of reproach; II. v. 46.

JOINDER, joining; V. i. 164.

JUMP, tally; V. i. 265.

KICKSHAWSES = kickshaws; I. iii. 129.

KINDNESS, tenderness; II. i. 43.

LAPSED, surprised; III. iii. 36.

LATE, lately; I. ii. 30; III. i. 42.

LEASING, lying; I. v. 110.

LEMAN, lover, sweetheart; II. iii. 28.

LENTEN, scanty, poor; I. v. 9.

LETS, hinders; V. i. 262.
LIES, dwells; III. i. 8.
LIGHTER, inferior in position; V. i. 355.
LIMED, caught with bird-lime, ensnared; III. iv. 84.
LIST, boundary, limit; III. i. 86.
LITTLE, a little; V. i. 178.
LIVER, popularly supposed to be the seat of the emotions; II. iv. 102; III. ii. 23.
LOVE-BROKER, agent between lovers; III. ii. 42.
LOWLY, mean, base; III. i. 113.
LULLABY, "good night"; V. i. 50.

MAIDENHEAD = maidenhood; I. v. 243.
MALAPERT, saucy, forward; IV. i. 48.
MALIGNANCY, malevolence; II. i. 4.
MAUGER, in spite of; III. i. 165.
MEDDLE, fight; III. iv. 282.
METAL (Folio 1, "mettle"; Folio 2, "nettle"); "metal of India" ="my golden girl, my jewel"; (others explain "nettle of India" as the *Urtica marina,* a plant of itching properties); II. v. 16.
MINION, favorite, darling; V. i. 132.
MINX, a pert woman; III. iv. 138.
MISCARRY, be lost, die; III. iv. 70.
MISPRISION, misapprehension; I. v. 63.
MISTRESS MALL; probably "a mere personification," like "my lady's eldest son" in *Much Ado;* I. iii. 142.
MOLLIFICATION; "some m. for your giant," *i. e.* "something to pacify your gigantic (!) waiting-maid"; I. v. 228.
MONSTER, unnatural creature; II. ii. 36.
MORTAL, deadly; III. iv. 294.
MOUSE, a term of endearment; I. v. 72.

NAYWORD, by-word; II. iii. 153.
NEWLY, lately; V. i. 162.
NICELY, sophistically, subtilely; III. i. 16.
NON-REGARDANCE, disregard; V. i. 128.
NOT, used pleonastically after "forbid"; II. ii. 20.
NOTE; "come to note," *i. e.* "become known"; IV. iii. 29.
NOTORIOUS, notable; V. i. 345.
NUMBERS, measure of the verses; II. v. 114.
NUNCIO, messenger; I. iv. 29.

OF = on; III. iv. 2; for the sake of; V. i. 243.
ON = at; II. ii. 3.
OPAL, a precious stone supposed to change its colors; II. iv. 77.
OPEN, openly; III. iii. 37.
OPPOSITE, opponent; III. ii. 73; III. iv. 258.
OPPOSITE, hostile; II. v. 167.
ORB, earth; III. i. 43.
ORBED CONTINENT, the sun; V. i. 284.
OTHER GATES, in another way; V. i. 202.
"O, THE TWELFTH DAY OF DECEMBER," the opening of some old ballad now lost; II. iii. 95.
OVER-SWEAR, repeat, swear over again; V. i. 282.
OWE = own; I. v. 340.

PARISH-TOP, alluding to the large top kept in every village, for the peasants to whip in frosty weather, for the purpose of

keeping themselves warm and out of mischief; I. iii. 48.

PART, in part, partly; III. iv. 387.

PASSAGES, acts; III. ii. 82.

PASS UPON, (literally, to thrust), to make a push in fencing; make sallies of wit; III. i. 48.

PEDANT, schoolmaster; III. ii. 85.

PEEVISH, silly, willful; I. v. 330.

"PEG-A-RAMSAY," the name of an old ballad now unknown; II. iii. 85.

PENTHESILEA, the queen of the Amazons; II. iii. 202.

PERCHANCE, by chance; I. ii. 6.

PERDY, a corruption of *par Dieu;* IV. ii. 85.

PERPEND, attend, listen; V. i. 314.

PERSONAGE, personal appearance; I. v. 172.

PERSPECTIVE, deception; V. i. 230.

PILCHARD, a fish strongly resembling the herring; III. i. 39.

PIPE, voice; I. iv. 33.

"PLEASE ONE, AND PLEASE ALL"; the title of an old ballad (entered on the Stationers' Registers in Jan. 18, 1591–92; printed in Staunton's *Shakespeare*); III. iv. 25.

PLUCK ON, excite; V. i. 382.

POINT-DEVISE, exactly; II. v. 183.

POSSESS US, put us in possession, tell us; II. iii. 157.

POST, messenger; I. v. 314.

PRACTICE, plot; V. i. 368.

PRAISE = appraise; (perhaps (?) with a play upon the two senses of *praise*); I. v. 279.

PRANKS, adorns; II. iv. 90.

PREGNANT, clever, expert; II. ii. 30; III. i. 101.

PRESENT, *i. e.* present wealth; III. iv. 390.

PRESENTLY, immediately; III. iv. 222.

PREVENTED, anticipated; III. i. 94.

PRIVATE, privacy; III. iv. 104.

PROBATION, examination; II. v. 145.

PROOF; "vulgar p." common experience; III. i. 138.

PROPER, handsome; III. i. 147; own; V. i. 335.

PROPER-FALSE, "well-looking and deceitful"; II. ii. 31.

PROPERTIED, taken possession of; IV. ii. 103.

PROPRIETY, individuality, thyself; V. i. 154.

PURE, purely; V. i. 90.

QUESTION; "in contempt of q." past question; II. v. 99.

QUICK, living, lively; I. i. 9.

QUINAPALUS, an imaginary philosopher; I. v. 40.

QUIRK, humor, caprice; III. iv. 275.

RECEIVING, understanding, quick wit; III. i. 134.

RECOLLECTED, variously interpreted to mean, (1) studied; (2) refined; (3) trivial; "recollected terms" perhaps = popular refrains (? "terms" = "turns" or "tunes"); II. iv. 5.

RECORD, memory; V. i. 259.

RECOVER, win; II. iii. 209.

REGARD, look, glance; V. i. 225.

REINS, is governed by the bridle; III. iv. 369.

RELIQUES, memorials; III. iii. 19.

RENOWN, make famous; III. iii. 24.

REVERBERATE, reverberating, echoing; I. v. 302.

ROUND, plain; II. iii. 108.

Rub with crums, to clean; II. iii. 135.
Rubious, red, rosy; I. iv. 33.
Rudesby, blusterer; IV. i. 56.
Rule, behavior; II. iii. 139.

Sack, Spanish and Canary wine; II. iii. 215.
Sad, serious; III. iv. 5.
Saint Bennet, probably St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London, destroyed in the great fire; V. i. 43.
Scab, a term of reproach or disgust; II. v. 83.
Scout, watch; III. iv. 197.
Self, self-same (perhaps with the force of "exclusive," "absolute"); I. i. 39.
Semblative, seeming, like; I. iv. 35.
"Shake your ears," an expression of contempt, "grumble at your pleasure"; II. iii. 141.
She, woman; I. v. 270.
Sheep-biter, a cant term for a thief; II. v. 6.
Shent, chidden; IV. ii. 117.
Sheriff's post; alluding to the custom of sheriffs setting up posts at their doors, upon which to place notices and proclamations; I. v. 164.
Shrewishly, pertly; I. v. 178.
Silly sooth, simple truth; II. iv. 47.
Sir, gentleman, lord; III. iv. 84; title formerly applied to the inferior clergy; IV. ii. 2.
Skilless, inexperienced; III. iii. 9.
Skills, matters; V. i. 301.
Skipping, wild, mad; I. v. 225.
'Slid, a corruption of "by God's lid"; III. iv. 437.
'Slight, a corruption of "God's light"; II. v. 37; III. ii. 15.
Sneck up, an exclamation of contempt; go and be hanged; II. iii. 107.
Sophy, Shah of Persia; II. v. 206; III. iv. 316.
Sound, clear; I. iv. 34.
Sowter, name of a hound; II. v. 138.
Spinsters, female spinners; II. iv. 45.
Spoke, said; I. iv. 21.
Squash, an immature peascod; I. v. 174.
Stable, steady; IV. iii. 19.
Standing water, between the ebb and flood of the tide; I. v. 176.
Staniel (Folios, "stallion," corrected by Hanmer), a kind of hawk; II. v. 126.
State = condition, fortune; I. v. 308; V. i. 71.
State, chair of State; II. v. 50.
Stitches, a sharp pain; III. ii. 78.
Stock, stocking; I. iii. 152.
Stone-bow, "a cross-bow, from which stones or bullets were shot"; II. v. 51.
Stoup, a drinking vessel; II. iii. 136.
Strange, estranged; V. i. 225.
Strange, stout, reserved and proud; II. v. 193.
Strangeness, reserve; IV. i. 17.
Strangle, suppress; V. i. 154.
Stuck, stoccato, a thrust in fencing; III. iv. 312.
Substractors; Sir Toby's blunder for "detractors"; I. iii. 39.
Suited, clad; V. i. 247.
Supportance, upholding; III. iv. 339.
Swabber, one who scrubs the ship's deck; I. v. 227.

SWARTHS, swaths; II. iii. 170.
SWEETING, a term of endearment; II. iii. 46.

TABOR, an instrument used by professional clowns; III. i. 2.
TAFFETA, a fine smooth stuff of silk; II. iv. 77.
TAINTING OF, bringing discredit upon; V. i. 145.
TAKE UP, acknowledge; V. i. 155.
TALL, used ironically; I. iii. 22.
TANG, twang; II. v. 168.
TARTAR, Tartarus; II. v. 235.
TASTE, put to use, try; III. i. 87.
TAXATION, tax, demand; I. v. 235.
TENDER, hold dear; V. i. 133.
TERMS, words, *vide* "recollected terms"; II. iv. 5.
TESTRIL, sixpence; II. iii. 37.
"THERE DWELT A MAN IN BABYLON," a line from the old ballad of *Susanna;* II. ii. 88.
"THREE MERRY MEN BE WE," a fragment of an old song; frequently quoted by the dramatists (*cp.* Chappell's *Popular Music*); II. iii. 85.
THROW, a throw with the dice, hence "cast, or venture"; V. i. 46.
TILLYVALLY, an exclamation of contempt; II. iii. 87.
TIME-PLEASER, time-server, flatterer; II. iii. 168.
TINKERS, menders of old brass; "proverbial tipplers and would-be politicians"; II. iii. 100.
TRADE, business; III. i. 83.
TRAVEL OF REGARD, looking about; II. v. 60.
TRAY-TRIP, a game like backgammon; II. v. 216.
TROUBLE; "your tr." the trouble I have caused you; II. i. 37.
TRUNKS, alluding to the elaborately carved chests in use in Shakespeare's time; III. iv. 414.
TUCK, rapier; III. iv. 250.

UNAUSPICIOUS, inauspicious; V. i. 120.
UNCHARY, heedlessly; III. iv. 227.
UNGIRD, relax; IV. i. 17.
UNHATCHED, "unhacked, not blunted by blows"; III. iv. 262.
UNPRIZABLE, invaluable; V. i. 62.
UNPROFITED, profitless; I. iv. 23.
UPON, because of, in consequence of; V. i. 377.
USE, usury; III. i. 57.

VALIDITY, value; I. i. 12.
VENERABLE, worthy of veneration; III. iv. 407.
VICE, the buffoon of the old morality plays; IV. ii. 139.
VIOL-DE-GAMBOYS; Sir Toby's blunder for *viol da gamba,* a base-viol or violoncello, a fashionable instrument of that time; I. iii. 29.
VOUCHSAFED, vouchsafing; III i. 101.

WAINROPES, wagon-ropes; III. ii. 68.
WARE; "Bed of Ware"; a huge bed, capable of holding twelve persons; formerly at the Saracen's Head Inn at Ware, and now at the Rye-House; III. ii. 55.
WAS, had been; IV. iii. 6.
WATERS; "I am for all waters," *i. e.* "I can turn my hand to anything; like a fish, I can swim equally well in all waters"; IV. ii. 71.
WEAVER, alluding perhaps to the

psalm-singing propensities of the weavers; II. iii. 65.

WEEDS, garments; V. i. 268.

WELKIN, sky; II. iii. 62; III. i. 65.

WELL-A-DAY, an exclamation expressive of grief; "welaway," alas! IV. ii. 121.

WERE BEST, had better; III. iv. 12.

WERE BETTER, had better; II. ii. 28.

"WESTWARD-HO!" an exclamation often used by the boatmen on the Thames; III. i. 148.

WHAT, at which; IV. iii. 30.

WHAT'S SHE = who is she; I. ii. 35.

WHILES = while; III. iii. 41; until; IV. iii. 29.

WHIPSTOCK, whip-handle; II. iii. 30.

WINDY, safe; III. iv. 185.

WITH, by; I. v. 95.

WITS; "five wits," viz. "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory"; IV. ii. 97.

WOODCOCK; a bird popularly supposed to have no brains, hence the word was commonly used for a fool; II. v. 93; IV. ii. 67.

WORTH, substance, wealth; III. iii. 17.

YARE, ready, active; III. iv. 250.

"YEOMAN OF THE WARDROBE," a regular title of office in Shakespeare's time; II. v. 44.

ZANIES, "subordinate buffoons whose office was to make awkward attempts at mimicking the tricks of the professional clown"; I. v. 101.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Emma D. Sanford

GENERAL

1. What is the condition of the text, from a literary standpoint?

2. Give one authority for the date of composition.

3. What is the English title of the two Italian plays from which Shakespeare may have derived his plot? Mention another more probable source.

4. Give the usual interpretation of the title of the play. Mention other Shakespearean plays which contain the element of *disguise*.

ACT I

5. In the opening lines of the play, what key is given to that artistic feature on which this play depends, for its charm?

6. What is the quibble intended on "hunting" the "hart"?

7. Explain the simile, "like Arion on the dolphin's back" (scene ii).

8. Why did Viola take service under the Duke, although she appears to have some means of her own?

9. Note Viola's claim to musical accomplishments (see Question 5 for its application).

10. Comment on the conversational merits of Sir Toby, Maria and Aguecheek; how do they differ from that of such characters as Viola, Olivia and the Duke?

11. What new element is introduced to the play's action in scene iii?

12. What speech, by the Duke, indicates that he has no confidence in his own ability to woo Olivia (scene iv)?

13. In the closing lines of scene iv, what does Viola confess?

14. In scene v, give a reason for the importance of the Clown, as a character of the play.

15. What idea does Olivia furnish as to Malvolio's disposition?

16. How does scene v give Viola an opportunity to give vent to her natural disposition?

17. Why does Olivia give Viola a chance to return? Has the Duke's messenger furthered, or injured his suit, and why?

18. Recall another play where Shakespeare makes a woman fall in love with another woman disguised as a man. What is the dramatic inference?

ACT II

19. Does scene i furnish us with any new addition to the plot?

20. What trick does Olivia play upon Viola (scene ii)?

21. Are the songs, snatches of which are sung by the Clown and Sir Toby, inventions or songs of the period?

22. Explain "three souls out of one weaver" (scene iii).

23. What joke does Maria plan to play on Malvolio? Why does she dislike him?

24. In scene iv, is Viola purposely endeavoring to discourage the Duke in his suit to Olivia?

25. Explain the reference by Malvolio to "yellow stockings" (scene v).

26. In the letter read aloud by Malvolio, select an epigram which has been very commonly quoted in literature.

27. What mental quality is absolutely lacking in Malvolio?

ACT III

28. How do Viola's comments on the wisdom of a fool seem particularly appropriate to this play?

29. How does the episode of the ring furnish the theme for the second interview between Olivia and Viola?

30. After having refused the Duke's suit, why does Olivia hold forth a hope to Viola that he may yet win her?

31. What reason does Sir Andrew give for his despair at winning Olivia for a wife; how does this furnish an occasion for a future comic episode?

32. Explain "if thou thou'st him" (scene ii).

33. Is there any trace of satire in placing Malvolio in such a ridiculous situation?

34. What interesting situations arouse the reader to great expectations, at the close of scene ii?

35. Why is the plot complicated by the arrival of Sebastian?

36. How do Maria and the two knights continue to make sport of Malvolio?

37. What challenge does Sir Andrew make Viola (scene iv)?

38. How does Sir Toby hope to prevent a genuine duel?

39. Has Olivia given much proof of a sincere grief for the loss of her brother? Why?

40. Why does Sir Andrew gather courage to fight Viola, after trying to buy her off?

41. What does the resemblance of Viola to her brother prepare us for (scene iv)?

ACT IV

42. Note Sebastian's generosity to the Clown, and that of his sister toward the Captain; what does this argue?

43. Who interrupts the encounter between Sir Toby and Sebastian?

44. Why does Olivia invite Sebastian to her house?

45. Explain the Clown's jest at Malvolio and the soul of his grandmother.

46. In scene ii, what double rôle does the Clown assume?

47. Why does Sir Toby lose interest in the sport at Malvolio?

48. Give a reason for Sebastian's pleasure in his marriage to Olivia, in spite of the fact that he feels confident that there is something unnatural in the situation.

ACT V

49. Why is the character of Antonio a necessary one in the last Act?

50. Does Orsino know of Olivia's marriage when he accuses Viola of having played him false?

51. What dramatic episode serves as an entrance for Sebastian?

52. Is it a strong, or a weak, point in that Olivia makes no comment when she learns that she has married an utter stranger? Are we to conclude that she was crazed by love, during the entire play?

53. How is Malvolio's plight recalled to Olivia?

54. What courtesy does Olivia extend to the Duke and Viola?

55. Whom did Sir Toby marry? Why?

56. Is it possible that Shakespeare invented the character of Malvolio as a warning to people not to take themselves so seriously? Granted this, what is sure to be the result?

57. Why is the Clown's song an appropriate ending to this play?

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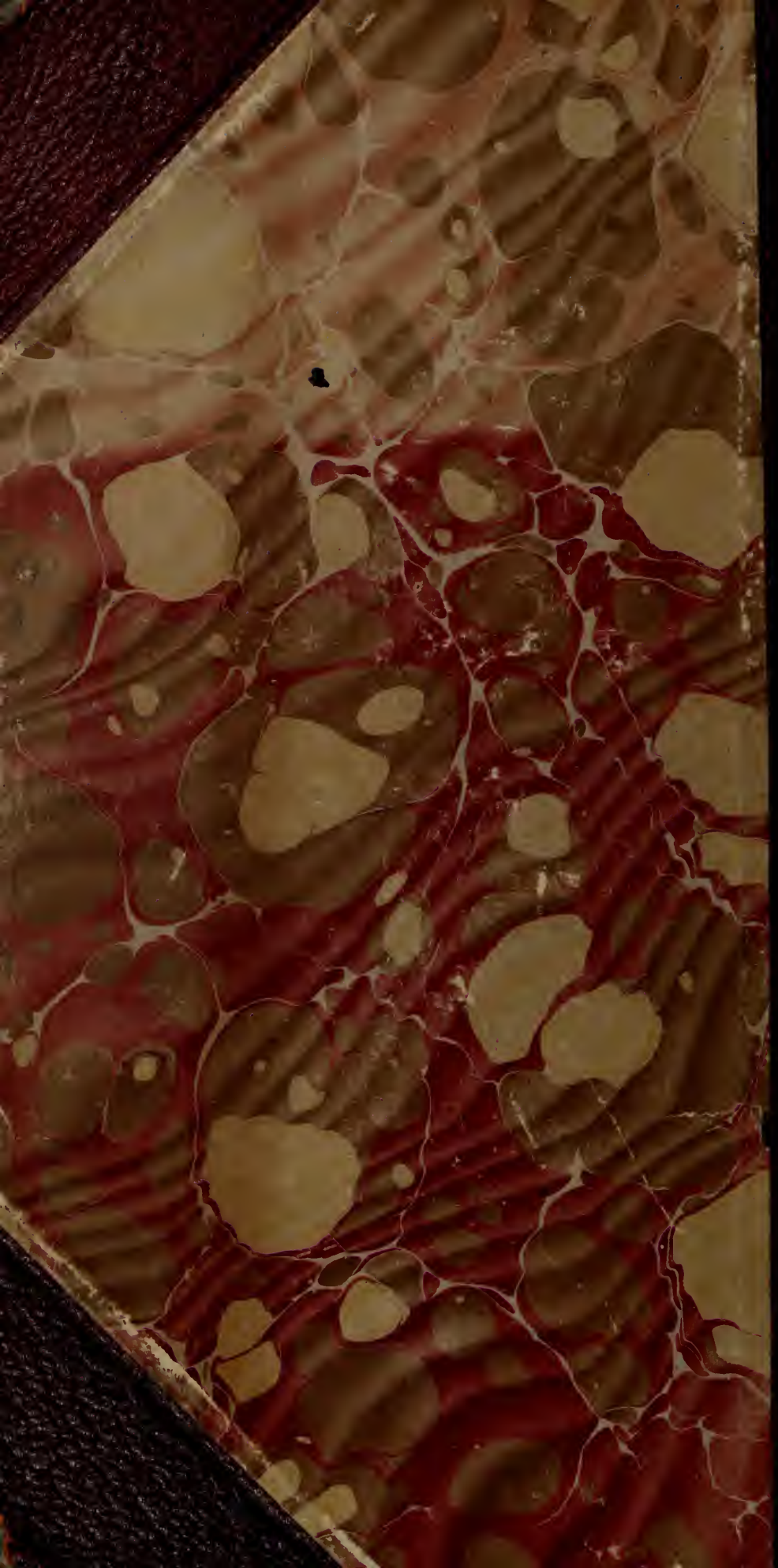
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